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Vol. IV.

Dialogues of Lucian
From the Greek.



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For T. A. Longman in Paternoster Row.



ON BEING CALLED

PROMETHEUS.

SO you call me Prometheus! If you mean that my works are formed of the same materials as his, I readily acknowledge it, and take to myself the resemblance. I own myself a dealer in clay; or rather in dirt, as vile as the mire of the street. But if, when you call me by so distinguished a name as that of the celebrated Titan, you mean to compliment me on my performances, I am afraid I must consider what you say merely as Attic raillery, and that you are only in jest. What pretence have

I to be reckoned ingenious? My works have so little of art, of wisdom, or extraordinary design, that I shall be very well contented if they escape being sentenced to Caucasus. At the same time, how justly may you Lawyers be compared to Prometheus! So animated in your pleading, so earnest in the contest, you exhibit nothing less than the life of the cause. Such is the spirit and fire of your works, that they might pass for his, but for this difference, that Prometheus made faces of clay, and your faces take their fashion from gold. Ours are moulded for the publick * at large. Meanwhile, as I said before, this art of mine extends no farther than that of the potter; to the mere production of inanimate figures, without life or motion, and serving only for amusement. But I begin to think, that you may give me the name of Prometheus for the same reason that Cleon is so called in the comedy †; Cleon's wits, you

* ————— To shew

The very age and body of the time, its form

And pressure.

SHAKESPEARE.

† Probably from a comedy of Aristophanes not extant.



know, were never at home, except when there was no want of them. The Athenians gave the name of Prometheus to every man who constructed earthen ware or ovens; alluding to the materials of his workmanship, and his manner of baking them in the fire. And, if this be your meaning, you have hit your mark exactly; and I must own the justice of your sarcasm, with all its severity. My works are indeed as brittle as earthen-ware; at the mercy of any man throwing a pebble. But, in order to comfort me, it may be observed, that I am not called Prometheus for any such reason, but to give me the credit of producing something so new, that I had nothing to copy after; just as Prometheus, by the vigour of his own genius, invented men, gave them figure and motion, and made them pleasant to behold. For, he undoubtedly had the principal hand in the production of these new beings; though Minerva assisted by inspiring the clay, and giving spirit and life to his figures. This is the more favourable construction, and perhaps the true one; but still it does not satisfy me, who am not contented with being original, unless at the

same time I can be entertaining. I should be so little reconciled to a work without elegance, merely because it was mine, that, you may believe me, I would tread it under my feet. Its novelty would little avail with me to save anything unfit to be seen. Without such sentiments, I should think myself deserving of being preyed upon by a dozen vultures, for not knowing that what is unsightly is not the better for being new. Ptolemy the son of Lagus took with him into Egypt a Bactrian camel, all over black, together with a man half black half white; which, after other rare sights, he exhibited in the theatre, expecting, no doubt, to excite the greatest astonishment in the spectators. And the former, indeed, answered his expectations. For when the Egyptians beheld a camel all over purple and gold, with a bridle which the treasures of a Darius, Cambyfes, or Cyrus, could hardly have sufficed to cover with such a profusion of gems, they were so astonished and overawed as to be ready to run out of the house. As to the man, some were offended at seeing a monster; but the greater part laughed as at something ridiculous. Ptolemy, having

having thus discovered that he got no credit by his exhibition, as people were not content with novelty alone, unaccompanied with symmetry and elegance, ordered them both to be taken away. The black-and-white man was no longer in such favour with the king, who, happening in his cups to be pleased with his piper Thespis, made him a present of him in return for his music. The camel died, being no longer attended to; and I wish my works may not prove too much like him, only admired for what is showy and superficial. I know very well that two good things, I mean dialogue and comedy, by an injudicious mixture, may fail of producing a good effect; that, by their want of harmony and uniformity, they may appear as uncouth and awkward as a centaur; a creature so little amiable, if we may trust the painters, that he is almost always engaged in drunken quarrels. But, notwithstanding all this, where is the impossibility of compounding two good things, so as to produce something better than either? This, I am confident, is to be done by a mixture of wine and honey; to which, however, I still dare not venture to liken my mixture, such

is the danger of spoiling both ingredients. Dialogue and Comedy * have not always used to be on friendly terms. Dialogue staid at home, or attended select parties in their walking disputations; whilst Comedy, devoted to Bacchus, frequented the theatre, delighting in sport and merriment. There she uttered her jokes and her gibes, and danced to the sound of the pipe, Soaring now in Anapæstics, she would keep no terms with the retainers of Dialogue; bestowing every invidious name on those deep thinkers, those pompous talkers on subjects above their comprehension. On them she emptied all her stores of Bacchanalian licence; and seized every occasion to make a scoff of their pitiful pretensions to sublimity. Sometimes she would exhibit them as treading on air, and living in the clouds; and sometimes coming down to measure the skips of a flea †. Meanwhile Dialogue, philosophical Dialogue, was wont to hold grave disputes on virtue and the nature of

* Comedy being originally no better than a Bacchanalian song, dialogue could have little or no concern in it.

† See the Clouds of Aristophanes, where the wise Socrates has this employment assigned him,

things;

things; being, in all respects, the very reverse of Comedy. Yet I have adventured to reconcile these contraries; to bring them reluctantly to unite. In so doing, perhaps, I am acting the part of Prometheus. He joined male and female together; and I, like him, am disappointing my readers, who relish not the smile of Comedy in the face of Philosophy, any more than Jupiter likes bones without meat. As to my stealing, Prometheus may be a thief if you will; but that is no concern of mine. Who was there for me to steal from? If such monsters as mine have been produced before, it is more than I know. But, be it as it will, I am resolved to go on as I have begun. I am Prometheus, not Epimetheus*.

* These two brothers are thus characterized by Hesiod in his Theogony, v. 510: Προμηθεα ποικιλον, αιολομητιν—αμαρτινον τ' Επιτηθεα. Prometheus always knows what he is about; Epimetheus, when his steed is stolen, shuts the stable-door, Προμηθευς εις μιαν τα πραγματα. See Ray's Proverbs, p. 159.

TO NIGRINUS.

LUCIAN to Nigrinus sendeth greeting. Owls to Athens is a proverb expressive of the folly of sending them to a place where there is already such abundance. Were I to send Nigrinus a book on the force of elocution, perhaps I should do something equally ridiculous. But, as I intend nothing more than to tell you what I think, and how I found myself affected by your discourse, I hope to escape the censure of Thucydides, who observes, that ignorance makes men rash, knowledge makes them hesitate. For, in this case, you must be sensible that it is not ignorance alone, without the love of letters, which induces me to take this liberty, Farewel.

LUCIAN

LUCIAN and his FRIEND.

A DIALOGUE.

Friend. **H**OW very grave and solemn you are ! Since you came back, you hardly deign to speak to or look at your old acquaintance as you used to do. You are become quite another thing. I wonder what has brought about this sudden change. Whence proceeds all this pride and haughtiness?

Lucian. Whence do you think but from my good fortune?

Friend. What do you mean?

Lucian. I mean that I am come back a very great man ; happy ! thrice happy ! without once dreaming of it.

Friend. A very sudden thing !

Lucian. Very sudden indeed.

Friend. But why so lofty upon it ? I want to know the particulars, that I may give you joy accordingly.

Lucian.

Lucian. By Jupiter, this is no small matter! Do not you think it very extraordinary? From a slave I am become free; from a poor man a rich one; from being silly and conceited I am become a man of wisdom and moderation.

Friend. All this is very great; but I do not comprehend it.

Lucian. You are to know, I was going to the city in search of somebody to mend my sight, the disorder in my eye growing worse and worse.

Friend. I knew you had a bad eye, and was wishing you might light on some person of skill on that account.

Lucian. I wanted also to call on Nigrinus, the Platonic, whom I had not seen a great while; and therefore, getting up early in the morning, I went and knocked at his door. The servant told him who I was, and I was immediately desired to walk in. On entering, I found him with a book in his hand, and surrounded on all sides with busts of the learned men of antiquity. In the middle of the room was a table, inscribed with geometrical figures; and a sphere, made of reeds, constructed, as I suppose, to resemble the universe. He received me very kindly, and
asked

asked me how I did. When I had answered the questions he put to me concerning my affairs, it was then my turn to ask what resolution he had taken with respect to another voyage to Greece. On which, when he began to discover his sentiments, he scattered all around me such ambrosia with his words, that the Lotos of Homer, nightingales, and Sirens (if ever there were any), were not half so charming—were, indeed, a mere nothing in comparison of the divine things which he uttered. When he talked of the liberty attendant on philosophy, and shewed how contemptible are riches, glory, dominion, honour, gold, purple, and other things, which all fools, and I amongst the rest, have been used to admire, I listened to every particular with such attention, and was so much affected, that I scarcely knew where I was, nor what to make of myself. One while I was vexed to find that all those fine things, which I had been used so highly to value, were no longer of any account, and I was almost in tears at the thought of it. Another while they appeared to be just as ridiculous as they had been described, and I was just as much delighted as

a man is on beholding broad daylight after wandering long in the dark ; infomuch that, beyond all example, I entirely forgot my bad eye, from the joy of finding my mind all at once so enlightened. Indeed, I had never before now suspected my understanding of any blindness. At last I was elevated to that pitch of which you complained when you just now accosted me. Indeed, I am so great at present, that I am in no condition to attend to any thing little. In my own opinion, philosophy has had the same effect upon me that wine is said to have had on the Indians when they first drank it. Being naturally of a warmer constitution than other people, the drinking a strong liquor made them twice as mad as drunkenness does any body else. And I am as drunk and mad as they were, only by the strength of language.

Friend. I do not call this being drunk, but being sober. I am sure I could wish, if it were possible, to have heard the very same discourse. And I do not think it much becomes you to disregard the request of a friend, especially of
one

one who pursues the same studies, and has the same inclination, as yourself.

Lucian. Recollect, my friend, what Homer says : Why drive me so fast when I am so willing to go ? If you had not prevented me, I was going to beg of you to hear my story. I want you to appeal to whether I am mad without cause. And, besides, it is so great a pleasure to me, that I am continually thinking of it. Even when nobody is by, I go over all that I heard three or four times in the day. As a lover, in the absence of his mistress, imagines he hears her and sees her, dwells on what is past as if present to his eyes and ears, without a thought to spare on the objects before him ; so I, in the absence of philosophy, recollect with no less delight the words which I heard. As a mariner, tossed by a tempest in a dark night, turns his eyes to a light on the shore ; so, in the midst of all my concerns, my attention is fixed on the philosopher. I still hear the sound of his voice, and can plainly discern the features of his face. The string, as the poet * says, is still in my mind.

* Eupolis, speaking of Pericles.

Friend,

Friend. I wish you would stop and go back again, that I may fairly hear your story from beginning to end, and not be so teased with circumlocution.

Lucian. You are right ; it is my business to gratify you. But first let me ask you a question. Were you ever present when a bad actor has made such miserable work of a good play as to be hissed off the stage ?

Friend. O yes, very often. But what then ?

Lucian. I am only afraid that, from my inability to express myself clearly and methodically, you may be insensibly led to condemn my original. Not that I am under any anxiety on my own account ; for I care not what becomes of any skill of mine, provided I can escape the mortification of spoiling a good piece by my manner of acting it. You are to consider that the poet, who is not present during the representation of his play, cannot be accountable for the faults of the actor, with which he has no concern ; but that I, who presume to repeat what I have heard as well as I can remember it, whenever I fail in my part, am equally obnoxious to censure with the player ;

player; and it will easily occur to you, that such a thing and such a thing might have been better expressed, as no doubt it was when I heard it. You are therefore at liberty to hiss my performance, if you think fit; and I must be contented to bear it.

Friend. Well done, by Mercury! Your proem is in strict conformity with the laws of rhetoric. You would now proceed to say that the interview was but a short one; that you come totally unprepared for speaking the little which you remember; and you wish I had been there to hear it myself. All such apologies would be thrown away upon me, who am willing to give you credit for them, and am fully bent on applauding you; unless you shew a backwardness to go on, in which case you will find me ready enough to find fault.

Lucian. To be sure, I did intend apologizing for myself in the manner you have supposed. And I might have added how incapable I am of speaking with proper order, or going through the whole in a continued discourse, like the Platonist. I was afraid I should make myself no less ridiculous than those actors who under-
take

take the parts of Agamemnon, or Creon; of Hercules, merely because they can put on an embroidered coat, and gape, and look fierce, when, perhaps, the tones of their voice are as unlike those of a man as the squeaking of Hecuba or the lisping of Polyxena. But, not to wear a mask too large for my head, not to disgrace a character which I am unable to support, I am willing to appear in my own, that, when I slip, nobody may fall but myself.

Friend. Is this to be the business of the day, talking for ever of players * ?

Lucian I have done, and digress no farther. He began with the praise of Greece, and particularly the men of Athens, the votaries alike of philosophy and poverty ; turning away with disdain from all those, whether strangers or their own countrymen, who seek to introduce luxury among them. When such a person is discovered, instead of imitating, they set about reforming him, till by degrees he is brought to a right way of thinking. He mentioned one

* A rap on your own knuckles, Lucian ! You have talked thus of the players over and over and over again.

in particular of that description, who came to Athens with a splendid retinue, all over gold and finery, expecting to be much noticed, and to be the admiration of every body. However, he was so far mistaken, that the Athenians considered him as a very pitiful fellow, who knew no better, but was not to be too much thwarted in a free city; and therefore no angry or open censure was passed on the conduct of a man whom they only wished to improve. But, as he began to be very troublesome in public places, pressing upon and driving into a corner, with the multitude of his attendants, all those who stood in his way, a certain Athenian whispered with a low voice, as pretending not to be heard, nor pointing at any one person in particular: "Is he afraid of being killed in the bath that he comes with an army? What occasion for all this in time of peace?" The stranger took the hint, and grew the wiser for it. He was glad by degrees to lay aside his purple and variegated dress, when he heard his gaudy appearance made the subject of so much pleasantry. "This is the spring of the year," they would say, "and the peacock has got all

the flowers; or do these fine clothes belong to his mother?" By these and such like witticisms, uttered in public, on the number of his rings, the nice adjustment of his hair, and the general luxury of his manners, he became at length ashamed of himself, and returned home a much better man than he came. With regard to their making no scruple of confessing their poverty, he quoted a saying, which, he said, was in every one's mouth at the Panathenæan games *. A citizen was taken up, and brought before the president, for coming to the show in a coloured dress †. Seeing the man in this situation, the people pitied him, begging he might be forgiven; and, on the public crier making proclamation, that coming in such a dress was a transgression of the law, the exclamation, like something preconcerted, became general. "He would not have come in that dress," they said, "if he had any other." This pleased the philosopher; who passed many encomiums on the

* Festivals in honour of Minerva.

† Such as was allowed only to courtezans, and conquerors at the Olympic games.

liberty,

liberty, moderation, quiet, and tranquillity, which are every where so observable at Athens. He asserted, that their conversation is entirely consonant with their philosophy, preserving a constant purity of manners; and added, that the man, who has thus learnt to despise riches, and to obey the honest dictates of nature, lives the life of all others best adapted to him. But for those who set their hearts on wealth, who are charmed with the sight of money, who measure the degrees of happiness by purple and power, who know not the relish of liberty in word or deed, who never looked truth in the face, fed with servility and flattery, devoting their whole soul to pleasure, fond of luxurious tables, addicted to wine and women; full of tricking, fraud, and lying; who delight in music and wanton songs; for such persons, it must be confessed, this is the only place to live in, where the streets, the forums, are all replete with pleasure. Every avenue is open for the admission of enjoyment, whether it enters by the eye, the ear, the smell, or the taste, or by whatever other sense, overflowing every access, it constantly pours its muddy stream Adultery,

avarice, and perjury, with all their attendant train, rush in together, till, the whole soul being overwhelmed and deluged, justice, modesty, and virtue, are not suffered to remain. Deprived of which, the mind is a thirsty and dreary waste, productive only of wild and extravagant wishes. Such was his description of the city ! such there the lessons to be learnt ! “ When first, said he, I came back from Greece, and had almost got to my journey’s end, I made a stop, and, in the words of Homer *, demanded of myself a reason for doing so :

Wretch that thou art ! why leave the light of day ?

“ Why, said I to myself, didst thou abandon the liberty and happiness of Greece, to visit a place of hurry and riot, where nothing is to be seen but fawning, and pride, and feasting, and flattery, and murder, and false friendship, and looking after last wills and testaments ? What could you think of doing in a place, which you cannot leave, and with the customs of which it is impossible for you to comply ?” Thus con-

* Hom. Od. A. 92, Tiresias to Ulysses.

sulting with myself, and withdrawing myself,
as Jupiter did Hector,

From darts and slaughter, bloody deeds and din *,

I resolved for the future to keep close at home, where, though I may be said to have made a woman's choice, I can here hold converse with Philosophy, Truth, and Plato. I take my seat, as in a crowded theatre, and look down from an eminence on all that passes below, where there is much to entertain me, much to make me laugh, and much to give me pain, from the danger to which the good man is continually exposed. If any thing can be said in praise of what is bad, it is, that, in this city, a man's virtue is most strongly put to the proof. It is no mean thing to be able to resist the multiplicity of allurements which every where assail the eyes and ears; like Ulysses, we are to fail on, but not in a cowardly manner, with our hands tied, and our ears closed with wax. We are to pass them with that elevation of mind, which is superior to all temptation. Here we see the value of philosophy, contem-

* Hom. Il. A. 164.

plating with scorn the folly of mankind, comparing, as on the stage, a great number of characters, perpetually shifting and changing, sometimes masters, sometimes servants, beings sometimes rich, sometimes poor, noble and ignoble, kings, friends, enemies, and exiles, and every thing else in turn. What is most unaccountable is, that, though Fortune is universally known to make her sport of human affairs, in which it is so very manifest, there can be nothing certain or durable; yet those very persons, who every day of their lives are eye-witnesses of it, pursue riches and power with as much eagerness, and are as restless, and full of hope, as if they were sure of possessing what never can be possessed. I shall now mention some circumstances, which must excite your mirth. How very laughable it is to behold the rich setting off their purple to the best advantage, stretching out their fingers to shew their rings, and making fools of themselves so many various ways! speaking by deputy to those they happen to meet, as if they did not know their names themselves, and thinking it a great mark of condescension to indulge them
with

with a look ! Some there are, who, carrying their heads still higher, expect nothing less than to be adored, and that not at a distance, in the manner of the Persians ; for, it is necessary to make a near approach, keeping your body in a bending posture, to resemble the situation of your mind, and then to kiss the breast, or hand ; which is an honour highly prized and envied by those who are not happy enough to obtain it : meanwhile the great man remains at his post, to receive the tribute of infatuation. It is a mercy, he is not so civil as to expect us to kiss his mouth. And yet, after all, the followers and humble companions are much more ridiculous than their masters : they are contented to get out of their beds in the middle of the night, to run from one end of the city to the other, to be locked out by servants, to hear themselves called hungry curs, hangers-on, and every thing that is contemptible. In return for this painful traversing the streets they get a painful supper ; where they eat, and drink, and talk a great deal that they should not. Out of humour at last, and unable to endure it any longer, they take their leave, and give a vent to

their spleen, animadverting on the supper, and the scandal, and the many silly things that were said. The lanes and alleys serve them to disgorge their burdens, or perhaps to go to loggerheads for some vile prostitute. Next day, not to hurry the physician, they generally lie in bed very late; I mean, when they can spare time to be sick, which is not always the case. I indeed am of opinion, that the flatterers are much less excusable than the flattered, as I think they greatly contribute to their pride and insolence. When their riches are so much admired, their gold so praised, their levies so attended, when they hear themselves addressed as so many sovereigns, what can they think, or how can they be expected to behave themselves? Whereas, if this voluntary servitude could but for a while be abolished by common consent; do not you think, that the rich would be just as ready to call on the poor? would they not want them to be witnesses of their happiness, knowing very well to what little purpose it can be to keep a good table, or have a large house, when there is nobody to see it? For, it is not, that they are so much in love with riches, as they

they wish to have it thought, that being rich is being happy. And in fact what is a fine house, what is gold, what is ivory to the possessor, unless he can find some gaping admirer? This then would be the way to humble the great, to make contempt the shield against wealth. But, as it is, riches abetted by flattery make men mad. That illiterate persons, making no secret of their want of education, should act as they do, is not so much to be wondered at. But, that those who call themselves philosophers should manifest a conduct still more ridiculous, is indeed altogether unaccountable. How do you suppose I must feel myself, when I meet with any such, and especially when I see one more advanced in age mixing with a crowd of flatterers, following in the train of a great man, and engaged in such conversation as is suitable to his hopes of a supper? As his dress makes him more conspicuous than other slaves, I am angry with him for not laying it aside, that he may be better fitted for a part, which in all other respects he acts so well. Where is the parasite, who can outdo one of these at a feast? Do they not eat and drink as much or more, and

and with less regard to good manners, than any body else? Are they not the very last to leave their places? Are they not more eager than others to carry away with them what their stomachs cannot contain? Do they so much as object even to sing *, when they happen to have something of a better taste? These things he thought ridiculous. And he was particular in his animadversions on such as make philosophy subservient to interest, who bring their virtue to market to make money of it. Their schools he considered as so many shops or warehouses; being of opinion, that a man, who taught others to despise money, ought himself to set an example of it. And such was my Platonist; who not only conversed freely with those who were willing to receive his instructions, but was even ready to relieve the necessitous at his own expence. Money was no object with him. So far was he from desiring the property of another, that he suffered his own to run to waste for want of looking after it. For many years he never went once to see his estate near the city;

* Which was reckoned a disgrace to a gentleman.

and,

and, what is more extraordinary, would not allow it to belong to him; conceiving, I suppose, that we are not properly the owners of any thing, only having the use of it, as the law and the rules of succession prescribe, nobody knows how long; and, therefore, when our time is out, another enters upon it with just as good a title. Indeed, he was an excellent pattern for imitation in the frugality of his diet, his moderate exercise, the modesty of his looks, and the plainness of his dress; but, above all, in the serenity of his mind, and the gentleness of his manners. His advice to his friends was, not to put off the day of reformation, which is so generally the case; some proposing to themselves the next feast, or the next public solemnity, after which they intend to give over lying, and be very good for the future. An honest resolution, he thought, admitted of no delay; and he had no opinion of those philosophers who think of training young men to virtue by severe discipline and perpetual toil, by bondage, scourging, or scarification, which last some of them very goodnaturedly recommend. The strength of the mind, he thought,
required

required to be first considered; and that the best system of education would have a due regard both to soul and body, making proper allowances for age and habit; lest, by imposing difficulties too great, the intention might be frustrated. Many lives, he said, had thus been lost by such exertions as the strength would not admit of. I myself saw one who had tasted of the evils enjoined by those harsh instructors; but, no sooner had he heard of the right school, than he made the best of his way to it, and, in a little time, became quite a different person. He now turned his discourse to the tumult, hurry, and confusion, of the city; the theatres, the races, the statues of the charioteers, the names of the horses, and the many conversations on the subject in every corner of the street; for this madness for horses * is universally prevalent, even in persons of the best account, who are in reality as far gone in it as the rest. He then began the subject of funerals and last wills; observing, that a Roman,

* The reader must be very inattentive, who does not remark on this and many other passages a similarity of ancient and modern manners, not much to the credit of either.

for fear of giving offence, never speaks truth above once in his life, and that is in his last will and testament. On his asserting this, I could not forbear laughing, to think of a man wanting to have his folly buried with him, while at the same time he leaves it recorded by his own act and deed. There are some, who order their clothes, or whatever else they valued most, to be committed to the flames on the same pile with themselves. Some appoint slaves to guard their sepulchres; and others must have their monuments decorated with garlands; and all this to perpetuate their own want of sense. It was not difficult to guess how they had lived, when such were their dying injunctions. For these, without all doubt, are the men who lay out so much money in indulging their appetites; whose wine is mixed with saffron and spices; who must have roses in the middle of winter, merely because they cannot be easily got; for, in that season when Nature produces them of her own accord, they consider them as of no value. Such are the persons who swallow perfumes! But, what provoked him most was their ignorance of the

proper use of pleasures, confounding their end and design. With every avenue of the mind open to disappointment, they prefer, like the players, the bye-way to the best. This may be called a solecism in pleasure. Arguing thus, he proceeded, like a second Momus, to censure their ignorance in other respects. As Momus found fault with Jupiter for not placing the horns of the bull before his eyes, so he insisted upon it, that it was equally absurd to wear chaplets of flowers on the head ; since, in order to enjoy the smell of roses and violets, they ought to be placed under the nostrils, as near as possible to the organ of sensation. He thought it labour and pains very ill bestowed to be so very nice in preparing splendid entertainments ; such short-lived enjoyment being not at all answerable to the trouble of providing it. It is all, said he, to indulge a gullet not exceeding four fingers in length ; which, before the time of eating this costly meal, cannot have any pleasure in it, and, when it is over, it is no more satisfied than it would have been with the plainest fare ; so that all this mighty expence is for only a snatch at enjoyment. But this will

will ever be the case with ignorance, which labours not to attain the sober satisfaction of philosophy. He then talked of the abuses which prevail in the baths; where the multitude of the attendants is so great; where men are carried on the backs of others as if they were going to be buried! There is in the baths, as also in the city, a custom which gave him particular offence; and that is, a number of slaves going before, and ridiculously bawling out to people to mind their feet, to see that nothing be in their way, and that they do not slip into a hole. For men strong and hearty, with eyes of their own, to submit to the use of such admonition, he thought just as absurd as it would be, in eating, to borrow the hands and mouth of another person, or, in hearing, to want any other ears than one's own. And yet this is the practice in the public forum, even at mid-day, with the great men to whom the care of the state is entrusted. Having said this, and much more to the same purpose, he was silent. During his discourse I had listened with astonishment, still wishing him to go on; which when he ceased to do, I found myself in the same

same situation with Homer's Phœacian *. I stood with my eyes fixed upon him in the utmost confusion. I tried to speak, but had lost the use of my tongue; my head was giddy; the sweat dropped from me; I was perplexed, and burst into tears. His discourse had affected me in no ordinary manner. He had not grazed the skin, but given a deep and deadly wound, which pierced my very soul. If I may be allowed to philosophize, I will tell you what I think. A well-disposed mind appears to me to resemble a mark for archers to shoot at. Armed with a vast variety of speeches, our moral archers are not always skilful or successful in emptying their quivers. Sometimes their arrows are thrown with such violence that they fly too far. Others are too weak and fall short. Or, if they do chance to reach the mark, the effect is hardly seen from their want of sufficient force. But the skilful archer, like the Platonist, first of all takes care to be informed whether the

* Od. A. 332.

He ceas'd; but left so charming on their ear

His voice, that, list'ning, still they seem'd to hear.

Pope's Translation.

mark

mark he is to aim at be soft or hard ; whether so hard as to be impenetrable, which is sometimes the case. When once he knows what he is to undertake, he dips not his arrows in the poison of the Scythians or Curetes * ; but, using a tincture equally sweet and sharp, he is sure of aiming right. The dart, thus directed with a proper strength, pierces through, and remains fixed ; diffusing its good effects through the whole soul. Hence the origin of those tears of joy which are then shed during the insensible operation of this medicament. Such tears were shed by me ; and I thought of Homer :

This ever be thy aim ! thus be renown'd † !

As the sound of the Phrygian pipe does not make all men mad who hear it, but only those in the service of Rhea ; so the hearing of philosophers affects only those of congenial souls.

Friend. What great, what wonderful, what divine things, my good friend, have you re-

* The Scythians dipped their arrows in the poison of serpents ; the Curetes, in that of plants. But it is to be observed, that the latter, notwithstanding what Lucian says, are not allowed by the critics ever to have used arrows.

† Hom. Il. ②. 282.

peated! While I was ignorant of the matter, you have been feasting on ambrosia, have been filled with lotus. How was I moved while you spoke! how am I grieved at your leaving off! I am wounded indeed, as you express it. Nor is it any wonder; for, as you very well know, it is not only the mad dog, but the man bitten by him, who communicates the madness, till it spreads far and near.

Lucian. Do you own it then?

Friend. Yes, I do. I have caught the infection, and you must find a remedy for us both.

Lucian. We must do as Telephus * did.

Friend. What do you mean?

Lucian. I mean that we must apply for a remedy to him who gave the wound.

* Achilles wounded Telephus with one blow, and cured him with another.

THE FISHERMAN ; or, the Philosophers revived.

Socrates. **T**HROW stones at him, the largest you can pick up ! Pelt the rascal with clods, broken pots, any thing ! Beat him with your sticks ! Do not let him get away ! At him, Plato ! At him, Chrysippus ! And you, and you ! Let us fall upon him all at once in a body !

Let staff aid staff, let fatchel fatchel aid * !

This fellow † is a common enemy : there is not one of us, whom he has not abused. If ever you use your club, Diogenes, now is your time ; do not spare it. Let him have his full due. What, tired already, Epicurus and Aristippus ! O do not give out !

But be yourselves, and muster all your ire ‡.

* Hom. Il. B. 303. † Lucian.

‡ Hom. Il. A. 287. Epicurus and Aristippus were philosophers too lazy to be long angry.

Quick, quick, Aristotle! Very well! That will do! We have got you, you villain, and you shall know presently what it is to abuse us. We will let you know who we are. But what is to be done with him? We must each of us find out seven different ways of killing him, that each of us may have justice.

Philosophers all opening at once. Scourge him! Nail him to a post! Tear his eyes from their sockets! Cut his tongue out! What do you say, Empedocles?

Empedocles. I think, if he were thrown into the mouth of Ætna, he would repent of reviling his betters.

Plato. Dashing him to pieces on the rocks, like Orpheus, or Pentheus, would be very proper, as we could then every one of us carry off a fragment of him.

Lucian. O, no, no! I beg of you, by Jupiter, by Jupiter, the protector of suppliants, have pity upon me!

Socrates. Impossible. It is all over with you. There is no getting off. Do not you remember what Homer says?

Lions

Lions and men no mutual treaties bind *.

Lucian. Nay, if you go to that, I too can appeal to Homer. You must respect what he says; you will hear a verse of Homer even from me.

Say, for your captive what his ransom buys?

Take brags, take gold, gifts valued by the wise †.

Plato. Homer answers :

Think not thy gold shall save thy slanderous tongue,
Now thou art caught; no, thou hast liv'd too long ‡.

Lucian. Alas! alas! matters are bad indeed, if Homer, my trusty Homer, fails me! Perhaps Euripides will do better; let me try him.

Slay not the suppliant, 'twere against the law.

Plato. But does not Euripides say,

Ill-doers suffer ill, as they deserve.

Lucian. What, suffer for words! Am I to be killed for talking?

Plato. Yes, I tell you. And so says Euripides,

* Hom. Il. x. 262. Achilles to Hector, just before he kills him.

† Hom. Il. K. 372. ‡ Hom. Il. K. 447.

Licentious tongues, that no good laws regard,
Are tongues of fools, and meet their just reward *.

Lucian. If you have resolved to make an end of me, and there is no chance of escaping, I hope at least you will tell me who you are, and what unpardonable offence I have been guilty of, which makes you so very angry, that nothing less than my life will satisfy you.

Plato. Pray ask yourself what you have done. Ask your wicked books, you villain, in which you have traduced philosophy and philosophers in so scandalous a manner. Are wise men, do you think, are free men, to be carried to market, and sold by auction? We are provoked beyond bearing; and, Pluto having granted us leave of absence for a short time, we come to do ourselves justice. Here is Chrysippus, and Epicurus, and I; and there stands Aristotle, and the silent Pythagoras, and Diogenes, and others, who have been the objects of your cruel abuse.

Lucian. Now I breathe again. And, I am sure, I shall come to no harm, if you will only

* Euripides *Bacchæ*, 385.

be pleased to inform yourselves how little I have merited your resentment. Throw away your stones, I beg of you, or else keep them for those who deserve them.

Plato. What trifling! This very day you die, I tell you,

Clad in a coat of stone, which fits you well *.

Lucian. I beg, my good men, you will consider well what you are about. Would you kill him, who has done more than any one besides to merit your approbation? Being of the same sentiments, I have been your particular friend, always well affected to you. Really, if I may take the liberty of saying it, I have been in a manner the guardian of your studies, to promote which I have sustained no little labour and difficulty. If you kill me, you will act very unlike yourselves. It is enough for our late pretenders to philosophy to fly into a passion, to be ungrateful, and unmindful of their obligations.

Plato. Did you ever hear such impudence!

* Hom. Il. III. 57.

We are all greatly obliged to you, to be sure, You treat us as if we were slaves in good earnest, Obligated ! We are obliged to you for abusing us, for making us the constant theme of your intemperate merriment.

Lucian. Where have I ever abused you ? Name the time when. I have always been an admirer of philosophy, have always praised philosophers, have always been conversant in the works which you left us. Whatever I say, I say after you. I have no other way to get it. Like the Bee, I cull your flowers, and communicate the sweets to mankind. They praise me, while they recognize your property, telling me whence, and from which of you, and in what manner, I came by it. While thus I am commended for my skill in selection, the praise in reality is due to you, to the field so richly diversified with tints and beauties, requiring only to be gathered with judgement, and so disposed as not to destroy the effect, one of another. And dares any person, after deriving such advantages from philosophers, pretend to say a word against his benefactors ? To whom he owes all his consequence ? Would you have me like Thamyris

or

or Eurytus, the former of which contended in song with the Muses that inspired him, and the latter aimed his arrow at Apollo, who had taught him to shoot?

Plato. All this you have learnt of Rhetoricians. But it is not at all applicable to the present case, and only makes your audaciousness appear in a worse light. Not contented with doing us an injury, you have acted a most ungrateful part; for, the weapons, which by your own confession were taken from us, you have turned against us, making philosophy your aim, and determined not to spare any one of us. This is our reward for allowing you to roam in the meadow you talk of, and fill your bosom with the flowers; a cause surely sufficient to justify our putting you to death?

Lucian. You are so angry, that you will not attend to the merits of the cause. Little did I think it would ever come to this, that Plato, or Chrysippus, or Aristotle, or indeed any of you, could be so very ill-humoured—men, whom I thought the farthest from it of any in the world! At any rate you will not think of putting me to death before I have been fairly convicted, before
you

you have heard any evidence. Men so worthy to be admired must decide by justice, not by violence, hearing and admitting whatever can be brought in evidence on both sides of the question. Fix on a judge, and then bring your accusation, either all in a body, or any one of you who may be selected for that purpose. I shall be ready with my defence. If it should appear, that I have done you wrong, and the bench shall so determine, I will submit to be punished as I deserve ; and more than that you will not attempt. But if, after a fair and full hearing, nothing shall appear against me, the judges will acquit me of course, and declare me innocent. You will then turn your resentment against the impostors who have deceived you, and made you so angry with me.

Plato. Turn the horse loose*! No no. You want an opportunity of outwitting the judges, and getting off. But we know you. You are a rhetorician, a pleader at the bar, and can model the cause in such a manner, that, with a

* Turn the horse loose, and catch him if you can. See the proverbs of Erasmus.

little bribery, of which you would make no scruple, the judge, let him be who he will, would pass sentence in your favour.

Lucian. Make yourselves easy on that account. I want no judge of doubtful character, to sell me an opinion. I propose philosophy, your own philosophy, to be the umpire between us.

Plato. If you make us philosophers judges, who are to be your accusers?

Lucian. The same. I have more proof than I shall want; and am in so little concern for the event, that you are very welcome to accuse me, and judge me too.

Plato. What shall we do, Pythagoras and Socrates? What he says seems fair and reasonable.

Socrates. Very well; let us proceed to the tribunal. Let us even take Philosophy with us, and hear what he has to say for himself. We must first try him before we pass sentence, unless we mean to follow the example of the rabble, who consult only their own ill-humour, and measure justice by strength of arm. We should give our enemies a fine handle for defamation

at

at that rate, we who boast of integrity! Who could blame Anytus or Melitus? How could I find fault with them, if this man were to be stoned to death without being heard in his own defence *?

Plato. Very true, Socrates, let us appeal to Philosophy. She shall judge, and we will abide by her determination.

Lucian. Now you are wise men? This will be a legal proceeding. However, as I said before, keep your stones. You will want them before you have done. But, pray, where is Philosophy to be met with? I am ignorant where she lives, though I have spent no little time in looking out for her habitation, wishing for her acquaintance. It is true, I met with several persons in cloaks, with long beards, who pretended to come from her; but I found on enquiry, that they knew full as little about her as I did, either

* Μηδὲ τοπαράπαν ὕδατος μεταλαβὼν, without his allowance of water, alluding to the custom of speaking by the clepsydra, or water-clock, used in the Athenian courts of judicature, to measure time between plaintiff and defendant, that neither party might have more talk than came to his share.

giving me no answer at all, the better to conceal their ignorance, or else directing me first to one door, and then to another. And thus it happens, that to this day I continue a stranger to the place of her abode. Making use of my own conjectures, or following the steps of others, I went to a door, where I thought myself sure of being right, from the great number of comers and goers, from their sour looks, grave habits, and every appearance of intense thought. Mixing with the crowd, I gained admittance, and beheld a female figure, dressed with an affectation of simple neatness. But it presently appeared, that neither her hair, which she wished to be thought in the loose flow of nature, nor the manner of her dress, was artless and undesigned. While she pretended to know nothing of the matter, the pains she had taken to set herself off to advantage were very manifest. On a close inspection the factitious red and white on her face were easily discerned, agreeing very well with her conversation. For, her words were those of a hartot, delighting in the admiration of her lovers, and eager to receive their presents, seating herself

herself close by such as were rich, and not deigning a look at those who had nothing to give. Now and then I happened to get a sight of her golden necklace, like an eel in shape and size; which when I discovered, I immediately withdrew, pitying their infatuation who could thus be dragged by the beard, instead of being led by the nose; wretched Ixions, embracing a cloud for a Juno!

Plato. All this might very well be; for, the door of philosophy is not so generally known. Not that there is any necessity for our visiting her at home. We have nothing more to do than to wait here in the Ceramicus till she return, as she will presently, from the academy, to take her usual walk in the Pæcile. But, behold! here she is! Observe how becoming her dress, how mild her look, how slow she walks, how full of thought!

Lucian. I see a great many, whose figure, gait, and dress, are all alike; and yet only one of them can be Philosophy.

Plato. True; but, when she speaks, you will easily know her.

Philosophy.

Philosophy. Ha ! Plato and Chrysippus above ground ! And Aristotle too, and the rest of my very good friends and disciples ! What brought you back again ? You seem angry. Has any thing untoward happened below ? What prisoner is this you have got ? What is his crime, theft, or murder, or sacrilege ?

Plato. Worse than the worst. Even thy sanctity, O Philosophy, he has had the assurance to revile. He has abused us all, every individual of us. None escapes, who has given thy precepts a legacy to posterity.

Philosophy. And this makes you all so very angry ! Do not you know what treatment I met with from Comedy * at the feast of Bacchus ? Yet still I was content to regard her as a friend, neither expostulating, nor going to law with her, but leaving her to play her festive pranks her own way. I knew very well, that nothing good is the worse for being ridiculed ; but that, on the

* In the Clouds of Aristophanes, the Foote of Antiquity, with whom the Athenians delighted to laugh, even at the expence of Socrates, the founder of philosophy, as Lord Shaftesbury calls him.

contrary, what is beautiful, as gold for example, is so much the brighter, the more it is beaten. How comes it to pass, that you are all of you so exceedingly provoked? Hold! you are strangling the man.

Plato. We heard what he had said of us in the public assemblies, and asked leave of absence for one day, only to punish him as he deserves.

Philosophy. But you see he is desirous of speaking; you do not mean to put him to death without hearing him!

Plato. By no means. We have referred our case entirely to you; and it rests with you to determine as you think right.

Philosophy. What does Lucian say?

Lucian. I say the very same; knowing very well, that only from my mistress Philosophy the truth is to be expected. And it was not without my begging and praying, that the matter is left to your decision.

Plato. O, now you can call Philosophy your mistress! How long ago is it since you treated her so contemptibly, offering this mistress of yours to sale by public auction, and willing to
part

part with her and all that belonged to her for a couple of oboli?

Philosophy. Surely he could not thus disgrace Philosophy: it must have been some of those impostors, who make use of my name as a cloak for their wickedness.

Lucian. You shall soon be convinced of that, if you will only hear me. But do let us go into the Areopagus, or rather into the citadel, whence we can have a full view of all that passes in the city.

Philosophy. You, my friends, in the mean time, may walk about in the Pæcile; and I will come to you when this business is over.

Lucian. Pray who are these friends you speak to? these ladies that look so well?

Philosophy. She with the masculine appearance is Virtue, that is Moderation, and next to her is Justice, with Learning going before. She who looks so dim, with so little colour in her face, is Truth.

Lucian. I do not see her.

Philosophy. Do not you see that figure undressed, unadorned, that seems as if in the act of slipping away and leaving the company?

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E

Lucian.

Lucian. Now I see her ; and it is as much as I can do. But why not take them all with us, that we may have a full court ? Truth in particular I wish to be retained as advocate for me.

Philosophy. Very well. Come all of you with us. It cannot be thought troublesome, as there is but one cause to be tried, and that a cause concerning ourselves.

Truth. You may go ; but for my part, I do not want to hear what I know so well already.

Lucian. That may be ; but it concerns me very materially, that you should be present at the trial, to point out and explain the several circumstances.

Truth. Then you must take my two little handmaids, who are so much attached to me.

Philosophy. Take as many with you as you please.

Truth. Come along then, Liberty, and Freedom of Speech ; that we may see what is to be done to save this poor man, this trembling innocent, this friend of ours, from the peril he is in. You, Conviction, may stay where you are.

Lucian.

Lucian. By no means, mistress, let me intreat you. Let him come for one I beg of you. They are no ordinary monsters, with which I am to engage. Such is their insolence, that they stand out against all evidence, and they are never at a loss for some subterfuge or other. So that we must have Conviction at any rate.

Philosophy. Conviction then must go. But would it not be still better to take Demonstration too?

Truth. All of you, come all, as you all seem necessary.

Aristotle. Do you mind him, Philosophy? He will gain over Truth to his side.

Philosophy. What, are Aristotle, and Plato, and Chrysippus, afraid of Truth's telling a lie for him?

Plato. No, not that. But he is so very artful, and has such winning ways with him, that he may pervert her.

Truth. Never fear. Where Justice is, there is no danger of doing wrong. Come, let us be going. But pray what is your name?

Lucian. My name is Free-speaker, the son of Alethion*, the Son of Elenxicles†.

Philosophy. Of what country are you?

Lucian. I am of Syria, bordering on the Euphrates. But why should you ask me that? Some of my adversaries, I am very sure, are not less barbarians than I am: their education indeed and manners do not indicate Solæ‡, nor Cyprus‡, nor Babylon‡, nor Stagira‡. But what weight can that consideration have with you, who will do justice to the purity of a man's mind, though his language should be that of a barbarian?

Philosophy. True! I had no occasion to ask you that question. But what is your profession? It is proper to know that.

Lucian. I am a hater of pride, of tricking, of lying, of vanity, and the whole tribe of those who practise them, no small number, as you know full well.

* From αληθης, true.

† From ελεγχος, proof, or conviction.

‡ The respective places, where Aratus, and Zeno, and Diogenes, and Aristotle, were born.

Philosophy.

Philosophy. By Hercules, your hatred has enough to do.

Lucian. Yes indeed; and you see what I get by it, how many enemies I make, and what dangers I am exposed to! But, with all my hatred, I have a profession which is directly its opposite, the profession of good-will. I am a lover of truth, of honour, of simplicity, of all that is amiable in human nature; though I find very few objects of this my tender regard. With so many to hate, and so few to love, I am only afraid of being too expert in one part of my business, and of forgetting the other for want of practice.

Philosophy. No, no; they both are yours, and you need make no distinction, as the two professions are in reality one and the same.

Lucian. You know best. To hate the bad, and praise the good, is quite in my way.

Philosophy. But hold! we are now in the vestibule of the temple, where our cause is to be tried. While we pay our adorations to the Goddess, the Priests will make ready the benches.

Lucian. Now, Minerva, thou guardian of

Athens, lend me thy aid against the pride and insolence of men, whose perjuries sound in thy ears every day of thy life. Ever attentive, thou alone espiest all their actions; and now is the time to rouse thy vengeance. If I should appear to have the worst of it, and the black pebbles * prevail, give me but thy suffrage, and I shall be safe !

Philosophy. We are now seated, and ready to hear what you have to offer. Do you the accusers choose some one of your number, whom you think best qualified, to draw up and make good the charge ; for there is no such thing as hearing you all together. When that is done, it will be your turn, Free-speaker.

Philosophers. Which of us will be the fittest for this undertaking ?

Chrysippus. I think, Plato, such is your sublimity of thought, your admirable Attic sweetness, the gracefulness of your manner, your talent of persuasion, your exquisite skill, your

* The Athenians used black and white shells or pebbles, in giving their votes, before beans came to be the fashion.

exactness of method, so well-timed the bringing in of your proofs, and such your copiousness, that we must fix on you to open the cause, and be the manager for us all. You must remember, and collect into one point, all that you have said of Gorgias, or Polus, or Prodicus, or Hippias, not one of which was half so bad as he. Give us some sprinklings of irony; and, every now and then, a neat little interrogatory in your own way. And cannot you contrive to bring it in, that Jupiter, who flies in his chariot, will be in a violent passion if this man should escape?

Plato. Do not pitch upon me for this business; I am a great deal too gentle for it. Diogenes, or Antisthenes, or Crates, or Chrysippus, will do much better. This is no time for displaying the strength or elegance of language. A judicial conviction is required, and for that we must prepare. This free-speaker, as he calls himself, is a rhetorician, a pleader by profession.

Diogenes. Let me be the accuser; I shall use very little ceremony with him, for I have been worse used by him than any of you. To think of selling me for two oboli!

Plato. With your leave, Philosophy, *Diogenes* shall speak for us all. And remember, sir, that you are not so much to attend to your own particular case as the common concern of every one here present. If we have our private differences one with another, this is no time for their discussion, nor for enquiring which of us may be most in the right. You are to shew how Philosophy has been calumniated and abused by him; let her sufferings direct your indignation. Say nothing of our sects, or dissensions; but be resolute for the common cause, which is thus intrusted to your protection. Our all is now at stake; and it depends on the issue of this question, whether we shall have our due honours, or be despised, as he would have us?

Diogenes, Never fear; you shall none of you complain of my backwardness. Though Philosophy, from her natural mildness, should submit to his arguments, and incline to give up the point, I will not. He shall find, that I do not carry my club for nothing.

Philosophy. Do not talk of your club: this business is not to be determined by blows, but arguments, and without delay; for, the water
is

is poured in *, and the eyes of the court are upon you.

Lucian. As Diogenes only is to accuse, the rest may be seated with you, Philosophy, ready to give their respective suffrages.

Philosophy. Are you not afraid of them?

Lucian. Not at all; the more the better.

Philosophy. You are a generous adversary. Come then, be seated all of you, and let Diogenes begin.

Diogenes. You, Philosophy, are well acquainted with our conduct in life, and I have no occasion to speak to that. For, not to mention myself, who can be ignorant of the advantages derived to mankind from philosophers, Pythagoras, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Chrysippus, and all of us in general? Yet could not all our merits save us from the ill tongue of this thrice-execrable Lucian, as I shall proceed to shew. He has been contented to relinquish his profession as a pleader at the bar, to give up all the fair fame thence acquired, that he might exert the whole force of

* Into the Clepsydra.

his

his oratory, and employ the utmost extent of his art and experience, in abusing us. He calls the whole tribe of us jugglers and impostors; and has such influence with the publick, that we forsooth are become of no other account than as objects of derision. You yourself, Philosophy, by him have been exposed to hatred and contempt. All your grave lessons, by his manner of reciting them, are made to appear no better than nonsense; and thus it is that he diverts the multitude. He is applauded, and we are insulted. For, such is the disposition of the populace, that whatever is great and respectable they rejoice to see traduced and humbled; and hence their delight in scandal and buffoonry. How did they exult, when they saw Socrates exposed on the stage by Eupolis and Aristophanes, with a number of ridiculous circumstances annexed to his character, no way relating to it! That indeed was only an audacious attack on an individual, and during the feasts of Bacchus, when such things were allowed, and considered as a part of the entertainment instituted in honour of a laughter-loving God. But this man, before all the principal people, after long time
for

for deliberation and reflexion, heaping together in a huge volume the very worst of abuse, pours it forth without sparing on Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Chrysippus, myself, and every body else, without the privilege of a festival, and without any pretence of ever being offended by any of us. It might be some sort of excuse for him, if it had been done by way of retaliation, and if we had been the first to begin. What is most provoking is, that, all the while he is doing this, he takes upon himself your name. He pretends to act in the character of a Philosopher; and, having got our friend Dialogue over to his party, he turns our own arms against us. This is not all; for, he has prevailed on our old companion Menippus to join in his ridicule. Menippus is the only one who is not here to assist on this occasion. He has betrayed us, no doubt, and absents himself on purpose. For such offences, it is surely most just that he should undergo a suitable punishment; unless he can find means to pervert the testimony of so many respectable witnesses, who must see the necessity of making an example of him, to deter all others from making light of

Philosophy.

Philosophy. If we should patiently put up with this, and not resent such insolence, every body would say, it was not owing to our moderation, but the effect of simplicity and folly. Indeed his late behaviour is too much for any patience ! We have been publicly cried in the market, as so many slaves on sale ; and he has actually disposed of us, as they say, at different prices, some for an Attic mina, and some for more. As to me, I only served for a laughing-stock ; villain as he is, he thought two oboli enough for me ! After such gross affronts, how could we be otherwise than angry ? And, now that we are come from below, we intreat you to take our parts, and redress our grievances.

Philosophers. Well spoken, Diogenes ! You have said excellently well that which we all wished you to say.

Philosophy. A truce with your praises ! Pour in water for the defendant. Now, Free-speaker, it is your turn to speak. There is your water ; do not let us lose time.

Lucian. But Diogenes has not said enough, *Philosophy* ; many charges, much heavier than any thing he has advanced against me, are passed
over

over in silence, for what reason I know not. So far am I from denying what I have said, or making any apology for it, that I had determined, before I came, if he should omit any thing, or I should have forgot any thing before, to make amends for it now, by speaking out all my mind, that you may know exactly what sort of people they were, whom I offered to sale; insolent impostors, whom I exposed as they deserved! And I only beg of you to be particularly attentive, and remark whether or not I speak the truth concerning all or any of them. If what I say should seem harsh and severe, it cannot be attributed to me, but to those who have given occasion to it. From the first of my acquaintance with the many cruel necessities to which pleaders at the bar must submit, of which deceit, lying, impudence, squabbling, and noise, may serve for a sample, from that moment I took my leave of them, and made the best of my way to thee, O fair Philosophy. Under thy protection, and charmed with thy beauties, I hastened to pass the remainder of my life in a peaceful harbour, safe from storms and tempests. Before I had well had a glimpse of Philosophy,

lophy, it was impossible for me not to admire both her and her lawgivers, so ready in helping forward all such as wish to be happy, by laying down a precept so good and useful, when carefully attended to; maxims by which a man is to direct his conduct, and proceed with a firm step, with a fixed and steady eye. This is, alas! what few of your followers do! When I beheld men not enamoured of Philosophy, but of the honourable distinction thence arising, aiming at no more than those exterior attainments which are in the reach of every one, I was filled with extreme indignation, to think that a long beard, a solemn gait, and long cloak, were the passports to good fame, while their lives and manners were a direct contradiction to their assumed appearance, belying every precept of Philosophy, and sullyng the dignity of the profession. It seemed to me as if some actor in a tragedy, all softness and effeminacy, should undertake to play the part of Achilles, or Theseus, or Hercules, though so utterly unable to move one step, or speak one word resembling his original, that even Helen, or Polyxena, would be ashamed of making so unmanly a figure.

Hercules,

Hercules, rather than see himself so degraded, would knock out the brains of so ridiculous a mimic. I could as little endure to see Philosophy so shamefully misrepresented, to behold apes assuming the characters of heroes; and I thought of the ass of Cumæ, who, putting on the skin of a lion, and making a horrid noise in the ears of the ignorant and affrighted Cumæans, wanted to pass for a lion in good earnest; till a stranger, who knew very well the difference between the two animals, put an end to his pretensions with a good cudgeling. But what appeared to me worse than all was this: if any of them are detected in a bad action, all the disgrace falls on you; and Chrysippus, or Plato, or Pythagoras, or whatever other Philosopher they pretend to follow, bears all the blame. Thus you, who have been so long dead, are made answerable for their bad lives. If you had been alive, you would have escaped this censure; but you were departed and out of sight, while the bad man who calls himself by your name brings it every day into disgrace. The publick are eye-witnesses of his actions; and require no other proof that both you and
he

he are equally guilty. This being a proceeding too much for my patience to bear, I set about removing the blame from you, and laying it on those who deserved it; for which, instead of acknowledging your obligations to me, you are bringing me before a court of justice. Let me only ask you this question: if I should find any one of the initiated blabbing the secrets of the Goddesses *, and should express my indignation at it, would you charge him or me with the impiety? Not me, surely. When an actor fails in sustaining the character of Minerva, or Neptune, or Jupiter, he is scourged for the indignity by order of those presiding over the exhibition; and, I believe, the Gods are never angry with them for it, but, on the contrary, take it in very good part, when they see such vile acting requited with a good beating. That the part of a slave or a messenger should not have justice done it, is no such mighty matter; but to degrade Jupiter or Hercules, is shameful and abominable. This, too, seemed to me not the least extraordinary. The generality of them

* Ceres and Proserpine.

are for ever studying your precepts ; and yet they live as if the sole purpose of their reading and thinking were to act directly contrary to whatever they learn. They talk of their contempt of riches and glory ; that nothing is honourable that is not good ; they tell us never to be captivated with splendor, but to consider the great as only our equals. All this, ye Gods ! is truly fine and wise, and worthy of admiration. Yet do they teach these very good things for hire ! They are the devoted servants of the rich ; they open their mouths for money ; they are more snappish than so many curs ; have less courage than hares ; are more fawning than apes ; more libidinous than asses ; more rapacious than cats ; more quarrelsome than game-cocks ! It is truly ridiculous to see them at a rich man's door, pushing one another about, and scrambling for what they can get. At a feast, there is no end of their praising, any more than their eating ; never satisfied with their share, and never forbearing their impertinence ; but philosophizing over their cups as long as they can hold them : while all but themselves laugh at, and are sick of, such philosophy.

What is worse than all the rest, though every individual of them declares himself to be in want of nothing, the wise man being the only rich man, yet you will have him, in a little while after, coming to you to beg, and he will be very much out of humour if you give him nothing. Which is just as much in character, as if a man with a tiara and diadem, and every appendage of royalty, should ask charity of a beggar. Whenever he thinks there is a chance of getting any thing, you may be sure of hearing a long speech about the community of goods and the vanity of riches. What, says he, is silver or gold? are they any better than the pebbles on the sea-shore? But, if an old acquaintance, a particular friend, should be reduced to ask his assistance, though in the smallest degree, he holds this language no longer; he is dumb, can do nothing in it, can say nothing to it, and has quite forgot how he argued before. His many fine speeches about friendship, and virtue, and goodness, are all vanished in a moment; and thus it is, that the daily disputes in the schools prove to be no more than the battles of shadows; winged words, that fly away and

are gone. As long as there is no money in the case, they continue all very good friends. But let them once see an obolus, and there is immediately a breach of the peace, no place for treaty or negotiation; the partnership is dissolved; virtue has taken her flight; and they are like so many dogs over a bone, flying out, biting, and snarling, and barking, over him that has got it in his mouth. There is a story told of an Egyptian king, who trained a certain number of apes to the Pyrrhic dance. Apes are very docile animals, and fond of imitating human actions; so that they improved very fast under his care, and were soon fit to appear on the stage, on which they exhibited for a considerable time, with great applause, in their masks and purple robes; till at last an arch fellow, who had some nuts in his pocket, must needs throw a handful to the dancers, who no sooner saw them than, forgetting their assumed character, and relapsing all at once into their own, began fighting one another for the best share. Away went masks and purple robes, torn all in pieces in a moment. And thus ended the Pyrrhic dance, to the no small diversion

of every body present. Such was the conduct of the apes; and such is that of these pretended Philosophers, whom I am accused of calumniating. But I shall go on as I have begun; and never cease exposing them to contempt. Meanwhile, I am most ready to acknowledge and revere the genuine disciples of Philosophy, the zealous observers of her laws. Of all such, of all such as resemble you, far be it from me, while I am in my right senses, to utter one opprobrious or uncivil word! Indeed, how could I? Your lives are not like theirs. And is it not right in me to detest their insolence, insolence odious to the Gods? Or have you any thing to urge against it? What do you say, Pythagoras, and Plato, and Chrysippus, and Aristotle? Have you any interest in their concerns? Is there any sort of affinity or kindred between you? Just as much, I believe, as between Hercules and a monkey. Unless, perhaps, their long beards, philosophical prate, and sour looks, are to make them pass for your relations. Indeed, were they to act their parts well, they might be endured. But they are no more like Philosophers, than the screaming
of

of the vulture resembles the note of the nightingale. I have now finished what I had to say; and I appeal to Truth herself to bear testimony in my behalf.

Philosophy. Retire, Lucian; go to a little distance, a little farther.—What shall we do? What do you think of this speech of his?

Virtue. For my part, Philosophy, I can only say, that I wished myself under ground, while he was speaking, so very true was every word he said, and which in my own mind I could bring home to some one or other of them. His descriptions are most accurate, his exquisite pencil delineates not only their bodies, but their minds.

Philosophy. I too, O Virtue, must own, that I blushed. But what do you think of it?

Philosophers. What can we think, but that he must be acquitted of the charge, and publicly recorded as our friend and benefactor? Like the Trojans of old *, we see our complaints made

a

* This is an allusion to a piece of lost history, only to be recovered by conjecture. Those Trojans, who prudently made the best of their way from their city, when

a subject for a play, and may thank ourselves for it. So let the player go on and prosper, till infamy overtake the enemies of the gods !

Diogenes. I, Philosophy, commend him highly; I retract all that I said against him, and shall ever hereafter look upon him as a most steady friend.

Philosophy. Lucian, I give you joy. You are unanimously acquitted, and may now consider yourself as one of us.

Lucian. Humble supplications might become me before, but now I may venture on a more elevated style :

Still, still, O Victory, deign on thine
The wreath of triumph to entwine *.

Virtue. Now for the second cup †, let us plish

they saw it on fire, may be supposed in their wanderings to have stumbled on a playhouse, in which the Destruction of Troy was the entertainment of the audience.

* Euripidis Orestes, v. 1688.

† In drinking, the first cup, which barely quenched the thirst, was a libation to Olympian Jove; the second, which began to exhilarate, was in honour of the heroes; and the third, indulged in by boon companions, was offered

nish those who have abused us. Lucian shall be accuser-general.

Lucian. Well said, Virtue. Syllogism *, my boy, do you turn your face towards the city and summon the Philosophers to attend.

Syllogism. Silence ! Hear ! The Philosophers are all ordered to the citadel, to take their trials before Virtue, Philosophy, and Justice.

Lucian. They hear, but you see how few of them mind your summons. For, besides their being afraid of Justice, the generality of them are so taken up with their attendance on the rich, that they have no time to spare. I tell you, Syllogism, if you wish to have them come, you must set about your business in this manner——

Philosophy. No, no. Summon them yourself, Lucian, as you think best.

Lucian. O, I can do it. Silence ! Hear what

ed to the preserver, the deity who saved his votaries from the shame of being seen drunk. Erasmi Adagia.

* Syllogism, so aptly personified, was the fittest to bring the Philosophers together, from his being so very intimate an acquaintance. Besides, his very name denotes his talent for a summons.

I am going to say. All you who call yourselves Philosophers, all you who think yourselves entitled to be called so, come to the citadel, and you shall receive a donation. Two minæ and a cake of maize will be given to each of you. Besides, whoever can shew a very long beard shall have a large bunch of figs into the bargain. As for Temperance, Justice, or Moderation, they are out of the question; there is no occasion to produce them. But five syllogisms are indispensable; every man must bring his five syllogisms; otherwise how is he to pass for wise?

Two golden talents greet your eyes,

Who wrangles best shall bear the prize *.

Wonderful! They have heard the sound of the two minæ; and here they come in a crowd up the hill, pushing one against another! Some are got to the Pelasgicon†; others flock to the temple of Esculapius; the Arcopagus has them on all sides; and some are pushing on to the monument of Talus. Others have got ladders, and

* Hom. Il. XII. v. 507.

† The North wall of Athens so called from its founders the Pelasgi.

are climbing up the temple of Castor and Pollux. What a hubbub there is ! They are coming in clusters all round us as thick as bees,

Or leaves and flowers that deck the genial spring*.

The citadel will be full of them in a minute. What a bustle about taking their places †! Wallets, and Beards, and Flattery, and Impudence, and Clubs, and Gluttony, and Syllogisms, and Avarice, all together ! The few who came at the first summons can scarcely be seen ; being lost in the crowd, and in the same dress, they are no longer distinguishable. Indeed, Philosophy, I must say, you are highly blameable in not giving your disciples some mark, by which they may be known to a certainty ; for, as it is, the impostor frequently makes a more passable appearance than the character he assumes.

Philosophy. We will think of that by and by : at present our business is to receive our company.

Platonists. It is our turn first.

* Hom. Il. II. 468.

† Κλαγῆδον περιεσθίζουσιν. Hom. Il. II. 463.

Pytha-

Pythagoreans. No such thing; it is our turn first; surely, Pythagoras was before Plato.

Stoicks. What nonsense is this! Are not we of the porch before all of you?

Peripateticks. Is there not money in the question*? Then who is to be preferred to the Peripatetick?

Epicureans. Give us but the cakes and the figs, and we will wait for the minæ till the rest are served.

Academicians. Where are the two talents? We will soon convince you, that the Academicians are not to be trifled with.

Stoicks. No! what, not in our presence?

Philosophy. I will have no quarrelling. You Cynicks, why do you push and beat one another with your sticks in this manner? It was not for this you were summoned hither. I Philosophy, aided with Virtue and Truth, am here to make trial of your several pretensions. Those amongst you who shall be found real Philoso-

* The Peripateticks considered money as one of the good things of this life; and the Epicureans thought good eating a good thing.

phers,

phers, by living in conformity with our decrees, shall receive our sanction, and be happy. With regard to all such impostors as are no way related to us, and have the vanity to boast of what does not belong to them, they shall be treated as they deserve. Heyday! what is the meaning of this? As I live, they are hurrying down the hill at the hazard of their necks! The citadel is in a manner empty! Those only remain who have no fear of our decision; and their number is very small. Who waits here? Pick up the wallet, which that Cynick has left behind him. See what it contains; pulse, I suppose, or a book, or some of his black bread.

Lucian. No such thing, I warrant you. Here is gold, and perfume, a holiday knife, a mirror, and a pair of dice. These were the contents of the wallet.

Philosophy. A very honest fellow indeed! Such was your viaticum! These things belonged to your profession! These gave you a right to abuse every body! Thus you became an instructor of youth!

Lucian. You see what sort of persons you have to deal with; and I think it becomes you
to

to devise some means of explaining what is so little understood, that the publick in general may know how to distinguish the good from the bad. You, Truth, are in duty bound to provide a remedy against the prevalency of lying, unless you wish to be overpowered by it, and have all characters jumbled together in a heap of confusion.

Truth. I think, as this Lucian appears to be a good sort of man, and well affected to us, being indeed one of your greatest admirers; if you please, Philosophy, we will assign to him the task of discrimination. Let him take Proof along with him, that he may be the better able to determine the merit of every man calling himself a Philosopher. Whenever he discovers a real friend of yours, let that friend be adorned with a garland, and invited to the Prytaneum*. On the other hand, whenever he detects any one of the numerous and villanous order of mere pretenders, let him be instructed to strip him instantly of his cloak, and shave his

* Where those, who had deserved well of their Country, were supported at the public expence.

beard

beard to the quick, with the same kind of knife that is used for shaving a goat. Let him then proceed to cauterize his forehead, or brand him between the eyebrows with the impression of a fox, or an ape.

Philosophy. Well said, Truth ! Lucian's criterion will be like that of proving the eagles. Not indeed, that the proof of these men is to be by turning their eyes to the sun ; no, they are to be tried with gold, and glory, and pleasure ; which if they be found to despise or disregard, by all means let them be crowned. But, if they eye the gold with the utmost eagerness, if they are unable to keep their hands from catching at it, then let them be shaved and stigmatized without farther delay.

Lucian. Your orders shall be obeyed. And you will very soon behold by far the greatest part of them bearing the impression of foxes, or apes. There will be but a very few to be crowned. Would you have me bring any of them to you ?

Philosophy. How can you bring them back ? They are gone.

Lucian. I can manage them, if the Priests will

will lend me but for a moment the hook and the line, which the fisherman made an offering of in the Pyræus *.

Priestess. Take them, with all my heart, and the reed † too, if you please.

Lucian. You are very obliging. That nothing may be wanting, I should also be glad of a few figs, and a little gold.

Priestess. Take them.

Philosophy. What is the man about?

Priestess. He has taken the figs and the gold for baits, and has got a seat on the top of the wall, whence he lets down his hook into the city.

Philosophy. Pray, Lucian, what is it you expect to fish up, stones from the Pelasgicum!

Lucian. Silence, dear Philosophy, and you shall soon see what I catch. Now, Amphitrite, now Neptune, shew your good-will to a brother fisherman, and grant me good sport! Ha! what do I see? A huge pike? Or is it a gold-fish?

Proof. Neither the one nor the other, but a

* The great harbour at Athens. † The fishing rod.

sea-dog. He comes open-mouthed to the hook. He smells the bait. Now he touches the gold. You have him. Let us drag him up.

Lucian. Lend a hand, Proof; lay hold of the line. Now we have him. Let us see what famous fish it is. A dog! by Hercules! Only mind his teeth! How came this about, my good fir? You thought yourself sure of a good meal under the stones, but you are disappointed. You are caught, and I will hang you up by your gills, for every body to see you. Let us examine the hook. Here is nothing upon it. He has gorged the bait, figs, and gold together.

Diogenes. Then let him disgorge, I say, and the same bait will do again.

Lucian. Very well. But do you know who this is, Diogenes? Is there no relation between him and you?

Diogenes. Not the least, I assure you.

Lucian. Then what do you say he is worth? I valued him, I think, not long ago at two oboli.

* Χειροσφύρις.

Diogenes.

Diogenes. Then you over-rated him; he is not fit to eat, and frightful to look at, he is so ugly; in short he is good for nothing. Toss him back head foremost, and let down your hook for another. But take care, Lucian that you do not break your fishing-rod.

Lucian. Never fear, Diogenes; there is no manner of danger. They are as light as so many loaches.

Diogenes. Loaches indeed! Worthless enough to be sure *! Up with them, however, at any rate.

Lucian. What comes now? Here is a flat fish, that looks as if he had been cut into halves †. He snaps at the hook, and has swallowed it. We have him. Out he comes. What can he be?

Diogenes. He calls himself a Platonist.

Plato. O scandalous! A Platonist captivated by gold.

* The original is a pun not to be translated.

† What we call a halibut is termed by the Germans halbfische, half fish: *πλαῖνς*, flat, is an attempt at a pun on Plato.

Lucian.

Lucian. Yes, Plato; what shall we do with him?

Plato. Down with him.

Diogenes. Now try for another.

Lucian. If I may judge of fish under the water, I see a most beautiful one coming, finely diversified with streaks of gold upon his back. Do you not see him, Proof? This, forsooth, passes for an Aristotelian. He was coming, but now he is gone back again. He is very wary in his motions. Now he comes. We have him. Out with him.

Aristotle. Do not direct your conversation to me, Lucian; I know nothing of him.

Lucian. If that is the case, Aristotle, I shall throw him down too.

Diogenes. But behold! I espy a vast number crowded together, all of the same complexion, and so * rough and prickly, that one might as well handle so many hedge-hogs. A net would be most proper for them, if we had one. As it is, we must be content with catching him that is boldest, and comes first to the bait.

* Alluding to the crabbed subtleties of the Stoics.

Proof. But, before you throw your line, you should have it secured with wire, or they will bite it in two; such is their eagerness after the gold.

Lucian. By your favour, Neptune, there goes my line again. Oho! they are fighting for my bait. Several of them are at work on the figs, while a great number are clinging to the gold, and will not let it go. This will do. One sturdy fellow is fairly hooked. Come, Sir, what do call yourself? But why am I talking to a fish, that can give me no answer? Do you answer for him, Proof, and tell me the name of his master.

Proof. Chrysippus*.

Lucian. Oh! now I know why he is so fond of gold; he has it in his name. But pray tell us, Chrysippus, do you know any thing of these men? do they act under your directions?

Chrysippus. Do you mean to affront me? how can you suppose that any such fellows belong to me?

Lucian. Now you speak like a man, Chrysippus; so let him go after the rest. Whoever

* Chrysippus, from χρυσος, gold.

should

should attempt to eat him would be in great danger of being choaked.

Philosophy. You may leave off fishing; out of so many it would be no wonder if some one of them were to run away with your hook and gold too, for which you must be answerable to the priests. So let us take a walk. As for you, it is time for you to return to the place whence you came, that you may not trespass upon your indulgence. Do you, Lucian, take Proof with you, and go round to them all, to crown them or brand them as I told you before.

Lucian. Your orders, Philosophy, shall be obeyed. Farewel, ye best of men! We will set about our business immediately. Which way shall we go first, to the Academy or the Porch? Let us begin with the Lycæum; it will make no difference. I only know this, that, wherever we go, we shall have many irons in the fire, and but little occasion for crowns.

ATTENDANCE AND DEPENDENCE*.

IT is no easy matter, my good Friend, to know where to begin, or when to have done, in relating what those persons must be obliged to bear, who, for the sake of promotion, are desirous of obtaining the friendship of the Great, if that, indeed, is to be called friendship, of which the proper name is slavery. I must own, I have myself had no experience of it, and I hope I never shall; but, from my acquaintance with many of those who have, some in the midst of their sufferings, and others after their deliverance from them, I am enabled, from hearing their lamentable tales, to recite them with some accuracy. After effecting their escape, like prisoners who have broken gaol,

* The title in the original is, Περὶ τῶν ἐν μισθῷ συνόντων, on companions for pay; the meaning of which is very intelligible to all Hangers-on.

they

they are not a little pleased with an opportunity of telling their story; the remembrance of past misery, and the means of getting rid of it, being always a welcome topic. And such you know, as have gone through the whole ceremony from beginning to end, being eye-witnesses of every particular, are the persons whose testimony may be most depended on; and therefore I listened to them with no less attention than is paid to those who relate their marvellous escapes at sea. The ship-wrecked sailors, with their heads clean-shaved*, come in crowds to the temples, where they talk over their perils past; waves mountains high, monstrous promontories, storms and tempests, tossing things overboard, broken masts, and rudders lost; till at last, by the aid of Castor and Pollux, or some other propitious deity, always at hand

* It was the custom to make an offering of the hair, after shipwreck, to the tutelary deities of the sea; for which many reasons have been assigned, but none more satisfactory than that of an honest fellow, named Lucilius, who declares that, if the Gods would not accept his offering of hair, they must go without, for he had nothing else to give them. See the Anthologia.

on such emergencies, to seat himself on the main-top, or stand by the helm, the ship gets into safe anchorage by degrees, and the grateful passengers are freed from their alarms. In their tragical detail they appear as pious as they have been calamitous; expecting their interest with the Gods to open the pockets of men. But it is of domestic storms that my sufferers complain. They can recount waves, three-fold, five-fold, and ten-fold. When first they embarked, the sea, they say, was calm and inviting; but the difficulties they had to encounter afterwards, in the course of their voyage, from thirst, from sickness, and from salt-water, were past enduring; from which they were at last relieved by getting on some craggy or hidden rock, leaving their wretched vessel shattered to pieces, obliged to swim for their lives, and escape as well as they could, naked, and destitute of all necessaries. I have often fancied that, out of shame, they concealed many circumstances which they wished to be forgotten. But whatever I have been able to gather from conversation on the subject, I shall not scruple, my Timocles, to communicate to you with-

without reserve, having long observed how much your views are directed to this their manner of life. For, in the first place, whenever the discourse has touched upon it, and if any person in the company happened to speak in praise of a situation, in which, dependant as it is, a man must needs be happy, as he has for his friends the most distinguished Romans, at whose tables he is most sumptuously entertained at free-cost; that, when he is at home, he has a fine house to live in; that, when he travels abroad, he has every accommodation, every thing to make it agreeable; that he can loll at his ease in a chariot drawn by white horses; and that at the same time he is well paid for enjoying all these advantages; men, for whose use the earth contributes all her stores without their ploughing or sowing *: whenever such has been the subject of conversation in your presence, how often have I seen you with your mouth wide open, ready to swallow the bait! That I may there-

* Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe, or sow,
They all their products to free Nature owe.

Pope's translation of the *Odyssey*, b. 9.

fore acquit myself of all blame, nor give you any occasion to say hereafter, that I stood by unconcerned till I saw you fairly caught, and only came to relieve you with a pitiful tear when it was too late to help you; that you may not be able with any justice to bring such heavy charges against me, I am resolved to put it out of your power by making you previously acquainted with what you have to expect from first to last. And if, while you are yet out of the net, which admits of no escape when one you are in it; if, after carefully examining the crooked hook before you have it in your mouth, if, after trying it on your cheek, you do not find it sharp and painful; if, after all, you refuse your assent to what I say; I give you leave to set me down as a pitiful fellow, who has no spirit for good living. You may then be as determined as you please, go to work with resolution, and swallow the bait like a sea-gull. My whole discourse, though undertaken on your account, and to whom perhaps every particular will apply, will nevertheless not be confined to Philosophers, or those who have embraced a grave and steady course of life; but will extend
to

to men of letters in genera', to rhetoricians, and musicians, and all others, who in their respective professions think it no indignity to mingle with the great *, and make a market of their talents. As all are treated nearly in the same manner, it is manifest, that a Philosopher is the leſt to be excuſed, if he can ſubmit to be thus affronted by a maſter who makes no diſtinction. Indeed, it will appear, in the courſe of this enquiry, that thoſe who do, and thoſe who ſuffer ſuch things, are equally deſerving of the conſequences; while I ſurely cannot be thought culpable, unleſs it be an offence to ſpeak the plain truth without any reſerve. As for the common herd of flatterers, of daily prostitutes for pay, they are ſo mean, ſo abject, ſo loſt to all ſenſe of what is becoming, that any attempt to reclaim them would be to no manner of purpoſe, nor is it worth while to ſet about it; ſince, after all the affronts put upon them, they diſcover no inclination to leave their maſters. Such men meet with no more than they deſerve.

* See an eſſay on the Alliance between men of learning and the great, by D'Alembert.

Indeed, there is no one thing besides, on which they would bestow their attention; and if, dragged involuntary from it, they would follow no employment whatever, being so very idle, so entirely useless, that they seem to exist for no purpose at all. For which reason they cannot complain, as they hold no higher rank in the family, if they are used with as little ceremony as a water-closet. On no better terms are they admitted; and their business is to take all that comes. But, with regard to men of merit, when such is their condition, I cannot but feel my indignation arise, with a wish, if possible, to reclaim them, and bring them back to their lost liberty. Will it not then be doing them a kindness, if, on duly weighing the reasons which induce them thus to degrade themselves, I can prove their arguments frivolous and unimportant? Thus may all the pretexts of a voluntary servitude be destroyed at once. The common excuse is poverty, and a want of the necessary accommodations of life, which is constantly urged as an ample apology for this conduct. Poverty they conceive to be the most grievous of all evils, and the attempt to avoid it

it is always pardonable in their opinion. To which purpose the words of Theognis are continually in their mouths :

The man to poverty a prey,

What can he do ? What can he say ?

adding whatever terrible things other idle poets have thought fit to advance on the subject. And, indeed, if I could ever have discovered in such engagements a real escape from penury, I should have had little or nothing to object to them. But, as has been well observed by the celebrated Demosthenes, their food is the food of the sick : to the same regimen they must for ever submit. Poverty is always before their eyes, it is always necessary to receive ; and yet, while nothing can be refused, nothing can be laid up for a future day. Whatever is the donative, however bountiful, however frequent, all must of necessity be instantly expended. Surely there would have been something more of wisdom in it, if the means had been devised not of enduring poverty, but of removing it. Such was the sentiment of Theognis, who advises a man to get quit of it at any rate, even by throwing himself headlong into the sea. But I cannot

cannot conceive how indigence is to support independence. If the man is still poor and needy, still subservient to another, how can he be said to have escaped from poverty? He only imposes upon himself. There are some, who affect to consider poverty not as any object of dread or abhorrence in itself, but they say, they are disabled from getting a livelihood by old age and infirmities: otherwise they should be very willing to work; but, as it is, they find this dependent station the only easy method of obtaining support. Let us consider this argument, and see whether they speak the truth, whether what they get comes in greater plenty, or with more ease, than to those who take the most pains. That ready money does not come by wishing for it, that it is not to be procured without trouble, needs no proof; and indeed the absurdity of supposing the contrary cannot be sufficiently insisted on; in such connections there is such a series of labour, such continual troubles, such a stock of health is requisite to sustain the thousand attacks constantly made on the constitution, wearing out a man's spirits every day of his life! But these shall be more particularly considered,

dered, with many other instances of difficulty and distress. At present it may be sufficient to observe, that the common excuses for this barter of liberty have no foundation in truth. The truth, which is never told, is, that, for the sake of pleasure, they rush full of hopes into great houses, being struck with the sight of silver and gold, hugging themselves with the thoughts of luxury and high living. What a quantity; say they, shall we be able to swallow, when there is nobody to stop our mouths! Such are the inducements that lead men astray, and make slaves of those who before were free; not the want of necessities, as is pretended, but the desire of things very unnecessary and very expensive. Accordingly those wretched lovers experience the most contemptuous treatment from the hackneyed objects of their passion, being in continual pursuit of pleasures, which they are never permitted to enjoy, it being no secret, that enjoyment would extinguish love. To prevent which, the greatest precaution is made use of; whilst it is equally necessary to keep alive the lover's hope, lest despair should diminish, or destroy, all the ardour of his desires.

Smiles

Smiles and promises of great things to be done some time or other are always made, and never performed. Mean while old age insensibly creeping on overtakes each party; it is then too late for the one to love, and the other to be kind. Thus their whole life is consumed in nothing better than unavailing hope. Indeed, to a man so devoted to pleasure as to undergo any thing for the sake of obtaining it, some allowance may be made, provided he succeeds. Only let him not have the baseness to sell himself for it, nor expect in slavery the joys of liberty. However, if he can be pleased with such a condition of life, let him. To me it seems absurdity and madness to suffer so much for no other object than the base hope of being pleased. The trouble is certain; but that which is to repay it they have never seen come to pass; nor indeed, if they rightly consider, is there any chance for it. The companions of Ulysses, when they had tasted the lotos *, neglected their duty, and could think of nothing but the sweets on their lips. Such forgetfulness,

* Hom. Od. XI.

when

when the mind is so agreeably employed, may admit of some excuse. But, for a man ready to starve, to stand by and look on, while another is stuffing himself with the lotos, of which he never offers to give him a taste; to be regardless of what he should do for himself, and foolishly led to believe, that he shall be invited to partake of the good thing some time or other, nobody knows when; this is acting a part so truly ridiculous, as to provoke all the asperity of the poet. And yet this, or nearly this, is the case of those who give themselves up to the humours of the great. It is true, some might be named, who associate with men of high birth and embroidered coats merely for the honour of it; such persons are to be found, who are proud of being thus exalted, as they think, above the vulgar; though, for my part, give me something better than his conversation, or I would not thank a king for his company. But, such being the principles on which they proceed, let us consider with ourselves what they must undergo, to obtain admittance to this desirable privilege, and what are the consequences which follow the obtaining of it. Above all, let

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us attend to the winding up of the play. Vile as this acquisition is, no one can say, that it is easily made. that no trouble is necessary, that merely to wish it is all that is required. On the contrary, the difficulty is extreme. Much hurrying about from one place to another, constant attendance at the great man's gate, early rising, waiting and jostling, patience and perseverance, though the door should be slapped in your face by the Syrian porter*, who abuses you in broken Greek; taking your stand under the auspices of a Nomenclator from Africa, who must be bribed to remember your name; besides all this, you will find it necessary to dress far above what you can afford, that your appearance may be answerable to the station you aspire to; you must choose the colour that takes most with your patron, or he will say, it is no livery of his; you must stick close to his heels, or get pushed before him, if you can, that you may

* The antient nobility appear to have had the same silly predilection for foreign domesticks that many of our moderns have, who require more fawning than is to be found in their own country.

appear

appear to be one of the train. And, after all, do not flatter yourself with being noticed; it is possible many days may pass before you have the favour of a look. But if, in some propitious moment, you should be so very happy as to catch his eye, and be called to, to answer some idle question, then are you at a loss how to behave, you know not what to say or do, the sweat runs down your face, your head is giddy, your knees knock together, to the great diversion of all present. You are asked perhaps, who was king of the Greeks; you answer, a thousand ships. Good-natured men may call this modesty; but men of spirit give it the name of sheepishness, and the spiteful pronounce it ignorance. After this first experience of the danger of exposing your complaisance on such slippery ground, you depart, ashamed of yourself for not setting a better face upon it. At last, after passing many an anxious day, and many a sleepless night, not contending for Helen, or Priam's Troy, but with the hopes of obtaining half a dozen oboli; then, if perchance some friendly deity interpose, your examination is to commence, and you are to be questioned as to your proficiency in letters;

no unpleasant business to the great man himself, as he is sure of being praised at all events; while to you it is hardly of less concern, than if your very life and soul were at stake; for with good reason you suppose, that, if you should be rejected in your first attempt, it will be in vain for you to make a second; your mind of course must be distracted, your attention turned a thousand ways at once. Suppose you have competitors, these you must envy, you fear and hope by turns, you fancy yourself deficient in expression, and you consult the great man's countenance. If that should confirm your apprehensions, you give up all as lost; but, should he vouchsafe a smile, then are your hopes alive again, and you are mightily rejoiced. Still you are to look for concealed enemies, who will detract from your pretensions, and lie in wait to attack your reputation. Only think of a grave man with a long beard and hoary locks being examined, whether he possesses any useful knowledge; which some, perhaps, may admit, and others flatly deny! The whole of your past life is now to undergo an inquisition; on which occasion, if any one of your neighbours,
either

either from envy, or from some trifling affront, takes upon him to charge you with the most gross immorality, he is received as an evidence sent from Jove : while, on the other hand, if all agree to commend you, such testimony is looked upon as suspicious, doubtful, or corrupt. Your only chance of success is in being so very fortunate as to meet with no opposition. Grant but this, and all indeed goes well. The great man praises all you say, and his confidential friends have no one objection to make. His lady is of the same mind, nor does the steward, nor the butler, say any thing against it. No one has a fault to find ; every circumstance is auspicious, and you are made happy. You have conquered, and are crowned with an olympic wreath. Nay, you have taken Babylon, and the citadel of Sardis is your own. You shall possess the horn of Amalthæa, you shall milk the hens. Indeed, there is no saying how many good things are your due, as the recompence of such toils and troubles. The foliage of a garland is a mere nothing ; you are entitled to a substantial stipend, money at your command, and extraordinary honours into the bargain.

H 2

Now

Now you are to rest from your labours, to bid adieu to your troubles, your watchings, your running through thick and thin. Now are your wishes accomplished, you can stretch yourself out to sleep at your ease, with no other business but that which you have engaged to do, and are to be paid for. Thus, Timocles, the case certainly should be; nor could it be any great hardship to your neck to bear so light a yoke, especially when it is so well gilded. That would be nothing, if that were all; but matters are quite otherwise. There are in this manner of living a thousand circumstances intolerable to a man of education. Hear what I proceed to say, and consider with yourself what liberal spirit could submit to them patiently for a moment. We will begin, if you please, with your first supper, the earnest of what is to follow. A spruce domestic comes to invite you, and, as you would not be thought ungenteel, you find it necessary to slip at least five drachmæ into his hand. At first he pretends to refuse taking your money, begs to be excused, saying, he cannot think of any such thing from you; but at last suffers himself to be persuaded, and goes away laughing

laughing at you. You then wash yourself, put on your best clothes, and set out, taking care at the same time not to be before the rest of the company. Going too soon is not polite; and going last is giving yourself airs, and your friends trouble. Observing therefore to be just between the two extremes, you make your entry, and are honourably received, being directed to take your place a little above the great man, near one or two of his old acquaintance. You are now as much struck with admiration, as if you had entered the mansion of Jove, and know not what to make of any one thing that passes. All is new and strange, and all eyes are employed in watching how you behave. Even the great man himself is curious on the occasion, and gives his servants their cue to observe your motions, and whether you do not every now and then cast a longing eye on the lady of the house. Nor is this confined to the servants of the family; for, those who attend on the guests are equally quick-sighted in discovering your confusion, and make your ignorance and uncouth mannner the subject of their merriment. They all conclude, that you never can have supped at such a house

H 3

before,

before, or you would not be so much at a loss what to do with your napkin. It is easy to conjecture your distress, when you neither dare venture to call for wine, though you very much wish it, lest you should be thought too greedy of it; nor, amidst all that order and variety of good things placed before you, know which of them to put your hand to, where to begin, nor where to end. Your only resource must be to watch the motions of your next neighbour, and imitate him in all the necessary ceremonies of a good supper. Your mind is variously affected; every thing you see and hear perplexes you. One while you felicitate the great man on such delicious living, admiring his abundance, his gold, his ivory; another while you look down on your own insignificance, just beginning, as you fancy, to emerge. Then you look forward, and imagine yourself become an object of envy in the constant enjoyment of every luxury, which is to be always equally shared between you and your master; Bacchanalian days to last for ever! Perhaps too the handsome youths in waiting bestow their smiles, the better to set off your
your

your future prospects. No wonder you think of Homer's words :

Trojans, and booted Greeks, who blames your broils,
When such a prize awaits your tedious toils * ?

And now comes the libation to friendship. When, calling for a great cup, he drinks to you as preceptor, or tutor, or whatever it is the humour to call you. You are to return the compliment, but can find nothing to say, and thus betray your want of breeding. However, this drinking to you raises the envy of many an old acquaintance, the preference given to you being by no means agreeable : a new-comer, an upstart, to be thus distinguished, and the service of so many years to pass for nothing ! Thus they run on : " Our evils are now complete. To be put lower than a fellow, who never before set a foot in the house ! But this is Rome, which opens its gates to none but hungry Greeks †." I wonder what advantage they pretend to have over us ; unless indeed it be such a fine thing

* Hom. Il. III. 156. The words of the old men on seeing Helen.

† Græculus esuriens. Juvenal,

to bring out a few miserable phrases !” Another cries, “ did not you mind how he drank ? how he seized and devoured every thing he laid his hand on ? he, who never knew plenty before, unless it were plenty of fasting ! Never before now, even in a dream, did he taste white bread *, pheasant, or turkey : only mind him ! he looks as if he would not leave us so much as a bone to pick.” “ Ye fools,” says a third, “ do but let him alone, and, before a week goes over his head, you will see him with as little reason to rejoice as you have. Just at present, indeed, he is in some request, and, like a pair of new shoes, will not be neglected ; but by and by, like those shoes when dirty and old, he must be contented to lie under the bed, and make no better figure than we do.” A great deal of conversation like this will go round ; and there will not be wanting those, who will stick at no-

* White bread was a rarity in ancient Greece ; and so it seems to be in modern Spain, if what is told by Wagenfeilius be true. A certain Spaniard, he says, being entertained by a prince, used ever after to flick crumbs of white bread on his cravat, that every body might know how well he lived.

thing to disparage your character. Thus it is, that you may claim the banquet as all your own, hardly a word being said on any other subject besides you. Not being accustomed to it, the wine disagrees with your stomach, and you find yourself ill at ease. What is now to be done? To get up and leave the company, is not good manners; and to stay, you feel, is not safe. The drinking continues, one story begets another, and there is no end of all the fine things which the great man wishes to entertain you with. All this while you are miserable, and can think of nothing else. The fights, the singing, the playing, the fine performers, are all lost upon you, who neither hear nor see. And yet the mischief is, that praise them you must *, though in your own heart you wish for an earthquake to knock down the house, or at least a cry of fire to break up the company. Such, my friend, is

* When the emperor Nero performed on the Stage, if we may believe Historians, so grievous to his audience was the necessary tribute of involuntary praise, that it was no unusual thing for a man to feign himself dead, in order to be carried home, when he could find no other pretence for leaving the theatre.

your

your first and sweetest supper ; not so much to my mind as a repast of salt and onions, of which I could eat just as much as I liked, and when I liked. For, not to mention the unfavoury fumes of indigestion, or the necessity of rising in the night to ease your stomach, you are after that to undergo the formality of a meeting the next day, when your salary is to be settled, and the time of receiving it. Accordingly you are summoned, and being ordered to take a seat, in the presence of two or three friends, thus he begins : “ From what you have already seen, you can be no stranger to my manner of living. No superiority here, you see ; nothing of pomp or state ; all are on a level. Here you may believe yourself at home, being master of the house as much as I am. It would be a strange thing indeed, if, after reposing the greatest of all trusts ; if, after making you my confident ; if, after committing my children to your care (supposing him to have children in want of education) ; it would be ridiculous indeed, if, after all this, I could consider you in any other light than a second self. I am well convinced of the moderation of your desires.

You

You are sensible that virtue is its own reward, and did not visit me with any mercenary view, but from pure good-will, and with the prospect of honour before your eyes. Yet, notwithstanding, I think that we should come to some agreement, and I beg you will mention it. This, my good friend, you will do without forgetting the presents, which you may expect to receive on the annual festivals! presents, which there will be no danger of my omitting to make, though you should not say a word about them. Many such occasions, I need not tell you, occur in the year; and, knowing this, you will require nothing unreasonable. Men of learning are above all pecuniary considerations." With these fine speeches he feeds your hopes, and you are fairly won. You, who had been dreaming but just before of talents, estates, and houses, begin now to lower your strain. However, you still flatter yourself with his fair promises; and think he must have had some meaning, when he talked of all things being in common between you. Alas! you little thought it was but talk!

The

The drop may wet your lips, yet leave you dry *.

At length, such is your modesty, you desire him to make his own terms; which he affects to decline, and begs one of the company to undertake the business between you; fixing on such a stipend as may not be too much for him to afford, who has so many other more necessary expences, nor unbecoming you to accept. On this an old favourite, inured to flattery from his very childhood, immediately pronounces you a most happy man, to have the singular good fortune of thus obtaining what so many others have longed for in vain. You are now admitted, he tells you, to the friendship and to the table of him who keeps the best house in the Roman dominions; a happiness which, if you do but know how to value and use with moderation, makes you richer than Cræsus and Midas put together. Seeing, says

* Hom. Il. xxii. 495. Χειρα μιν ἰδὼν, ὑπερην δ' αὖ ἰδὼν, are the words of Andromache, bewailing her orphan son, and foreseeing the cold comfort of his father's friends, on whose garments he will hang in vain for protection. Pope's translation of the passage is very beautiful; but he has not been able to copy the exquisite touches of his master's pencil.
he,

he, as I do every day, so many persons of distinction willing, if it could be purchased, to pay any price for the mere honour of thus living with him and being seen in his company; I cannot find words to express your felicity, when, over and above all these privileges, you are to have a salary for accepting them. Here he names some paltry sum or other, far below what you had expected, which, he says, you cannot but think quite sufficient, unless you are determined to be unreasonable. And now nothing remains for you but to take all in good part: you are caught in the net, and cannot escape. You submit to the rein, shut your mouth on the bit, and quietly carry your rider, who neither pulls-in your head, nor spurs you too hard, till he sees you grown perfectly gentle. And thus you become the envy of the neighbourhood, who look upon you as the only favourite of the family; though you yourself are not quite so sensible of your happiness. You wish, however, you could believe what they say; and flatter yourself that things will be better by-and-by: but the contrary turns out to be the case; and your good-luck, like that
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of Mandrabulus *, runs retrograde every day: By degrees, you get an imperfect glimpse of your situation; and begin to perceive, by a dim kind of light, that your golden hopes were only so many golden bubbles; but that your troubles have substance in them, are grievous to be borne, inevitable, and without intermission. Perhaps you will ask me what they are. You cannot see any thing troublesome, you say, in such a life as we are talking of, and cannot comprehend what I mean by calling it grievous and intolerable. Very well, my good sir, only give me a patient hearing, and then deny it to be a life of labour, or rather acknowledge in it every thing that is mean, base, and servile. First of all, remember that your liberty is gone, you are no longer a gentleman. Family, freedom, ancestry, are to be left out of doors from the moment you thus dispose of yourself. Li-

* An honest fellow of Samos, who ruined himself by his gratitude. Having found a treasure, he expended it in annual offerings to Juno. The first year he gave her a golden sheep; the second, one of silver; but, in the third year, he found his circumstances so reduced as to afford his goddess nothing better than brass.

berty,

berty, you may be sure, will not go along with you on so degrading an errand; for, how irksome soever the name, a slave you must be to all intents and purposes; not the slave of one person only, but of many, without once looking up from morning to night; and all this for the vilest pittance. What makes the matter still worse, as you have not been bred to it from your early youth, but are to set about it in mature age, it can hardly be expected that you should be able to acquit yourself with much credit, or be thought a good penny-worth. Whenever the thought of your lost liberty comes across your fancy, you cannot but revolt at your condition, and bear your servility with a very bad grace. However, bear it you must, and are not to suppose yourself the less a slave because you are not the son of some Pyrrhias or Zopyrion, nor have been hawked in the street like a Bithynian. This makes no difference. Like Pyrrhias and Zopyrion, you must be glad once a month to hold out your hand for what you can get, and what more does the slave that is sold? There is no need of a crier for one who has been offering himself so long in the market to the
best

best bidder. You pretend to be a philosopher; let me ask you a question. If you had fallen into the hands of a robber, had been taken by a pirate who had sold you, would you not have thought it a most grievous misfortune? If any man had seized on you as his property, would you not have called out lustily to the laws for protection? Would you not have found yourself so ill-used as to stir heaven and earth upon the occasion? And yet, at a time of life when, if you had been a slave from your birth, you might reasonably have begun to expect your liberty, for the sake of a few oboli you are ready to sell yourself, your virtue and wisdom, all together! Have you forgot all the fine speeches of Plato, of Chrysippus, and Aristotle, full of the praises of liberty and the utmost abhorrence of slavery? And do you feel no sensation of shame at the thought of being hustled in a crowd of rascally parasites, snuffing out a meal? you, all the while, amongst such a multitude of Romans, the only person that appears in a foreign cloak, the only person whose bad Latin proclaims you a stranger! What think you of scrambling for a supper amidst the noise of a promiscuous heap,

heap, made up for the most part without any regard to character, country, or condition? You deal out your praises with no good-will; and are obliged to drink more than you can bear, though to be called up in the morning by the sound of a bell, before you have had half your sleep, that you may run on errands with the rest of your fellows, carrying yesterday's dirt still sticking to your heels. Was there no pulse, no cabbages, to be had? had the refreshing fountains ceased to flow, that you should be driven to this? No, no; you did not want pulse and water; you had set your heart on sweetmeats, rich dishes, and delicious wines. Like a ravenous pike, you are hooked by the gullet; and are you not rightly served? How well are you rewarded for your liquorish taste! You are no more than an ape, with a fine collar round his neck, kept for diversion. Like the ape, you may please yourself with your plenty, but the figs which you eat are the price of your liberty. Liberty, with all her attendant train, Liberty is gone, no more to be mentioned. It would not be so bad if this were all, and you had only exchanged one

name for another. But let us see whether, in your new situation, you have not the toils of a slave, a task as intolerable as that of Dromo or Tibius*. For, as to your learning, on account of which he pretended to engage you, that is totally out of the question; that is no business of his: what has an ass to do with a lyre? How much do you think must they be enamoured of the wisdom of Homer, the energy of Demosthenes, or the sublimity of Plato; they whose minds are occupied with pride, foppery, pleasure, wantonness, insolence, and ignorance! Nothing else finds room in their souls, unless it be their gold and silver, and the cares that arise from wealth. For these your master needs not be obliged to you. It is because you have a long beard, a venerable aspect, because your Greek cloak becomes you, because you are generally allowed to be a man of taste in letters, a rhetorician, a philosopher; these are his reasons for wishing to have you in his train. With you his companion, he expects to be thought himself a literary man,

* The meanest of slaves.

a lover of Greek and all that is elegant. Does not this look something like letting out your beard and your cloak for a few fine speeches? You must never be out of the way, never out of sight; you must be up early in the morning to take your post, which you are not to quit upon any consideration. Sometimes he will lay a hand familiarly on your shoulder, and talk, as he goes along, about any trifle that comes uppermost. This is to make the world believe that he is at no time inattentive to the Muses, but knows how to make the best use of any little leisure, even in the street. Poor you, after a long circuit of up hill and down, through all parts of the city, sometimes running, sometimes walking, stop at last puffing and sweating; and while he is engaged in conversation with some friend, whom he calls on, you stand without. You see no seat to rest yourself; and have nothing left for it, but to take out a book and read. At length night overtakes you, hungry, and dry, and dirty, for you have not had time to clean yourself; and about midnight you go to supper, but not to make the same conspicuous figure, nor to receive the same honours,

you did at first. You are now to make room for a newer guest; and be content to see the dishes pass by you. Thrust into a corner behind, like a dog, like him you may pick your bone, if you can get one, or gnaw the dry leaf of a mallow which you may chance to find amongst odds and ends. Nor is this all: you cannot so much as have even an egg to yourself, for you are not now on the footing of a new acquaintance. Do not be so saucy as to fancy you are any longer to be served like a rich man. He has a fine fat chicken set before him; while you must put up with half a one, unless you can get a wild pigeon as dry as a stick. Very often it will happen that a guest comes in who was not expected; in which case the servant takes away what you had got without any ceremony, and gives it to him. You are at home, he tells you in your ear. When a stag or a pig comes to be cut up, if you are not in the good graces of the carver, you will hardly have a better share than Jupiter had of Prometheus. And then to see the dish so quickly carried out of your reach, which had stood before him who sits above you till he could

could eat no longer, what man with the spirit of a deer would endure it? Another thing which I have not mentioned is this; whilst the rest of the company are drinking their good old wine, yours is hardly better than dregs; and you must take care to drink out of gold or silver, or the colour* of your liquor will betray the contempt you are held in. However, bad as your wine is, you would be glad to have more of it, and may call again and again before the servant will hear you. Your mortifications will multiply upon you. How will you be fretted, when you see yourself thus set at nought; a pimp, a dancing-master, a proficient in the Ionic step, preferred to a philosopher! You must not think of being esteemed like the little Alexandrian, the caterer of love, the conveyer of a billet-doux. Ashamed of yourself, as well you may, you sneak into a corner; where you mourn your cruel fate, so

* *i. e.* if it were seen through any thing transparent as chrystal or glass. The latter may very well be allowed to have been in use in the time of Lucian, who lived a thousand years after the invention of it. See *Mémoires de Littérature*, t. I. p. 133.

sparing of the graces that you have not had one sprinkling. What would you not give to be able to compose one amorous sonnet, or even to sing one tolerably ! That, you see, is the way to obtain honour. And it would be no bad thing, if you could act the part of a conjurer; or one of those fortune-tellers who promise great estates, vast power, and immense riches. They, you know, are familiar with the great, and are made much of; while you are nobody, and have no chance of succeeding to such envied distinction. Nothing remains for you but with silent tears to lament your fall. At the same time, it much behoves you to be on your guard, that no malicious whisperer should inform against you as wanting in applause when the lady's favourite sings or dances. Take good care, therefore, to roar till you are as hoarse as a thirsty frog, and let no one out-do you, nor get the start of you. Nay, it will be very convenient, when all others have done, to hit off some studied compliment entirely your own. This will shew that you are very clever, and do not grudge your flattery. To be sure, it must be owned that to see you crowned and anointed,

anointed, while you are ready to perish for want, is laughable enough. You fare like the sepulchre of somebody lately dead, where there is no neglect of the funeral rites. The garlands and perfumes are given to the deceased, but his surviving relations drink the wine and eat up the victuals. If the great man should have a young wife, or handsome children, unless you are absolutely a fright, he may take it into his head to be jealous; which you will find incompatible with your peace and safety. Great men have many ears, and many eyes always open, not only to see what is, but what is not. Your only way will be to look down on the ground, as you would do at a Persian feast, where there is one eunuch to watch whether you cast a glance at any of the royal harlots; and another in readiness with his bow and arrow to dispatch you, if you do, while you are drinking. At length, when the entertainment is over, and you are permitted to depart, you expect a little repose, but find yourself roused at the crowing of the cock. Then you think what you have lost. The remembrance of your old friends, the many pleasant hours you have passed in their

company, the walks you have enjoyed, the easy life you led, going always where you would, and sleeping just as long as you liked, makes you sensible of the gulf, into which you have plunged yourself. And for what, O ye Gods ! has this miserable exchange been made ? What have you got by it ? Nothing like what you might have had without it, while you remained your own master, with all the world before you ! You are now a lion led up and down in a string, but without the faculty of conciliating favour, or making yourself agreeable. Totally untutored in the art, when put in competition with old practitioners, you are nobody. So uncouth and awkward, so destitute of convivial talents, so unable to divert the company, or excite a single smile, you must be often very sensible, that the sight of you is unwelcome. And especially, when you try to outdo yourself in appearing uncommonly gay, you are sure to make yourself so much the more disagreeable. You cannot suit yourself to your patron's taste. If your deportment be grave and steady, he cannot endure so starch a companion ; and, if you affect to laugh and be merry, it is being
merry

merry by rule, and your tragical face will not do for Comedy. "Fool that I am," you exclaim, "what other life shall I have in reversion? I cannot call this my own!" In the midst of these reflexions, the bell rings, summoning you to return to your duty, to run about, to stand still, just as you are bid; first taking care to be anointed * before you enter the lists. For the same fatigue comes over again, the same supper at the same late hour. This way of life so different from what you had been used to, so much waiting, watching, and sweating, so h constant toiling, by degrees undermine your constitution, and, if you do not get the genteel gout †, a consumption, peripneumony, or colick, comes of course. However you must hold out as well as you can, and not expect to lie down on your bed at your own time; otherwise your illness will only be considered as a pretence to be idle, and neglect your duty. No wonder you look pale, and

* Alluding to the custom of rubbing the limbs with oil in the l e .

† Καλὴν ποδαγίαν.

seem like a man at Death's door. Thus you live in town. What passes on a journey I do not attempt to relate. Only very often you will have to wait in the rain, till every body else is in the carriage, for your turn is always last; and then you will be bundled up with the cook and the lady's hairdresser in an uneasy seat, without being allowed a sufficiency of litter. I have half a mind to tell you of an adventure of Thesmopolis, the Stoick; I had it from his own mouth, and that which happened to him, ridiculous as it is, may happen to another. Thesmopolis was retained in the family of a very rich and fashionable lady, with whom he was to take a journey; and, the lady having a favourite, whose beard was clean-shaved, and legs stripped of every hair by plasters of pitch, the first thing to be thought of was to place this fellow next to our philosopher. His name, he told me, was Chelidonium. Think of such an austere old man as Thesmopolis, with his long white beard wedged close by a being all over paint, with pearly eyes, and languishing airs, reclining his delicate head! His name might have

have denoted him a swallow *, but he looked more like a vulture with the feathers plucked from his chin. This Chelidonium, if he had not been much entreated to the contrary, meant to have taken his seat with a net over his hair like a lady. As it was, Thesmopolis was obliged to put up with a thousand impertinences. He was continually singing and humming tunes, and, though sufficiently cramped, could hardly be kept from dancing in the carriage. But this was not all Thesmopolis had to endure. The lady called to him: "Thesmopolis," says she, "so may you ever prosper, as I expect from you the favour which I am going to ask! It is indeed a very great one, but I beg it of a man who denies me nothing, and allows me no time to solicit. You are so attentive, so kind, and affectionate, that I know I may depend on your care of poor Myrrhina. Do take her into the carriage, and see that she wants for nothing. The poor thing, you see, is very near her time, and she and her puppies may perish for any thing my rascally servants care about it. They

* Χελιδόνι.

are

are so very undutiful, that they mind nothing but themselves on the road, neither my poor Myrrhina, nor me. You will for ever oblige me, as I am under the greatest concern for her, if you will but take the sweet little creature under your protection. What could he do? She was almost in tears, when she urged the request. He therefore complied of course; and it was diverting enough to see the little favourite popping her head from under his garment to take a peep at his beard, bedewing our philosopher now and then (though he did not tell me that), and yelping, as the little curs of Melita are used to do. Between whiles she would lick his chin, as if for the chance of finding some of yesterday's gravy. Upon this the Catamite, who is by no means unhappy in his jokes, took the opportunity of being witty at the expence of his fellow-traveller: "We all thought Theopopolis a Stoick," said he, "but behold! he is a Cynick *!" I heard afterwards, that

* A pun. The word is derived from *κυν*, a dog, an appellation bestowed on Diogenes, and his snarling disciples.

Myrrhina

Myrrhina was safely delivered in the philosopher's cloak. Such is the cruel sport, which is made of those who are dependents on the great; by degrees they are brought to submit to any thing. I know a certain eager rhetorician, who, by declaiming as he was ordered, in his very best manner at a feast, received two hundred drachmas for his trouble. The company sat drinking and praising; and he went on, measuring his speech not by the hour-glass, but the wine-cask. All that was very well: these drachmas are tolerable enough. But, if your patron should happen to be a poet, or historian, who will needs enliven the entertainment by repeating his own compositions, in that case your business will be to praise and flatter till you are ready to burst. Your brains must be continually on the rack with new adulation of your own inventing. Perhaps your great man may value himself on his beauty, and, though with a nose of a cubit in length, expect to be extolled as an Adonis or Hyacinthus. This extravagance, which is far from being uncommon, must be humoured, or you must be sent to the quarries,

quarries*, as a traitor who envies him. The rich are always wise and eloquent of course. Take this for granted, and trust not your ears, when they talk nonsense; for their language is the elegance of Athens, the honey of Hymettus, the standard of perfection to guide posterity. Still perhaps such treatment may be endured, while you have only men to deal with. But you will find ladies too, who affect an attachment to men of learning, and must have them in pay to follow their chains with scraps of rhetoric, grammar, and philosophy. Why should the ladies, as they have every other accomplishment, be debarred from literary fame? It is true, their only leisure for acquiring it is while they are dressing or eating; but what then? If the maid should bring a letter from a lover, while the philosopher is lecturing on the government of the passions, he has only to stop

* Alluding to the state-prison of Dionysius at Syracuse. Philoxenus, the poet, was sent to it for refusing to praise the Tyrant's verses, but after some time was recalled, and admitted to a fresh audience. When, finding the royal poetry no better than before, he begged to return to his old quarters rather than hear any more of it.

till

till the lady has sent an answer to her letter, and then she can listen to him. After being long looked for, at last come the saturnalia, or panathenæa, when you are to receive, not without great parade, the present of an old gown, or tattered tunick. But first comes a messenger, who has run all the way to tell you how happy he has been in fixing the great man's choice; and you must give him something handsome before he quits you. Next day early in the morning, your present arrives, in charge of a dozen or more, every one alleging how much he said, how many hints he gave, how hard he laboured to do the best for you with his master. You reward every one of them, and yet they go away grumbling, for they never think they have enough. Your wages are paid you perhaps by two or three oboli at a time; which if you ask for, you are thought troublesome and impertinent. That which you have to depend on is flattering, intreating, begging, and praying. No one is to be neglected; you must advise with every body; and gain over, by all means, the house-steward. And yet, after all, perhaps,

you

you will receive nothing that you can call your own, the whole being due to the tailor, or doctor, or shoe-maker. Thus you see that your pension does not deserve the name; being of no other use than only to procure you ill-will. For now invidious reports are carried to your master, who begins to be tired of you, and is ready to listen to any thing bad that is said of you. He now sees very plainly that your toils have been too much for you, that you do not go so nimbly about your business as you used to do, that your strength decays, and you are growing gouty. And thus it is that, after your best days are spent, when he has had the flower of your age, wasted your strength, and worn you to rags, you are to be thrown on a dunghill, and he looks out for another more able to serve him. He is at no loss for an excuse. Who would have thought it of a man of your years! you have debauched my lady's maid, or done something else very wicked. The proof is plain; and you are turned out, neck and heels, at the dead time of the night, without money, without a friend, except the good-natured gout, that does not in all your distresses

treffes forsake you. You discover, at last, that you have made a shift to empty your head, and increase your stomach. With a belly that would hold a bushel, how are you to fill it, or to keep it quiet? Your appetite still calls, according to custom, and murmurs at being disappointed. But disappointed it is like to remain; for, who will take you now, when you are as useless as an old horse, whose very skin is past service? Besides, your being turned off gives rise to scandalous stories; and suspicions are entertained that all is not right. Adultery, or forcery, or I know not what, will be laid to your charge. There is no need of words to make it pass current; for silence is sufficient to convict an adventurer like you, whose morals, every body knows, hang loose enough. Not one of us Greeks but has the character of being disposed to every thing bad; which, indeed, I do not much wonder at, for I think I am sensible whence it proceeds. After getting admission into families, without any talents of real use, there are numbers who make pretences to charming and telling fortunes, undertake to ensure success in love, or to turn misfortune on the head of an enemy; on the strength of which

they pass for great scholars, wear long cloaks, and let down no contemptible beards. Thus it is, that when persons, who had been considered in a quite different light, are seen at last to be mere sycophants, who will submit to any thing, however mean, for money or a supper, the same opinion must prevail concerning all others in a like situation. Whenever they are dismissed they become objects of aversion, and their masters of course do their utmost to ruin them; as they cannot but suspect their own characters to be in the utmost danger from the reports of those who know them so well: and this is the thought that vexes and torments them. They are the exact resemblance of those fine gilded books, with purple covers, of which the subject is the feast of Thyestes, the incest of Œdipus, or Tereus; all fair without, all foul within. The great man, conscious of this, fails not to entertain the most deadly hatred against the cashiered dependent; and, fearing to have his actions exposed, practises every art to bring about his destruction. I wish I were able, like another Cebes, to give you a perfect image of this way of life, that you might contemplate it thoroughly, and determine for yourself as to the

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the expediency of entering upon it. On such a subject, the pencil of Apelles, or Aëtion, or Euphranor, would be well employed. But, as no such artist is now to be had, take this slight sketch of the will for the deed. Let there be represented in a picture a vestibule of gold, raised on an eminence, to which the ascent is long, and difficult to surmount, being so very slippery, that every now and then, when you fancy you have attained the summit, your foot will slip, and down you tumble head foremost. Let Plutus be seated within, all over gold, all over beauty. Let the lover, who has at last struggled up and made his approach to the gate, direct his eyes to the precious metal, and be dazzled with the sight. Quite struck and overcome on entering, let him be introduced by Hope, fair Hope, in a variegated vest. Hope leads on till he is received by Fraud and Servility, and delivered up to Labour. Labour exercises him to some purpose; and, to finish what has been begun, hands him over to Old Age, sickly and wan. Last of all, Infamy lays hold of him, and drags him to Despair. Hope now has taken her flight; and the poor wretch, with his prominent belly, pale and old, with

one hand hiding his nakedness, and the other clasping his throat, is to be pushed out, not at the golden vestibule by which he entered, but at a private back-door, where he is met by Repentance, coming too late, and only serving to make wretchedness more wretched. This, my friend Timocles, is the picture for your inspection; examine it fully, and tell me what you think of it. Is it worth while, for the sake of entering at a golden door, to submit to so shameful an exit? Whatever you resolve on, remember the saying of the wise man * : "the fault will be in your own choice; the Gods are out of the question."

* Plato, Rep. x.

AN APOLOGY FOR
DEPENDENTS*.

I HAVE been a good while considering with myself, my good Sabinus, what you would say after perusing my late sentiments on the state of Dependents. I take it for granted that

* “ Lucian, whom we may call the Grecian Swift, because, like him, he laughed at every thing, even at those things which did not deserve it, has left us a very spirited dissertation upon men of letters who devote themselves to the service of the Great. It grieves me to think that this same Lucian, after having justly observed, that friendship with the Great is no better than slavery, did at length accept a place in the service of the emperor; for which he makes a most wretched apology. He had begun by being a philosopher; the reputation of his works made him universally sought after; and this should have put him on making his retirement inaccessible to temptation: instead of which, he gave himself up to be caressed; became a man of the world without perceiving it; and concluded with being

that you could not forbear laughing as you ran the piece over; and, if you will give me leave, I will endeavour to guess at what you think now. Unless I am greatly deceived, you will exclaim, with great vehemence: "A man, who could pen so bitter an invective against servility, all on a sudden to change his tone, recant his own words, and submit, with his eyes open, to that very condition of life, which he had so reprobated! Many a Midas, and Cræsus, and Pactolus, must surely have concurred in emptying all their stores upon you, or you could never have been thus diverted from your purpose. You, who sucked-in liberty with your mother's milk, to abjure your profession; and, with one foot in the boat, and *Æacus* in waiting, to give up your neck to a gold chain, and be led up and down for a great man's amusement, like a squirrel or a monkey! This con-

a courtier. This last is the lowest part a man of letters can act. For, what is a courtier? Is he not a person placed between a king and the truth, to keep the latter at a proper distance?"

This uncourtly note is from the French of d'Alembert, tom. I. p. 372.

duct

duct and that invective are quite contradictory. You are a stream running backwards; a palinody; every thing preposterous; an Iliad without a Helen; practice at war with precept!" In this manner, I suppose, you will talk to yourself; and may probably give me some advice, not unfriendly nor unseasonable, but such as becomes a wise and good man. If, therefore, I can assume your character with becoming dignity, all will be well, and we may sacrifice to the God of Eloquence: if I fail, you must supply my defects. The scene now changes, and I am to submit in silence to be cut up and burnt, for the good of my health. It is you who are to spread my plaisters; you are to be ready with your knife and caustic. It is now your turn, Sabinus; and thus you begin with me: "The time was, my friend, when this treatise of yours made you deservedly esteemed, both when it was recited to a numerous audience in public, as I was told by those who were present, and afterwards in private, when it fell under the consideration of those men of letters who thought it worthy of their attention. They saw it was far from contemptible in point of composition; that it contained

much experience and knowledge of the world ; and, what was best of all, that it would be found useful to all manner of persons, but especially to the learned, by putting them on their guard against such servile dependency. But, since you have taken your last farewell of liberty, and are willing to adopt the vile maxim,

Gain makes it natural to be a slave * ;

since you have thus changed your mind ; I beg you will take care never more to be seen reading what you have written. Let no one, acquainted with your present manner of life, have any access to your book ; but pray to Mercury the Infernal, that he will sprinkle all those, who have seen it before, with plenty of lethe. Otherwise you will go even beyond Bellerophon, as having drawn up your own indictment. I protest, I cannot see any specious apology, that you can possibly urge for such conduct. You must be the subject of ridicule. What reader, do you think, can be serious in his commendations of a work breathing the spirit of Liberty, when he sees the author of it a wil-

* Euripidis Phœnissa, 398.

ling slave, putting his neck under the yoke with his eyes open? This, they may say, could never have been a production of yours, because it bespeaks an ingenuous mind; while you are no other than the jackdaw proud of stolen plumage. Or, if you really were the author of it, you are the exact counterpart of Salæthus, so celebrated for his severe laws against adultery, which very same Salæthus was afterwards detected with the wife of his own brother. He indeed was the less unpardonable of the two; who, after pleading the violence of his passion, atoned for it like a man, by voluntarily throwing himself into the fire, when the compassionate Crotonians would have favoured his escape, and been contented with his banishment. How much more preposterous are you! you, who have so accurately discussed and exposed the meanness of submitting to be shut up in a great man's house, to bear every indignity, to do every thing that is dirty, and especially in old age, on the very threshold of death, to sink so low in servility, and even to make a parade of it! The more distinguished you were, the more ridiculous you are, now that your life gives the lie to your book. But I cannot express

press my indignation more strongly than in the admirable words of the tragedian :

I hate the wise man to himself unwise *.

Many more charges may be brought against you. You will be compared to those miserable hirelings, Polus and Aristodemus, who attempt on the stage to represent the character of Agamemnon †, or Creon, or Hercules, but make such miserable work of it, that they seldom escape without a hissing, and sometimes must put up with a flogging ‡, if the audience are so disposed. Some there are, who will liken you to Cleopatra's monkey. Cleopatra's monkey, they will tell you, had been taught to dance very gracefully, to keep time, to observe every decorum, and adapt every gesture, to the musick of the hymeneal song ; so that his performance was greatly admired ; till, unluckily

* Euripides, quoted by Cicero in his epistle to Trebatius. *Epistolæ Familiares*.

† Wits, as well as Liars, should have good memories : Lucian had worn this comparison to rags already.

‡ This appears to have been sometimes the case. See our author's *Fisherman*. Modern critics are not so severe, as to deprive the poor player of the comfort of sleeping in a whole skin.

having

having cast his eye on some fruit that was scattered on the floor, in an instant he took leave of his dancing, left the performers to themselves, tore off his mask, seized on the figs and almonds, and mumbled them most delightfully. "You, they will say, who are so much above a player, you the law-giver, the admirable author of such wise institutes, to be nothing better than an ape! When the fruit was before you, you could not forbear tasting it. Your philosophy is all on the outside of your lips; you

Think one thing, and another tell *.

Your quotation, which you intended for others, comes home to yourself,

You wet your lips, but leave your palate dry.

You have been rightly served; who, after being so daring in your censure of others led aside by their wants, could almost with the next breath sell yourself to the best bidder. I think I see the goddesses Adrastæa † standing behind your back, and laughing at your enjoyment of

* Pope's translation of the Iliad, IX. 411.

† The goddesses of vengeance.

all this ill-deserved adulation. She foresaw how soon you would change your mind, though she did not see you spitting on your breast *, when you brought forward so heavy a charge against men reduced by their misfortunes to a state of servitude. If Æschines, after his accusation of Timarchus, be found himself in the same predicament, can any body, do you think, be grave on such an occasion? Æschines, an old man no better than the youth Timarchus! You put us in mind of the apothecary, who advertises a cure for a consumption, when he is dying of one himself."

All this and a great deal more may be said on so copious a subject; and I am considering what kind of defence it may be most proper for me to make. Whether it would not be best to give up the cause at once, acknowledging myself to have done wrong, but to shift off my fault on Fortune, or Fate, or Destiny; for such is the common expedient. May I not with some grace expect to be forgiven by those, who know so well, that we are none of us our own

* Spitting on the breast was supposed to avert the punishment due to offences, as well as to guard against witchcraft.

masters,

masters, but under the constant impulse of some superior power; acted on, whether we will or no, in every thing we say and do? But this, my friend, is so pitiful an excuse, that I am afraid you would not admit it, though I should call Homer to my aid with such expressions as these:

Where lives the man, who can escape from fate?*

His thread was spun, ere yet he saw the light†

But, waving all this, as not so easy to be proved, if I should affirm, that I was not allured by any such sordid consideration as the hopes of gain, but induced to solicit the great man's acquaintance merely from admiration of his many virtues, I am afraid the allegation would stand me in little stead, as it would only be giving you a handle to add a fresh vice to the catalogue, by charging me with flattery, the meanest and worst of all. This manner of disproving one accusation, while another is admitted, you would say, is no more than driving out a little nail with a great one. If neither of these excuses will do, what remains but to acknowledge that I have no better? But I have one anchor still unwet-

* Hom. Il. VI. 488.

† Hom. Il. XX. 127.

ted: I may bewail my old age, my diseases, and my poverty. To get rid of poverty, what is there that a man would not do and suffer? And here I might parody Medea in Euripides:

*I know what wicked deeds I meditate,
But poverty outweighs all sense of duty.*

I need not repeat the words of Theognis, which are in every body's recollection. He thinks a man very excusable, who throws himself into the sea, or leaps from the top of a precipice, rather than live in poverty. Such are the apologies, that might be made, not one of which, to say the truth, has much in it; and you may be assured, my friend, that I shall not have recourse to any such arguments. Never shall Argos be in such want of bread, as to think of ploughing up Cyllarabis*! I am not so distressed for a defence, as to avail myself of any such miserable subterfuge, as you have supposed. I would have you to know, that there is a great deal of difference between such a service as I have described in my book, and serving the publick in the pay of the Emperor. If you only consider the two situations with proper at-

* A place of exercise, sacred to the gods, and consequently exempt from the plough.

tention, you will find there is no kind of comparison between them, as much inferior the one to the other, as lead is to silver, brass to gold, an anemone to a rose, or an ape to a man. Both indeed are paid, as both have their appointment; but for very different purposes, the situation of the former being evidently little better than that of a slave bought in the market. But it would be very unfair to put on the same level those who occupy a post in the state, and do the business of cities and nations. If they are rewarded for it, that is no reason for censure. To suppose the contrary would be like saying, that they who are intrusted with the management of public affairs, that they who command legions and armies, are not to be justified in accepting the emoluments of office. Surely this would be overturning all justice at once, if all who receive pay are to be equally condemned. This I never said, nor that they are equally unhappy. But I could not help pitying the man, who lets out his learning to a family for hire. With respect to my employment, it leaves me in private as much my own master as ever; while in my public character I appear to have no inconsiderable share in the government

government of Ægypt *, which is not the least part of this vast empire. I appoint and regulate courts of justice, making exact minutes of every individual thing done and said in them. I methodize the pleadings, and keep the contending parties in proper order. I preserve with the greatest care and fidelity the imperial decrees, and treasure them up for the use of posterity. I am paid, it is true; but then I am paid by an Emperor, and not with the pittance of a private man, but with many talents. Besides, it is not unreasonable to expect, if matters proceed in their present train, that I may have a trust still more important some time or other, perhaps have the whole nation committed to my care. In thus facing your charge, I add more than was necessary, when I venture to assert that nobody works without being paid for it. Do not tell me of great men and ministers of state, when even the Emperor himself claims his reward. I do not insist so much on the revenues and an-

* Lucian nowhere tells us what his appointment under the Emperor was; but the commentators all agree in thinking it was something very good. According to them, no man ever acts against his principles without being well paid for it.

nual tributes paid by his subjects, as on the praise and glory of his good actions; the greatest of all rewards to an Emperor. To have statues and temples erected to his honour, to be regarded as something divine, are the returns for his unceasing cares and watchings to promote the public good. To make a comparison, only examine the mass of mankind from the top to the bottom, and all will be found equally mercenary, differing in nothing but the distinction of great and little. If I had laid it down as a law, that nobody ought to do any thing whatever, then indeed I might have been very fairly accused of contradicting myself. But there is no such word in my book; and, while it is the duty of every good man to exert himself, what can he do better, than to labour with his friends in promoting what is useful, and give a conspicuous proof to the world, how far he may be trusted for integrity, diligence, and zeal, in the several duties required of him; unless you would have him be, as Homer says,

A load of useless lumber on the earth *.

But, above all, it well becomes my accusers to

Hom. Il. XVIII. v. 104.

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remember,

remember, that I never pretended to be one of the wise men, (whose existence by the bye, I believe, is somewhat problematical;) but profess myself an ordinary person, such as may be met with every day. I have, it is true, cultivated the art of speaking, by which I have acquired some little credit, but without aspiring to be ranked with those who have attained the highest degree of merit; which indeed gives me no great concern, having never yet had the good fortune to meet with any one professor of wisdom, who lived up to the character. And I might very well wonder at your blaming my manner of life; you, who were no stranger to the emoluments I derived from my rhetorical art, at the time your curiosity led you to the western ocean, and the country of the Celts; there I made a figure, there I got money. Thus, my friends, I have taken some pains, though in the hurry of business, to vindicate myself; thinking it no light matter in any degree to forfeit your good opinion. As to what others may say, let them all condemn me, if they like it: what cares Hippocrides *?

* A proverb explained by Erasmus to signify unconcern.

ON A MISTAKE
IN SALUTING A FRIEND.

IT is difficult for mortal man to avoid embroiling himself with some divinity or other; and it is more difficult to make a suitable apology for an embarrassment altogether unexpected and unaccountable. It has been my misfortune to labour under both these difficulties; for coming to your house on a morning visit, instead of wishing you joy, like a man who knows the world, I was ungentle enough to wish you health; a word of good omen, it must be owned, but quite out of season, I understand; in the early part of the day. No sooner was it out of my mouth, than I was in a sweat about it; I blushed for what I had done, and was at a loss how to behave myself. Some of the company, I believe, considered me as not rightly in my senses, either from old age, which had impaired my intellects, or from having

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been

been drunk over-night, or from some cause or other. You indeed bore it so gently, that you never once changed your countenance, nor gave the slightest intimation of the blunder I had made. I therefore took courage, and resolved not to lay it to heart as an unpardonable offence, but to consider it as a slip of the tongue, for which an old man would hardly be required to make a formal apology, or ask pardon of the company for having unthinkingly stumbled on well-meaning ill-manners. When I set about writing this letter, I had some fear of being puzzled for want of matter ; but that apprehension very soon vanished, and I found there was a great deal to be urged on the occasion ; which, however, I am not going to mention, before I have examined, as well as I can, into the several meanings of the terms *χαίρειν*, *ἐν πρωΐ*, and *ὕγιασεν*. The first of these, *χαίρειν*, is a very antient form of salutation, by no means confined to the morning, nor to the beginning of a conversation, but used by persons who had never so much as seen one another in their lives before :

“ Joy to the ruler of Tyrrhian soil ! ”

This is one instance ; and Homer will tell us
what

what Ulysses said to Achilles after supper, when the wine made him talk :

“ I give you joy ! how plenteous this repast ! ”

This was when he recounted the particulars of his embassy. The same expression was used on taking leave at parting :

“ Rejoice ! a god commands you to rejoice ! ”

This mode of salutation was not confined to the morning, as at present, nor was any particular time or season whatever appropriated to it. Even on occasions the most inauspicious, and least of all to be desired, it was in use, as appears from Euripides making Polynices preface his own end with it :

“ Joy to my friends ! dark fate o’erspreads my eyes. ”

Nor was it used only as a testimony of goodwill, but also of enmity, and a renunciation of any future correspondence or care what became of a man ; for the compliment of bidding a long farewell had certainly that meaning in it, and no other. Philippides, the courier, is reported to have been the first to use it, when he ran to Athens with the news of the victory at Marathon. He found the Archons sitting in anxious expectation of hearing the event of the

battle, and had no sooner given them joy of the victory by the use of this very expression, than he expired on the spot with the word in his mouth. Cleon, the Athenian demagogue, relating his success at Sphacteria, with the capture of the Spartans, introduced his narrative in the same manner; and, long after him, Nicias writing from Sicily continued the same epistolary form, telling his news at the very beginning of his letter. But our admirable Plato, the great dispenser of law in cases of this kind, and whose authority may therefore be relied on, thinks this giving of joy a phrase not worth retaining, as conveying no meaning that is solid and substantial. "Do well" is the compliment which he introduces in its stead, as comprehending at once the welfare both of body and mind. Writing to Dionysius, he blames him for thus addressing Apollo in his hymn to that god, and says it is altogether unworthy of him, nor a phrase of sufficient dignity for a god, nor even a man of any consequence. As to the divine Pythagoras, though he has not thought fit to leave behind him any of his writings, yet, as far as can be collected from Archytas, Ocellus of Lucania, and the rest of his friends,

he

he does not appear to have had any predilection for this well-doing, always beginning his letters with the wish of health. His disciples, when writing to one another on serious business, never fail to introduce it with health to their correspondent, a word which conveyed, as they thought, all that any man could wish for. That quinquelinear triple alternate triangle, which was the symbol of their party, was denominated health. This term, they maintained, included in it doing well and being well pleased, but would not allow either of the two last to be equally significant with the first. Some there are who assert, that the quaternion*, the greatest of all their oaths, made up a perfect number; whilst others, and amongst them Philolaus, will have it to be the principle of health. But what occasion for having recourse to the antients? when Epicurus, who may be supposed most attached to such language, as preferring pleasure to every thing else, when he wrote on affairs of consequence, which indeed was not often, and in addressing himself to his most in-

* Τῆν τετραχλίαν. See the golden verses ascribed to Pythagoras, but written, as is generally supposed, by Philolaus.

timate friends, never failed to begin with health. In tragedy the word constantly occurs, as well as in the old comedy, where you always find it the preface to a speech. Accordingly in Homer's

Much health ! much joy * !

health very properly stands first. In the same manner Alexis :

Health to you, Sir ! at last you come † !

Thus Achæus :

May you have health ! what horrid deeds I've done !

And Philemon :

May my first boon be health, the next success

Then to enjoy myself, then pay my debts !

And in the convivial song mentioned by Plato, what does the author say ? First of all he wishes to be well, next to be handsome, and next to be rich, leaving joy out of the account. The quotation, which is in every body's mouth, cannot be unknown to you :

O health, most honoured of cœlestial powers,

With thee still let me live ‡ !

* Hom. Od. XXIV. 401.

† A comic poet, of whose works a few scattered fragments only remain.

‡ Ariphron's hymn to Health. See the Anthologia.

Since

Since then health is the most antient and respectable divinity, the office of health being to confer the best of all blessings, this good is to be esteemed above all others. I could produce numberless passages from poets, historians, and philosophers, all concurring in the use of this expression; but I forbear, as I would not be thought so childish as not to know when to have done. I shall only trouble you with a very few instances from antient story, just as they occur to my memory, because they seem particularly applicable to our present purpose. When Alexander was preparing to engage at the river Issus, as we are told by Eumenes the Cardian in his epistle to Antipater, Hephæstion entering the royal tent early in the morning, either through perturbation of mind, as was the case with me, or forgetting what he was about, or perhaps under supernatural influence, broke out just as I did: "Health to the king! the battle calls you hence!" The king's attendants were confounded at so unexpected a salute; and Hephæstion found himself so ashamed, that he was ready to faint; when Alexander instantly relieved him, by saying, "I thank you for so good an omen, a presage of our safe return."

Antiochus

Antiochus Soter, before his engagement with the Galatians, imagined he saw Alexander standing by him in a dream, advising him to give the proper word, when his soldiers were to begin; which word was "Health." Accordingly he did give it, and obtained a most distinguished victory. Ptolemy, son of Lagus, when writing to Seleucus, made no scruple of inverting the usual order, putting Health at the beginning, and Joy at the end; for so we are informed by Dionysodorus, the compiler of his letters. And here it may not be amiss to mention Pyrrhus, king of Epire, a warrior second only to Alexander, who, in the numberless vicissitudes of his fortune, when he was continually offering up prayers, and sacrifices, and oblations, to the gods, never once asked for victory, never for an increase of dominion, never for glory, nor riches; but contented himself with praying for health alone. If the gods would but grant him health, every thing else, he thought, would follow of course. And, in my opinion, he judged very wisely, in despising all this world's goods in comparison of health, without which what enjoyment could he have had? But it may be said, that there is a proper

proper season for every thing; and that I have offended against custom, with no more reason, than there could be for putting a helmet on my leg, or thrusting my head into one of my boots. If there were in truth any one hour of the day or night, when health is a matter of no concern, I should readily grant the full force of this objection. But, I think, health is equally requisite at all times, morning, noon, and night; and the greater your power, the more business of importance you have to transact, the more constant your fatigue, so much the more occasion you have for bodily strength to enable you to bear it. Besides, to give us joy on any occasion, after all, is nothing more than something good to begin with; whereas he who salutes us with health comes to the point at once, by forcing on our attention the means to produce and preserve it. In the several mandates of the prince, the first thing enjoined is the care of your health; and with very good reason, since, without enjoying your health, you could be of no use to him. And in this manner, if I may be allowed to know any thing of the matter, you return the salutations of the Romans. I do not mean by all this, that I was in the
least

least aware of what I was doing, when I inverted the order of the words in question; for I had no desire, you may believe me, to be thought impertinent. But, as it has turned out, I give thanks to the gods for so lucky a mistake. It must have been either Hygeia, or her father, who gave my blunder so auspicious a lift, announcing health to you by means of me. Such a thing never happened before in the whole course of my life, and could not have come into my head now without the intervention of something divine. But, if I am to excuse myself like a mere mortal, where is the wonder, I pray, that my great eagerness for an honourable place in your esteem should make me stumble on the step which I wished to avoid, especially as the great number of the military pressing about you was enough to put any ordinary man off his guard? With regard to you, I am very well satisfied, that, whatever interpretation others may put on my conduct, you will not call it stupidity, or rudeness, or want of sense, but rather modesty and simplicity of manners. I am neither artful nor impudent, you are well convinced, to get forward in such approaches. For the future, I

5

hope,

hope, I may not make any mistake like this; or, if I do, that it may find a favourable construction. There is a similar instance recorded in the reign of Augustus. A man was acquitted of a very heavy charge, which had been maliciously preferred against him; and, in his transport of joy, he called out as loud as he could to the emperor, 'I thank thee, most mighty Emperor, for this thy wicked and unjust decision.' The Emperor's attendants were so incensed at hearing this, that they were ready to tear the poor man in pieces; when their master interfered, and bade them be quiet. 'You are not to mind,' he vociferated, 'what the man says, but what he means;' and with this they were appeased. Apply the rule to me, and you will find sincere good-will in my heart, and no bad meaning in my tongue; and now, I must confess, I am afraid it will be thought, that I made a wilful mistake to have the credit of producing this apology for it. Be it so, my dear Æsculapius! the world is welcome to take it as a specimen of my vanity.

HERMO.

HERMOTIMUS.

OF SECTS.

Lycinus. AS far as one may conjecture, Hermotimus, from the book you carry and the hasty steps you take, I suppose you are impatient to be with your master. You appear labouring with thought, and go muttering along, tossing your hands about, as if engaged in composing a speech, discussing an abstruse question, or pursuing some learned speculation, which leaves you no leisure to enjoy your walk. Always intent on your studies, you do not allow yourself an idle moment.

Hermotimus. Indeed, Lycinus, you conjecture very right. I was going over my lesson of yesterday, and recollecting, as well as I could, every word I heard. Life is short, and art is long *; and we, who are convinced of this

* The first aphorism of Hippocrates.

truth,

truth, should lose no time in learning. The Coan physician spoke of his own art, the art of medicine, which is very easy in comparison of philosophy. Much time and much vigilance are required to attain philosophy. To be master of so important an acquisition, you must have it constantly in your eye, and at length you will be happy. Otherwise, so much is your interest at stake, you cannot but perish in the common sink.

Lycinus. The prize, as you observe, is great indeed ; and, I think, you cannot be far from the possession of it, considering how long you have been devoted to this study, and the very great pains you have taken. It cannot be much less, I think, than twenty years that you have been thus employed. So long have I seen you constantly running after masters, hanging your head over your book, or writing your remarks. Your countenance is full of care, and you are reduced so low that you look like a skeleton. I do not believe that you are idle even in your sleep. I conclude from all this, that you must very soon be happy in the bosom of Philosophy, if you are not so already without our knowing it.

Hermotimus.

Hermotimus. Impossible! I am hardly within sight of my way. Virtue, as you might have learned from Hesiod, lives at a great distance; and the road is up-hill, long, and rugged. Whoever journeys in it must not mind sweating.

Lycinus. I am very sensible of that, Hermotimus; but I thought you had travelled and toiled sufficiently already.

Hermotimus. No such thing, I tell you. I should be completely happy were that the case; but I am but making a beginning.

Lycinus. The beginning, as the same Hesiod informs us, is the half of the whole; so that we may venture to conclude, you are now about the middle of the ascent up the hill.

Hermotimus. Not so fast; not so fast. If I had got half way, I should think myself very well off.

Lycinus. Tell us, then, whereabouts you find yourself.

Hermotimus. No farther, Lycinus, than the bottom of the mountain, labouring with all my might to move my steps forward. The ground is so rough and so slippery, that I wish I had somebody to lend me a hand.

Lycinus.

Lycinus. Your master is the fittest man for that. As he got up a great while ago himself, he can do no less than let down his instructions, which, like Jupiter's golden chain*, would hoist you up, hanging by the end of them: so may you mount to him and Virtue.

Hermotimus. Ay, that is the thing, *Lycinus*. I should have made one with him and Virtue before now, if all had depended on my teacher; but there is something wanting in myself.

Lycinus. Still you can have no reason to be dispirited, but may look forward with confidence of attaining the summit of happiness; especially when he is so ready to encourage and assist you. What does he say? What hopes does he give you? Does he think you may get up next year, for instance, when the mysteries are over, or not till after the Panathenæa†?

Hermotimus. That is allowing very little time, *Lycinus*.

* Hom. Il. viii. 18.

† The greater Panathenæa were celebrated only once in five years; the less every year, or every third year, authors not agreeing about it.

Lycinus. The next Olympiad * ?

Hermotimus. What is that for the practice of virtue ? Do you think I can so soon get possession of happiness ?

Lycinus. Then take two Olympiads. If that will not do, people will say you are lazy. In two Olympiads a man may travel three times from the pillars of Hercules and back again ; allowing himself to go out of his way when there is any thing worth seeing in the several countries adjacent. You would not have this hill, where Virtue dwells, higher or more difficult than Aornus † ; and Aornus, you know, took Alexander only a few days to be master of it !

Hermotimus. You understand nothing of the matter, Lycinus ; there is no manner of comparison between them. A thousand Alexanders could never take this place of ours : if Alexanders could do it, there would be occupiers in plenty. Of the multitudes who attempt it, many set out very stoutly, and are able to advance a little way, some more and some less ;

* An Olympiad was four years.

† A rock in India, so high that no bird could fly over it. See Quintus Curtius.

if they reach the middle of their journey, they meet with so many difficulties that not a few are quite at a loss how to proceed. This puts them out of humour; they are already out of breath; and resolve to turn back, seeing no end to such toiling and sweating. Whoever he is that can but hold out till he attain the summit, from that moment he leads a life of uninterrupted felicity; looking down from his eminence on the rest of mankind as on so many pismires.

Lycinus. You make us very little indeed, Hermotimus! beneath pygmies; no better than reptiles! But your sentiments are so exalted, that it cannot be otherwise; and we, who creep below, the mere scum of the earth, are in duty bound to rank you with the Gods; you, who so rise above the clouds, and hasten with such ardour to the happy spot.

Hermotimus. Would I were there, Lycinus! But, ah, how much remains to be done!

Lycinus. You do not tell us what it is that remains to be done, that we may calculate the time of doing it.

Hermotimus. I do not tell you, Lycinus, because I do not exactly know; but, as far as I

can guess, about twenty years may be sufficient.

Lycinus. Twenty years! O Hercules! how you talk.

Hermotimus. Only consider what this long labour tends to!

Lycinus. Something very great, no doubt. But twenty years! Pray has your master been able to promise you, that you shall live twenty years? He is a very wise man, I dare say; but he must be a diviner, a prophet, with all the skill of the Chaldæans, to know that: without which knowledge there could be no great probability of your life being long enough for the attainment of this virtue. While you are engaged in continual toils, harrassed night and day with never-ceasing cares; when at last you have almost reached the summit, are you quite certain, among so many uncertainties, that Fate may not unexpectedly lay hold on your leg, and pull you down, when your hopes are on the point of being realized?

Hermotimus. Away with your idle omens! Let me live to be happy with Wisdom, though but for a day!

Lycinus. And would one day be any recompence for so much trouble?

Hermotimus.

Hermotimus. One day! Yes, one moment would be enough.

Lycinus. How is it that you became acquainted with all these blisful things above, to make it worth your while to resolve on so many hardships? You have never yet been up to see.

Hermotimus. But my master has; he knows it all, and I believe all he says.

Lycinus. Then tell me what he says, by the Gods I beseech you! How does he describe this height of happiness? Does it consist in riches and glory? is there consummate pleasure in it?

Hermotimus. Why do you talk of such things as a life of virtue can have nothing to do with?

Lycinus. I want to know what those good things are, which, he tells you, are reserved for those who go through this state of discipline.

Hermotimus. Wisdom, fortitude, honesty, justice, and the certainty of forming a right opinion of all that passes in the world. Riches, and glory, and pleasure, and whatever is corporeal, are left behind by him who thus ascends. He strips himself like Hercules on mount Oeta, when he perished in the flames, and became a God; when he was purged from the dross of humanity derived from his mother, and took

his flight to the Celestials pure and perfect. Thus going through the fiery ordeal, the philosopher regards riches, and glory, and pleasure, as not worth a place in his remembrance, as only fit for the admiration of fools, on whom he looks down with derision from his summit of happiness.

Lycinus. I swear by Hercules, by Hercules on mount Oeta, the fortitude, the felicity, you speak of, must be great indeed! But pray, *Hermotimus*, let me ask you a question: are those who thus ascend at liberty to come down again, if they should chance to be so disposed as to think themselves in want of what they have left behind them? Or, being once up, must they for ever remain there with Virtue? must they for ever deride riches and pleasure?

Hermotimus. Not only so, *Lycinus*, but they are no longer subject to anger, or fear, or desire, or grief, or passions, or calamities of any kind.

Lycinus. If I might speak as I think—but one must not enquire too nicely into the concerns of the wise.

Hermotimus. You may say whatever you like; I know of no law against it.

Lycinus.

Lycinus. I am afraid to venture.

Hermotimus. Why so? Here is nobody but ourselves.

Lycinus. Well then, I say, while you were reciting to me the several particulars of the wisdom, and fortitude, and justice, and some other good qualities appertaining to philosophers, I listened attentively, was charmed with your discourse, and believed every word of it. But, when you talked of their contempt of riches, glory, and pleasure, that they never were out of humour, never in pain, then I confess I was at a stand, for it was impossible to forget what I had seen so lately. A certain person, not to be named—

Hermotimus. Name him, name him, by all means.

Lycinus. What do you think of that venerable old gentleman your master, so far advanced in years and esteem?

Hermotimus. What can you have to say of him? What has he done?

Lycinus. You know the Heracleensian stranger, who has so long been learning his philosophy? He has red hair, you know, and is continually engaged in some dispute or other.

Hermotimus. Yes, I know him very well; you mean Dion.

Lycinus. This same Dion, I understand, had not been punctual to his time in paying him; upon which (it was but the other day) the good man became quite outrageous, seized his disciple by the collar, and was dragging him neck and heels before a magistrate, when some of the young man's friends happened very opportunely to pass by, who interfered and rescued him. If they had not, the old man was so much enraged, and stuck so close, that I believe he would have bit his nose off sooner than quit his hold.

Hermotimus. Dion was in fault; he is always behind-hand. Nobody but that ungrateful Dion has ever been served so. And yet what numbers my master lends money to! But then they are always exact to their time, and pay their money the moment it is due.

Lycinus. If they were never to pay him at all, how could that give him any concern? You know, my good friend, he has been purged by Philosophy, and wants not the leavings of Mount Oeta*.

* Alluding to what has been said before.

Hermotimus.

Hermotimus. If he has any such wants, you cannot suppose, that they are on his own account. No such thing; his cares of that sort are all for his children; he would not like to see his young family reduced to poverty.

Lycinus. No, to be sure. But why did not he train them to virtue as well as himself, that they might all have been happy together, all despisers of riches?

Hermotimus. I have not time now, Lycinus, to talk about that; for I am in a hurry to go to my lesson and afraid of being too late.

Lycinus. Never fear; I will be answerable for your not going to-day: it is a Holiday.

Hermotimus. What is it you say?

Lycinus. I say, that, if there be any faith in his own advertisement, your master cannot be seen at present. "NO PHILOSOPHY TO-DAY" may be read in capitals on a tablet put up at his gate. He supped yesterday, I understand, with Eucrates, who gave a treat on his daughter's birthday, and happened to be engaged in a warm dispute with Euthydemus, the Peripatetick; an incident not uncommon, as Peripateticks and Stoicks very seldom agree. This contest of noise continued till midnight, and so much exertion

ertion was enough to make your master's head ache ; especially as he had partaken rather more liberally of eating and drinking than an old man could be supposed to indulge in, owing no doubt to the example and importunity of his companions. However, on his return home he had recourse to an emetick, which answered his purpose ; after which he took an exact account of the broken victuals, which he had given to his attendant at the feast, and, setting his seal upon them, went to sleep, with orders to let nobody in. This is what I heard Midas, his servant, telling the scholars ; several of whom I saw going home again.

Hermotimus. Which of the two came off conqueror in the dispute, my master, or Euthydemus ? Did Midas tell you that ?

Lycinus. The victory was doubtful for some time ; but you prevailed at last, when the old man had greatly the advantage. Euthydemus lost a good deal of blood before it was over, having received a very dangerous wound in his head. For, you must know, he grew quite saucy and obstinate, and would not be convinced, nor give up the argument ; which obliged your most worthy master, who fortunately had such

such a cup in his hand as would have been a match for that of Nestor *, to throw it at Euthydemus's head, by which means he silenced him.

Hermotimus. I am glad of it ; he served him right. It is the only way of dealing with those who refuse to submit to their betters.

Lycinus. O, nothing could be better judged ! I wonder how Euthydemus could think of provoking a man of his years, a man never angry, never repenting any thing ; and especially when he saw that huge cup in his hand. But come, my friend, now that we have nothing else to do, why will you not give me some account of your first setting out in this philosophy ? I should be glad to be your companion, and begin my progress immediately, if there be no objection : I am sure my friend does not wish to prevent me.

* A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings,
From oldest times, emboss'd with studs of gold.
Two feet support it, and four handles hold ;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem'd to drink ;
A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him.

Pope's Translation of Homer's Description
of Nestor's Goblet, Il. xi. 773.

Hermotimus.

Hermotimus. I only wish, Lycinus, that you were once in good earnest about it. You would soon be convinced of your advantage over others, who would appear no better than mere boys in comparison of you; your wisdom would be so much superior.

Lycinus. As to that, my friend, I should be very well contented, if, in twenty years, I could only be as wise as you are.

Hermotimus. Nay then make yourself easy. I think you are now about forty, and I was about that age, when I first began to philosophise.

Lycinus. You are right as to my age, and I beg to follow you in pursuing the same path. But, pray tell me, may a scholar contradict his master, if at any time he should fancy him in the wrong, or is that liberty never allowed?

Hermotimus. Never*. But you may ask questions, if you will, and offer objections for the sake of improving yourself.

Lycinus. Hermotimus, from Hermes you have your name; by Hermes, I adjure you, tell me, is there but one way, this stoical way,

* Jurare in verba magistri. HOR.

that leads to Philosophy? or is it true, as I have been told, that there is a great variety both of ways and guides?

Hermotimus. There are the Peripateticks, the Epicureans, the Platonists, the Pythagoreans, the followers of Diogenes, the zealots of Antisthenes, besides a multitude of others with other names.

Lycinus. A multitude indeed! And are they all in the same tale? or do they differ?

Hermotimus. O, differ! they all differ.

Lycinus. In such a diversity of doctrine, I should imagine, only one can be right.

Hermotimus. Nothing more certain.

Lycinus. Tell me then, my good friend, when first you went a philosophising, seeing so many doors open to you, what could induce you to pass by all the rest, and make your entrance by that of the Stoicks, as if that were the only right path leading to virtue, and all the rest but so many dark alleys without any thoroughfare? You must have had some very strong reason for this, I think; but, in asking the question I would not have you resolve it in the character now belonging to you. Whatever that is, whether wise or halfwise, no doubt

doubt it gives you a great advantage over the vulgar in forming a judgment so much better than they can do ; but I want you to give me an account of this business, as it appeared to you then, when you were nothing more than an ordinary man like myself.

Hermotimus. I do not understand what you mean, Lycinus.

Lycinus. No ! my meaning is plain enough. As there are so many philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Antisthenes, and a number of others, not to mention your forefathers Chrysippus and Zeno, what was it that determined your choice, when, rejecting all other systems, you singled out for yourself the only one that was good ? The Pythian Apollo recommends different schools of philosophy to different men, well knowing, I suppose, what suits them best : were you, like another Chærophon *, thus directed by the Oracle ?

Hermotimus. No such thing ; I never asked Apollo a question on the subject.

* An Athenian philosopher, scholar to Socrates, who, on consulting the Oracle at Delphi, was assured that his master was the wisest of men. See Plato's *Apology* for Socrates, near the beginning.

Lycinus.

Lycinus. You thought yourself able, I suppose, to judge for yourself without supernatural aid, and therefore would not trouble him when there was no necessity for it.

Hermotimus. I thought so.

Lycinus. I wish then you would tell me at once by what means a man may be determined in his choice, how the true philosophy is to be distinguished from the false.

Hermotimus. I will tell you : I thought the best philosophy must be that which was most popular, and which I saw such numbers so eager to embrace.

Lycinus. How much, do you think, might the Stoicks outnumber the Epicureans, or Platonist, or Peripateticks ? Did you count them as they do the votes at elections ?

Hermotimus. No, I did not count them ; I guessed how it was.

Lycinus. But I am no wiser for your guess-work. What can I make of your numbers and conjectures ? Do not put me off so, but tell me the plain truth. On such a proceeding as this, why will you not speak out ?

Hermotimus. It was not only what I saw, that determined my choice. Every body agreed in pronouncing

pronouncing the Epicureans lazy voluptuaries; the Peripateticks covetous and quarrellsome, the Platonicks haughty and vain; while the Stoicks were generally reported as possessing manly spirit, and knowing all that is known. Such a man, they said, is the only wise man, the only rich man, the only king *; in short, the Stoick, and the Stoick only, is every thing.

Lycinus. Was this account given you by themselves, or by others? If these fine things were only what they said of themselves, I presume, you would not have been so ready to believe them.

Hermotimus. I do not tell you what they said of themselves, but what others said.

Lycinus. Those others, who told you so, could not be other philosophers of other sects.

Hermotimus. No, not philosophers.

Lycinus. Private persons? men of the common sort?

Hermotimus. Why yes.

Lycinus. Have not you done making game of me? you must think you have a mere Mar-

* Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum.

Hor. ep. I. v. 107.
gites

gites * to deal with. Who, but such a fool, can believe, that the considerate, the sensible Hermotimus, at the age of forty, would rely on the illiterate vulgar, and take his measures from any thing they could say concerning Philosophy and Philosophers? It is not to be imagined.

Hermotimus. But it is to be imagined, that, if I could not trust to them, I might trust to my own observation. I marked their orderly steps, their becoming dress, their manly aspect. I found them always full of thought, generally clean-shaved, not too nice in their appearance, nor indifferent about it, not giving themselves any cynical airs, and never leaving that middle course, which all allow to be the best.

Lycinus. You remember what I just now told you of your master : you never saw any of them act like him, did you ? I mean, did you never see them very busy in letting out their money to the best advantage, calling it in again in an outrageous manner, scolding most furiously in company, and so forth ? Or is all this to go for

* Margites was the hero of Homer's Dunciad, if the word of Aristotle may be taken, *μεγα πονη. δαης*, c. 4.

nothing, so long as they preserve the starch garb, the long beard, and the bald pate? An admirable rule, Hermotimus, this of yours! The characters of men are discovered by their gait, their dress, and their use of the razor! And whoever fails in these points, whoever does not knit his brow, and seem labouring with thought, is to be rejected and reprobated! You estimate my understanding at a very low rate, Hermotimus, if you think I have not the sense to perceive that you are only making game of me.

Hermotimus. Why do you say so?

Lycinus. Because, my good sir, I am instructed all this while to no other purpose than that I may be able to judge of a statue; which, when it happens to be the work of a Phidias, an Alcamenes, or a Myron, is set off to much greater advantage than your Philosopher. Besides, according to your way of judging, what is a blind man to do? He cannot attach himself to a sect from preferring the dress, or the gait, when he cannot see either the one or the other.

Hermotimus. I have nothing to do with the blind, and give myself no concern about them.

Lycinus.

Lycinus. But in matters of such vast importance, in which every one of us is so deeply interested, I think, there should be some mark of distinction for common use. However, if you choose to have it so, we will leave the blind, because they cannot see, out of the question; though, for my part, I should have thought a blind man might require a little philosophy to make him some amends for the loss of his eyes. But let that pass. Is it possible, I pray, for the most clear-sighted to explore a man's mind by seeing his outside? I mean to ask you, whether you did not apply to these men, from a persuasion of their great knowledge, and a wish to increase your own?

Hermotimus. Undoubtedly.

Lycinus. And how were you able, by such tokens as you have mentioned, to be sure of being right in your application? The true Philosopher is not discovered all at once; he is close and reserved, hardly shewing what he is, till after long acquaintance, many visits, and great intimacy. You have heard, I dare say, of the charge which Momus brought against Vulcan: if you have not, I will tell you. The story is, that Minerva, Neptune, and Vulcan, had a

dispute concerning their workmanship ; that Neptune made a bull, Minerva a house, and Vulcan a man ; and that their respective pretensions were submitted to the arbitration of Momus, who accordingly took upon him to inspect their several performances. What fault he might find with the bull and the house is foreign to our purpose, and not worth enquiring about ; but, when he came to examine the man, he was very severe in his censures on Vulcan, for not having made a wicket in his breast, on the opening of which every thing might be seen that passed in his mind, whether true or false. By this judgment of Momus, it is evident that he considered himself as in the dark respecting the real characters of men. Whereas you are more than a match for Lynceus ; your eyes penetrate the recesses of the heart, and discover whatever is there concealed ; you not only know what every one thinks and wishes, but which of us is better or worse than another.

Hermotimus. You are bantering me, Lycinus. But it is sufficient for me that I had Heaven on my side in making my choice, and I do not repent of it.

Lycinus. But, if sufficient for you, it is not sufficient

sufficient for me. You cannot mean to leave me thus, perishing in ignorance with the filthy herd of mankind.

Hermotimus. What would you have me to do? There is no pleasing you, say what I will.

Lycinus. No such thing; you have no mind to please me. I see you are determined to say nothing satisfactory; resolved that I shall not be so great a philosopher as you are; and therefore nothing remains but to try what I can do for myself in judging of the right sect. Will you hear me speak?

Hermotimus. Certainly, Lycinus; I am very willing to hear any thing worth knowing.

Lycinus. But, observe, you are not to laugh at a young beginner; especially when you yourself, who know so much better, are so little inclined to mend the matter. I consider Virtue as a city, where the people are happy and wise (your master, perhaps, would agree with me if he were here); perfectly wise; all, without exception, brave, just, temperate, little less than so many Gods. Acts of violence, rapine, extortion, so common amongst us, are never seen there. All is peace and harmony; and just as we may suppose it to be where, the

causes of strife and contention being removed, men can find nothing to quarrel about; nothing for which they are induced to entrap and destroy one another; where they have no gold, no pleasures, no honours, to contend for; where all such unnecessary things have long been banished; so as to render human life serene and happy, with just laws, liberty, equality, and every thing that is good.

Hermotimus. Who is there, Lycinus, but must wish to live in a city like yours? Why talk of fatigue, or the length of the journey, if the traveller can but at last be enrolled as a citizen?

Lycinus. Upon my word, Hermotimus, I think this should be so much our care as to exclude every other. Even if our country should interpose to detain us, I do not see why we should make any account of it, but tear ourselves manfully away from the tears of parents and children combined, only first of all advising them by all means to follow us; which if they should be unwilling to attempt, or unable to perform, let us push them aside, and leave our garments in their hands, if they should have chanced to catch hold of them; for, from this happy city there is no fear of
being

being excluded because a man comes with no coat on his back. It is now about fifteen years ago that I was first told of it by an old man, who was very particular in describing the place, and recommended it to me very strongly. He said he would lead the way, see my name registered in his tribe on my arrival, and make me one of the happy fraternity. But I (such was the folly of my youth !) listened not to his advice ; or by this time, I suppose, I might have been near the suburbs, if not at the gates. I remember he said a great deal about this city ; and, amongst other circumstances which he mentioned, he told me that every person in it was a stranger and a foreigner, without so much as a single native. Several barbarians, slaves, dwarfs, beggars, many deformed in their bodies, in short, persons of all descriptions, were welcome, provided only that they wished it. For such is the law, that this privilege is not obtained by rank or appearance, not by stature or beauty, not by descent, not by illustrious ancestors : none of these considerations meet with the least regard. The only qualifications required in a citizen are, a right way of thinking, an attachment to honest industry, assiduity

in business, and a mind not to be ruffled or subdued by difficulties. On producing these qualifications, every man is admitted to the privileges of the city, immediately after his arrival, without being questioned concerning his former condition, the terms *better, worse, noble, ignoble, free, slave*, being never so much as once mentioned or thought of.

Hermotimus. Am I then to be blamed, Lycinus, if I long for a share in such happiness? It is not for nothing that I take so much pains.

Lycinus. I grant it, Hermotimus; I am quite of your mind; nor is there any thing I more earnestly wish for. If the city had been at any tolerable distance, and not so far out of sight, you may believe me, I should have had no hesitation; but would have set out, and been there long ago. But since, as you say (and so says Hesiod the verselman), it is a great way off, it becomes necessary first of all to enquire the road, and make sure of a proper guide. Do not you think so?

Hermotimus. Surely I do; if you expect to get to the end of your journey,

Lycinus,

Lycinus. There can be no want of guides, if promises and professions of skill are to go for any thing. Of the numbers surrounding us on all sides, ready with their directions, every individual protests that he comes from the place, that he is an inhabitant, and knows every thing about it. And, as far I can learn, there are many more ways than one, and all different from each other; one leading to the West, another to the East; one to the North, and another to the South. This conducts us through flowery meadows and shady groves, abounding with springs and pleasant prospects, without any thing to incommode our walking; that is rugged and stony, condemning the traveller to perpetual toil, and heat, and thirst. With all this, we are told that every one of these different ways, so unlike, and so opposite to each other, leads to one and the same city. Hence arises my difficulty. For, let me turn to which path I will, there stands an infallible guide at the entrance of it, who offers me his hand, and advises me by all means to proceed by the only direct road. All other guides, he assures me, are all going wrong; and how should they be able to shew others the right way? Ask a second,
and

and a third, and as many as you will, you will find them all in the same story, every one recommending his own way, and decrying that of his neighbour. So that I am still where I was. I am confounded with this multiplicity of different ways to the city, and quite at a loss how to proceed. Whom can I confide in, or to which side should I turn myself, when I see my guides at such variance with each other?

Hermotimus. I will ease you of your doubts. Trust to those, Lycinus, who have gone the journey before you, and you must be right.

Lycinus. Trust to whom? Who are they? Who directed them? This is nothing more than the same question recurring in another form, *who*, instead of *what*?

Hermotimus. What makes you think so?

Lycinus. I think so, because every follower on every road thinks his own guide the only one fit to confide in, and praises him accordingly, whether he be Plato, or Epicurus, or whoever he be. Do not you do so by yours? Yes, yes, Hermotimus, it is even so.

Hermotimus. And why should it not be so?

Lycinus. I do not know why it should not be so; but I know this, that you have not eased me
of

of my doubts, I am still ignorant which of these travellers I may trust to. Every one extols the path which he and his leader have trod, as the only sure way of reaching the city; but how am I to be sure that he tells the truth? He may have got to the end of his journey, and seen a city, without seeing the city that you and I meant to be at. He may mistake one city for another, Babylon for Corinth, for aught I know: but why should he impose his mistake on me? And this is what puzzles me so much: as there is but one Corinth, there can be but one right road to it, and all others must lead me wrong; you cannot suppose me such a fool as to think of going thither by the way of India, or the North Pole.

Hermotimus. No; that would never do.

Lycinus. Very well, Sir; then you must allow the choice of the way and the guide to be a matter that requires consideration. By following our noses, we should follow the proverb; but then we might be travelling towards Babylon, or Bactra, instead of Corinth. It is possible, perhaps, that fortune may direct a man right at last without asking questions; but, in a matter of such importance, who would stake his

his success on the cast of a die? He must squeeze his hopes into a narrow compass, who tempts the sea in a crazy cockboat. When aiming at truth amidst ten thousand lies, if Fortune should miss the mark, how can we blame her? Homer's archer, you know, (Teucer I think he was), shot through the string, instead of the Pigeon. Thus the odds will be always greatly against our hitting the thing we aim at. Indeed my opinion is, that it is a most dangerous folly to expect that Fortune will direct us better than we can direct ourselves. If we find ourselves once at sea, with swelling sails, and uncertain of our course, it will not be so easy to change it; and we must be contented to buffet the waves, to be sick, to have the head-ach, and expect every minute to be our last. But would it not be better, before we leave the harbour, to get upon an eminence, and make sure of a fair wind; and not only that, but to fix on a proper pilot, and see that our ship is in a condition to weather a storm?

Hermotimus. All that, Lycinus, I do not deny. But this I can assure you, that, if you search all round, you will no where find better leaders than the Stoics, no where better pilots than

than they are. If ever you get to this Corinth, it must be by following them. You must tread in the steps of Chrysippus and Zeno, or you will never succeed.

Lycinus. This is just what I have been told so often before. The disciples of Plato, of Epicurus, and the rest of them, all say the same thing; every one of them declaring it impossible for me ever to see the city, unless I go along with him. Either I must believe them all, which would be highly ridiculous, or I must believe none of them; which, indeed, till some one can be found who promises no more than he can perform, seems most advisable. For with regard to myself, ignorant as I am who is in the right, suppose I should, from my confidence in your friendship, embrace your opinions, the opinions of the Stoics, the only sect which you know any thing about; suppose, then, that some god or other should raise from the dead Plato, and Pythagoras, and Aristotle, and the rest of them; suppose I should find myself hemmed in on all sides by them, and they should call me to a strict account for preferring Chrysippus and Zeno, persons of yesterday, to philosophers of their standing; and, especially,

especially, as I have never had any communication with them, nor even enquired what they have to say for themselves; I really do not know what defence I could make. Do you think it would be sufficient to say, I relied on my friend Hermotimus? "Hermotimus!" they would exclaim, "we know nothing of Hermotimus, nor Hermotimus of us! Was this decent, to condemn us without a hearing; without giving us leave to put in our appearance? Was this fair dealing, to depend on a man who has studied but one system of philosophy, and does not know much of that? It is not thus that our judges are instructed, to hear only one side, without permitting the other to speak; but to give equal attention to both; that, by comparing the several allegations of each party, they may be the better enabled to come at the truth. If any judge were to do otherwise, an appeal would be allowed from his decision of the cause." Thus should I be upbraided! and perhaps some of them would farther interrogate me thus: "What do you think, Lycinus, if an Æthiopian, who had never been out of his own country, nor ever seen men of our complexion, should take upon him to assert, in an Æthiopian

Æthiopian assembly, that there was no such thing in the world as a white or tawney man, but that all were absolutely black without exception, do you think any body would believe him? On the contrary, some one of his betters would immediately ask such an impudent fellow what pretence he can have for so extravagant an assertion; he, who has never once stirred from Æthiopia, and can know nothing of any other country. What do you think, Hermotimus? Would not such a question be very natural?

Hermotimus. I think, it would be a very proper rebuke.

Lycinus. So I think; but I am not so certain of your being pleased with the application, which to me is very obvious.

Hermotimus. What comes now?

Lycinus. I am only supposing the case to be our own, and this reprover directing his discourse to me: "Lycinus," he would say, "your friend Hermotimus is acquainted with no other Philosophy besides that of the Stoics, he has never looked beyond that, never ventured abroad on a visit to Plato, or Epicurus. How then can he pretend to affirm, he who has never

been a step out of his Æthiopia, that Virtue and Truth are confined to the Portico? Why will he dare to pass sentence on others, without knowing what they have to say for themselves?" Pray tell me, Hermotimus, how such questions are to be answered.

Hermotimus. By telling him roundly, that, with all our application to the Stoical doctrine, which we make the standard of Philosophy, we are not ignorant of what has been advanced by other sects; as our master introduces their tenets occasionally, for the purpose of confuting them.

Lycinus. And do you really think thus to silence such men as Plato, Pythagoras, and Epicurus? Why, they would laugh in my face, and think it a very fine joke. "Is this," they would ask me, "the language of Hermotimus? Does your friend think it fair to trust the reports of our adversaries concerning us? Does he take for granted whatever proceeds from their ignorance, or wilful misrepresentation? I wonder whether, if he should happen to see one of the public champions, before the combat, kicking his heels, and beating the air with his fists, as if giving blows to his adversary; would

would Hermotimus, think you, if he were the judge, immediately and without farther ado declare him conqueror? Would he not rather consider all this as empty flourish, mere child's play, sport without danger? There can be no victory without beating an antagonist, no decision till the antagonist owns it. Do not let Hermotimus imagine, that fighting with shadows is subduing us; we are not so easily mastered. Our defences are not baby-houses, no sooner set up than pulled down again; while your arguments resemble the exploits of those young archers, who think it a mighty feat, if they can hit a bundle of straw placed a few yards before them. Not so the Persians and Scythians. They shoot on horseback, in full gallop; they do not require their object to stand still, and be in waiting for the arrow; but expect it to move, and get out of their way as fast as possible. Beasts at full speed, and birds on the wing, are brought down by them. Or, if at any time they try their strength and skill against a standing mark, it is a stump of a tree, or a tough bull's hide: if they can penetrate these, they conceive hopes of being able to pierce through an army. This information, you may tell your

VOL. IV. O friend,

friend, comes from us: his masters are only contending with bundles of straw, not killing armed men, as they vainly boast. They fashion us into any appearance that pleases their fancy, then make their attack on the picture; and, when they have fought with their own imaginations, they think they have been conquering us. We may say of them, as Achilles does of Hector:

It was not thus, when, at my fight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd*.

Plato has a story of Gelon, the tyrant of Sicily, a country well known to that philosopher. Gelon, it seems, had a stinking breath, but, as he was so great a man, nobody dared to mention it to him, and it was a great while before he knew any thing of the matter; and not till he happened to get acquainted with a foreign lady, who used less reserve than his own subjects. Coming home to his wife, they say, he flew into a violent passion with her, for having concealed from him a circumstance with which she must have been so well acquainted. She begged and prayed him to forgive her, declaring, that, as

* Hom. Il. XVI, 70. Pope's translation.

she had had no opportunity of knowing better, she really thought every man's breath the same, all equally offensive. This, Plato would observe, is exactly the case of Hermotimus: his conversation is confined to the Stoicks, and how should he know what proceeds from the mouths of other men? and Chrysippus would be just as ready to find fault with me, if, without once giving him a fair hearing, I should devote myself implicitly to Plato. In short, while there is no knowing which sect is the right, and the making choice of any one would be an affront to all the rest, I am resolved to follow none of them.

Hermotimus. What have I to do, Lycinus, with your Platos, and Aristotles, and Epicuruses? They may all sleep in peace for me: I do not want to molest them. But cannot we two, you and I, of ourselves set about enquiring what this same Philosophy is, without calling the Æthiopians to our aid, or sending to Sicily for Gelon's wife.

Lycinus. Oh! if you do not want them, I have done with them in an instant. Only let me hear what you have to offer; for you seem to be labouring with something important.

O 2

Hermotimus.

Hermotimus. To me, Lycinus, it seems very possible for a man, who has never applied himself to the study of any other precepts than those of the Stoics, to learn the truth from them alone. Do but consider; if you should hear it asserted, that two and two made four, would you make any difficulty of believing it? You would not surely go about amongst the Arithmeticians, asking them all, one after another, whether two and two make five, or seven.

Lycinus. No; there would be no occasion.

Hermotimus. Then what is there to prevent a man, who happens to be acquainted with the Stoicks only, from being persuaded of their speaking the truth, without consulting other Philosophers; when he knows very well, that a thousand Platos and Pythagorases put together can never make five out of four.

Lycinus. What you say, Hermotimus, is nothing at all to the purpose. You put things about which all the world is agreed, on a footing with those about which there are endless disputes. You are quite wide of the mark. Did you ever see any man, who would venture to assert that twice two made seven or eleven?

Hermotimus.

Hermotimus. Indeed I never did; a man must be mad to assert any such thing.

Lycinus. Now tell me (and, by the Graces, I beseech you to answer me truly) did you ever once happen to hear a Stoick and Epicurean agree in their sentiments? Were they not always at variance about beginnings and ends? Did you ever find it otherwise?

Hermotimus. Never in my life.

Lycinus. Then why will you mislead your friend? While I am in search of the true Philosophy, you have run away with the argument, and given it up to the Stoicks, to whom alone, as you say, it belongs to know that two and two make four. But this is the point in dispute; for the Platonicks and Epicureans may still affirm the discovery to be theirs, and charge the Stoicks with making five or seven out of twice two. Do not you see that this is the case, when you say that nothing but what is honest can be good, while the disciples of Epicurus make goodness to consist in pleasure? While you maintain that all things in Nature are corporeal, Plato insists on the contrary. This, Hermotimus, is not arguing fairly, to make the Stoicks sole masters of a maxim self
O 3 evident,

evident, while so many others alledge an equal claim to it. If, indeed, the Stoicks were without all doubt the only Philosophers who make two and two to be four, then all the rest might as well hold their tongues, as they could have nothing to say. But this is the very thing for which they all contend, and claim as their peculiar property; and therefore all have a right to be heard in turn, and we must carefully examine their several pretensions before we determine; unless we choose to make it a matter of compliment.

Hermotimus. You do not seem to me, Lycinus, to comprehend what I mean.

Lycinus. Then put your meaning more on a level with my understanding.

Hermotimus. I will. Suppose a cup to be missing from the altar of Bacchus or *Æsculapius*, and that two suspected persons have been seen in the temple; it will be necessary for both to be searched, in order to find out which of the two has secreted the cup.

Lycinus. Yes.

Hermotimus. One of the two, you know, must have it.

Lycinus. I think so, if it be not in its place.

Hermotimus.

Hermotimus. And, if you find it upon one, there will be no need of stripping the other, as it is plain he cannot have it.

Lycinus. Very true.

Hermotimus. And, if you do not find it on searching one, you may be sure the other has it; you have no occasion to search him.

Lycinus. True.

Hermotimus. For the very same reason, when we find amongst the Stoicks the object of our search, what occasion to enquire any farther, or give ourselves unnecessary trouble, when we have got what we wanted?

Lycinus. Your application would be just, if you had really found what you wanted, or could know it when you found it; but neither of these is the case. For, in the first place, it is not only two persons, my friend, who have been in this temple, one of which must at any rate be the man; but we have a multitude to examine. And then it is quite uncertain what we are in search of, whether a cup, a goblet, or a garland. For different priests give different accounts both of what it is, and what it is made of; one calls it brass; another silver, another gold, another tin. There must therefore be

no exceptions in our search: all who enter must be stripped, if we expect to recover the lost goods. Even, if the first you lay hands on should happen to have a cup of gold, that would not answer the purpose; you must proceed in your search.

Hermotimus. Why so, Lycinus?

Lycinus. Because you cannot tell whether it was a cup, or what it was that was lost; and, if it were a cup, if they should all allow it to be a cup, they would not all allow it to be a golden cup. But even suppose that they did, and you should be lucky enough to find one in the possession of the first man you search, you must not for that reason excuse the rest; because you cannot be sure it is the cup belonging to the temple, when there are so many others of the same sort.

Hermotimus. Agreed.

Lycinus. Yes; there must be a general search; and whatever is found upon any one, must be openly produced and compared, the better to guess at the property of the God. The misfortune is, that something or other will be found upon every man; from one, perhaps, you take a goblet, from another a cup, from another a crown;

crown; one of which, we will suppose, may be made of brass, another of silver, and another of gold; but which, or whether any thing produced belongs to the temple, or who has committed the sacrilege, is still as uncertain as ever; and it would be just the same, if the things found on all were all alike. It could not then be determined what had been stolen, or whether there was a thief in the company, as every man might possibly be found with nothing more than his own private property. One cause of this uncertainty may be the want of an inscription on the thing to be ascertained; for, let us suppose the lost cup to be inscribed with the donor's name, or the name of the God, we should then have only to look for that, and, when once we had found it, give no more trouble to any body of stripping and searching. I dare say, *Hermotimus*, you have seen the gymnastic sports.

Hermotimus. Yes; very often, and in different places.

Lycinus. Did you ever happen to sit near the judges?

Hermotimus. I have; it was but the other day at Olympia, that Evandrides, the Elean, took care to secure me a place amongst his countrymen,

countrymen, on the left hand of the Hellenodica*, as I wished to be near them, and see all I could.

Lycinus. Then you know, that it is determined by lot, how the wrestlers and pancratiasts† are to be matched.

Hermotimus. Yes.

Lycinus. You must have seen all that passed, as you had so good a seat.

Hermotimus. In former days, when Hercules presided, leaves of laurel——

Lycinus. Do not tell me of former days: I want to know what you have seen with your own eyes.

Hermotimus. There was a silver urn, sacred to the God, into which were thrown several small lots, about the size of beans, inscribed with letters in pairs. On one pair was marked

* Persons chosen out of the Elean tribes to preside over the Olympic games, before the celebration of which they were obliged to reside ten months in a place (Hellenodikaion), to take care that the several candidates should be properly prepared. They sat naked at the solemnity, and adjudged the prize to the conqueror, having previously taken an oath to do strict justice.

* Πανκρατισται, the pancratiasts included boxing in the art of wrestling.

A,

A, on another B, on a third C, and so on according to the number of the combatants, two lots to a letter. Every candidate now stepping forward in his turn, after invoking the aid of Jupiter, puts his hand into the urn, from which he takes out one of the lots; a man standing by all the while with a whip in his hand, to see that all is fair, and that no one may look at his letter beforehand. When the drawing is finished, the Alytarch *, or one of the Hellenodicæ, I forget which, goes round, and examines their lots, as they stand in a ring, matching A with A, B with B, and so forth, bidding them make ready. This is done, when the numbers are equal, as four, eight, twelve, &c.; but, when there is an odd man, an odd lot is put into the urn, and whoever draws it must be content to sit down, and wait till the contest of others is over, before he can get an adversary; which when he does, there is this advantage on his side, that he may expect to find him fatigued, while he himself is quite fresh and in good order.

Lycinus. Stop; I want to know this: there were nine persons to draw, we will suppose,

* A kind of chief constable.

and

and each of the nine has had his lot. You are one of the Hellenodicae (for such I appoint you), not merely a spectator, and are to go round and examine the letters; you must first pair all the rest, before you know who is the odd man.

Hermotimus. Why so?

Lycinus. It is impossible for you to fix on the letter at once, because you do not know it, nor can tell how to find it, before you have paired all the rest; then, indeed, you discover the letter, which has not another answering to it, that is the letter of the man to be left out.

Hermotimus. Suppose it should come up first or second, what then?

Lycinus. I say, what then? Surely you, in your judicial capacity, would not pronounce sentence without first inspecting all the letters, and finding this to be the single one.

Hermotimus. It is easily known; if, for instance, there were nine letters, and I should find E the first or second, may I not be sure, that E is the lot of the looker-on?

Lycinus. How sure, Hermotimus?

Hermotimus. Why, thus: two have drawn A, two B, two C, and two D; which makes eight;

eight; consequently E must be the odd letter, and belong to the odd man, as there are but nine.

Lycinus. Shall I pay a compliment to your sagacity, Hermotimus, or tell you what I think?

Hermotimus. Say any thing you please; I do not see what objection you can make to my argument.

Lycinus. When the letters are put in according to the order of the alphabet, I allow the force of it; but only suppose the contrary, and what becomes of it then? Let five letters be taken at random; as, for instance, C, S, Z, K, T, of which Z is the single lot, and the other four double, your finding the Z is no proof of its being without a partner; for, in this case, you have no alphabetical arrangement to direct you, and must be contented to examine every man's lot before you can fix on the odd one.

Hermotimus. There is something in what you say now, I confess.

Lycinus. Take it in another point of view. Suppose, instead of letters, the several lots were marked with Egyptian hieroglyphics, figures of men with the heads of horses or lions; or, not to go out of our way in search of absurdities,

but copying what is simple and natural, suppose the first and second lots to have been the figure of a man, the third and fourth that of a horse, the fifth and sixth a cock, the seventh and eighth a dog, and the ninth a lion. If you should hit upon the lion first, I want to know, how you could immediately determine this to be the lot of the by-stander, without examining all the rest, and being sure there is not another lion.

Hermotimus. I shall not tell you.

Lycinus. I believe not, Hermotimus; for you cannot. Now you see, if we want to discover the cup-stealer, or the odd man, or the best guide to the city, we must of necessity be very general as well as very particular in our enquiries; and after all, it will be well if we come at the truth. The man to be consulted with any confidence in Philosophy is he, and only he, who is thoroughly acquainted with every thing advanced by every one on the subject. Nothing less can make him a competent judge: his being a stranger to any one sect would make him unfit for my purpose, as that one, for any thing I could know, might chance to be the best. In the same manner, if any
person

person should produce a handsome man, calling him the handsomest of all men, we should hardly believe him, unless we could first believe that he had seen all in the world. The question is concerning the handsomest, and this man's being handsome has nothing to do with it. It is not beauty, my friend, that we are in search of, but perfect beauty, beauty unexampled.

Hermotimus. Very true.

Lycinus. Can you mention me a man conversant in every mode of Philosophy, who perfectly understands whatever has been advanced by Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Chrysippus, Epicurus, and the rest of them; and who, after putting them all to the proof, has made choice of that which he is convinced from experience is the only direct road to happiness? If you can produce such a man, there is an end of the matter; we need not give ourselves any farther trouble.

Hermotimus. But where do you think we are to find such a man?

Lycinus. I do not know; and I do not know what is to be done; not that I think we are bound to despair for want of him. What say
you

you to every man's judging for himself, after going through every sect, and carefully examining their several pretensions? Will not that, do you think, be the best and safest way?

Hermotimus. That might be perhaps the wisest course to take, if it could be made to agree with your late remark, that the man, who has once committed himself to the mercy of the wind, cannot very well fail against it. We may be too long detained in the first path we find, to trudge through them all.

Lycinus. No, no; we can follow the example of Theseus, and take Ariadne's * clue to lead us from every labyrinth.

Hermotimus. But where shall we get an Ariadne, or who will find thread for the clue?

Lycinus. Do not be disheartened, my friend: I think I have hit on a thread that will answer our purpose.

Hermotimus. Explain.

Lycinus. It is no discovery of mine, but be-

* Ariadne was the daughter of Minos, king of Crete, who shut up the Minotaur in the famous labyrinth contrived by Dædalus. Theseus slew the Minotaur, and saved himself by means of a clue, which Ariadne gave him to guide his steps.

longs to one * of the wise: "Have your senses about you, and take nothing on trust." We are not to take for granted that which we hear, but let people talk, and reserve our own judgment: this is the way to get out of the labyrinth.

Hermotimus. Very well; let us do as you advise.

Lycinus. Where shall we make a beginning? or, is that a matter of no great consequence? Suppose we should apply to Pythagoras first; how long do you think it will be before we master his doctrines, taking the five years of silence into the reckoning? I imagine, thirty years, or twenty at least.

Hermotimus. It cannot be less.

Lycinus. And the same number of years must be set down for Plato; and the same for Aristotle.

Hermotimus. Certainly.

Lycinus. I need not question you again concerning Chrysippus, as you have already told me that he must be studied for forty years at least.

* Epicharmus, the Sicilian. *Νηφε, και μεμνησθαι απιστων; αρετα ταυτα των φρενων.* See Cicero's eighteenth epistle of the first book to Atticus.

Hermotimus. So I think.

Lycinus. And then for Epicurus, and the rest of them, you must admit the time proposed to be a very moderate allowance, when you consider what numbers there are of Stoicks, Epicureans, and Platonists, who, at fourscore years of age, make no scruple of owning themselves still ignorant in some particulars, which they ought to know, concerning their own sect. If they should deny it, Chrysippus, and Aristotle, and Plato, are ready to prove it. And what do you think of Socrates, as respectable an authority as any of them; who was so far from pretending to universal knowledge, that he declared openly to every body, that all he knew was, that he knew nothing? But, to return to our calculation: if we reckon twenty years for Pythagoras, twenty for Plato, and twenty for each of the sects, supposing them only ten, how many years will it take to go through them?

Hermotimus. Two hundred years and more; you must be above that age before you do it.

Lycinus. Then, suppose, we can afford no more than fifteen years, or ten, to a sect?

Hermotimus. As you please. I see one thing
very

very plainly, that very few will be able, at any rate, to get through all the sects, though they should begin with them the moment they were born.

Lycinus. Then what is to be done in such a case, *Hermotimus*? Must we retract our former position, that there is no choosing the best of many without examining all; since, to make a choice without trial, is to be determined, not by judgment, but by guess. Did not we lay this down as a maxim?

Hermotimus. We did.

Lycinus. Then there is an absolute necessity of living long enough to make a thorough examination before we form our resolution, and be wise and happy. Whatever is done prior to experiment is no better than dancing in the dark, as the saying is, stumbling against any thing that happens to stand in the way; while, as we know no better, that which first offers is laid hold of as the thing we wanted to find; and indeed, if, by dint of good fortune, it should be so, we can never be sure of it, when so many things are so much alike, and every one claiming the preference.

Hermotimus. I do not know how it is, *Ly-*

P 2

cinus;

cinus ; but I must confess, that your arguments have weight in them : but why will you give me pain by scrutinizing things to such a nicety, when there was surely no necessity for it ? I was unfortunate in leaving my house this morning for no better purpose than meeting with you, who, when I was just within reach of my hopes, have so bewildered me, that I know not what to say, without owning, that an investigation requiring so many years is beyond the faculties of man.

Lycinus. Do not be angry with me, my good friend, but with your father Menecrates, or your mother (I forget her name), or rather with Nature herself, because she did not make you as long-lived as Tithonus, but chose to limit the duration of human life to a hundred years at the utmost. All my conclusions in this debate have been no other than the result of fair reasoning.

Hermotimus. No such thing ; you are always finding fault ; you hate Philosophy, and make a joke of Philosophers, I know not why.

Lycinus. What truth is, Hermotimus, such wise men as you and your master must know best. I only know, that to be told the truth is not half so pleasant as to be told a lie. A lie
makes

makes a better figure, and is better received. Truth, conscious of no sinister design, deals plainly with mankind; and mankind do not like plain-dealing. Accordingly, you are now offended with me, for having, in the course of this conversation, let you see how difficult it is for us to discover the proper object of our esteem: this is just as if you had fallen in love with a statue, which you fondly believed to be something human made for your embraces; and I, knowing it to be nothing better than stone or brass, out of good-nature having pointed out your mistake, should incur your displeasure, and be abused and called names, merely for not having suffered you to expose yourself as a ridiculous dupe.

Hermotimus. So then we are not to trouble our heads with Philosophy, you think, but quietly resign ourselves to laziness and ignorance!

Lycinus. When did you hear me say any such thing? I never interdicted philosophizing; but rather recommended it. I only was of opinion, that, amidst so many paths, every one of which is affirmed to be the only one that will lead us right, it seems impossible to hit upon it without

trying all; which must inevitably be a work of time: now, what steps do you mean to take? I ask you over again, will you attach yourself to the first Philosopher you meet with, and suffer yourself to be made a market of without knowing why or wherefore?

Hermotimus. There is no knowing what to say to you; while you assert the impossibility of any man's judging for himself, unless he could live as long as a phoenix, to go round the whole circle of enquiry, and prove every thing as he goes. You pay no regard to the experience of others, nor to the multitude of their admirers.

Lycinus. What multitude do you mean? If your multitude be made up of such as have tried all, and know all, one man of that multitude will satisfy me; I shall have no occasion for more: but, if you speak of men ignorant and uninformed, their numbers will have no influence on my belief; when, knowing nothing, or next to nothing, they pretend to know every thing!

Hermotimus. So you alone have spied out the truth! the Philosophers are all idiots!

Lycinus. You do me wrong, *Hermotimus*. So far from assuming any superiority, I never presumed

presumed to rank myself with men of learning. You must have forgot what I said, in fancying me a pretender to more knowledge than other men ; for I own myself just as ignorant as they are.

Hermotimus. The propriety, Lycinus, of having recourse to all, of proving all, before the right choice can be resolved on, may perhaps be admitted ; but, to set apart so many years to every single enquiry, when a judgment of all might be formed from a few, seems to me highly ridiculous. I really cannot see any difficulty in the matter, which might not easily be got over without much delay. I have heard of a statuary (I think it was Phidias), who, to make a lion, wanted only to see one of his claws : and I dare venture to affirm, that, if any body should shew you a man's hand, without producing any more of him, you would have no difficulty in determining to what animal the hand belonged : thus, the sum and substance of all the arguments of all the Philosophers may be learnt in less than a day ; and from them the right choice may be made, without having recourse to these subtle discussions, which require such a length of time.

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Lycinus.

Lycinus. How idly you talk, Hermotimus! I have always understood quite the contrary; that to know the whole, was to know the component parts; but to know a part, was by no means to know the whole. Pray tell me, do you think that Phidias would have known the claw, if he had never seen a lion? or, could you, on seeing the hand of a man, pronounce it such, without having first seen a man? Why do not you answer my question? or, shall I answer it for you, by saying plainly, No? Phidias and his lion are nothing at all to the purpose: there is no analogy between the subjects; as neither you, nor Phidias before you, could have known the parts without a previous acquaintance with the whole. In Philosophy, the Philosophy of the Stoicks for instance, how can the knowledge of a part make you master of the whole? How can you pronounce concerning the beautiful, without taking into your account the several constituent causes? As to your saying, that the heads of Philosophy may be gone through in a small portion of a day, meaning, I suppose, the beginnings and ends of things, what the gods are believed to be, what the soul; what is corporeal, what incorporeal; why

why some Philosophers place the chief felicity in pleasure, and others in virtue ; as to your saying, that all this may be dispatched in much less than a day, you ought rather to own, if you wish to be believed, that it would require many, very many, whole days ; otherwise, those authors must have strangely mispent their time in composing so many hundreds and thousands of books, to convince the reader of a few truths, so very plain and obvious as you say they are. I think, as you are so impatient of delay, and will not allow yourself time to enquire into particulars, your best way would be to consult a soothsayer, who might determine your choice at once. This is by far the most compendious method, and has nothing in it of perplexity or procrastination. Let but your prophet attend, while you sacrifice a victim, as each chapter is read ; and his art will free you from an infinite deal of trouble, by letting you see in the liver of your offering the choice to be made : or, I can propose to you another method, still less troublesome and less expensive ; which last is a consideration, as priests and victims are not to be had without money. Get as many bits of paper as there are Philosophers,

phers, write upon each a different name, and throw them into an urn; then get a little boy*, whose father and mother are both alive, to draw out the first bit of paper that comes to his hand; whoever happens to have his name thus drawn, fix upon him for your Philosopher and leader.

Hermotimus. You forget yourself, Lycinus, or you would not talk to me in this profane manner. Answer me a question: Did you ever buy any wine?

Lycinus. Yes; very often.

Hermotimus. And did you ever go round to all the dealers in the town, tasting, and examining, and comparing?

Lycinus. Never.

Hermotimus. The very first that you found, which you thought very good, you bargained for?

Lycinus. To be sure I did.

Hermotimus. You could judge of the whole by the sample you had tasted?

Lycinus. I could.

Hermotimus. If you should tell the vintners,

* That no important nicety may be omitted.

that you want to purchase a pint of wine, but, not knowing which of them sells the best, you find it necessary to drink up a cask with each of them, by way of trial, before you buy; do not you think they would laugh at you? or, perhaps, to get rid of so troublesome a customer, sprinkle your face with cold water?

Lycinus. I do think they would, and not without reason.

Hermotimus. Why, it is the very same thing with respect to Philosophy. What occasion to swallow so much, when we can judge of it all by tasting a little?

Lycinus. There is no getting hold of you, Hermotimus! but, for once, instead of slipping through my fingers, I have caught you in your own net.

Hermotimus. How so?

Lycinus. You compare a thing about which all men are agreed, to a thing obscure and unknown about which all men dispute. Indeed, there is one circumstance, I must confess, in which Wine and Philosophy may fairly be said to resemble each other: both of them are sold for money, both are adulterated, and the dealers in both cheat us in the measure. Now,

let us see how the argument stands. You say, that all the wine contained in the same cask is of the same quality, all equally good, (which I do not mean to deny) so that the least taste determines what the whole is. But do not let us go too far. Philosophers, and your master among the rest, I believe, do not always hold the same language on the same subject, but are very frequently at variance with themselves: this must be the case, or you would hardly have been so long wandering about, going round and round, like another Ulysses, in search of a home all the while under your nose. If your master's language had been always uniform, one hearing might have been sufficient for you to find out his meaning.

Hermotimus. That is true enough.

Lycinus. It is equally true, that all knowledge is not acquired by the first taste of it. It is not, like wine, always the same; for you continually hear of something new, in addition to what has been urged before. You must either empty the whole cask, my friend, or you will get drunk to no purpose. The good of Philosophy lies hid in the last drop, under the lees; and this you must swallow, or you will never reach

reach that nectareous draught which you have so long been thirsting after. You are not to imagine, that, by one little taste, you are to be filled as full as the Delphic priestess. She drinks at the sacred fountain of Apollo, is immediately big with the God, and ready to be delivered of his oracles. But this is not your case; for you yourself have acknowledged, that, after emptying more than half the barrel, you found you had but made a beginning. But let us try to make a comparison still better: we may keep the dealer and the vessel, only filling it, not with wine, but seeds of all sorts, with wheat, and beans, and barley, and lentils, and vetches, and nobody knows what. If you, wishing to be a purchaser, should have a specimen of the wheat put into your hand, could you, from looking at that, tell whether the vetches were clean, the lentils easy of digestion, or the beans good or bad?

Hermotimus. No; I could not.

Lycinus. As little would you be able to learn what Philosophy is from the account given of it by the first man you meet; for it is not one and the same thing, to be tasted and tried at once like wine, as you have supposed; but, on
the

the contrary, having a great deal of variety in it, requires a very nice and careful examination. A bad bargain of wine may be no more than the loss of two or three oboli; but to perish in a sink, like ordinary people, is, as you observed, no ordinary evil. To expect the liberty of draining a whole cask, before you bargain for a pint of wine, would be to distress the vintner in a most absurd manner. But this cannot be said of Philosophy, of which you take your fill without either lessening the quantity, or injuring the proprietor. Unlike the sieve of the Danaids, which let out as it let in, the more Philosophy you take away, the more you leave behind. Allow me to make one more comparison, and do not suspect me of meaning to affront you, in finding a likeness between Philosophy and poison; hemlock for instance, or aconite. Those drugs, deadly as they are, will not occasion death, unless taken in a certain manner, and in sufficient quantities: you may take as much as will lie on the tip of your finger without hardly any effect; and yet you would have us to believe, that the least particle of Philosophy will answer all its purposes.

Hermotimus. Have it your own way, Lycinus!

nus ! only I should be glad to know whether you recommend the labour of an hundred years in so long a life of hard study, or whether it would not be better to give up Philosophy altogether ?

Lycinus. There is nothing, *Hermotimus*, so terrible in all this. Did not you get the start of me in observing, that life is short, and art is long ? And yet how unaccountable is it to be all on a sudden out of humour, because you are not to be a Chrysippus, a Plato, or Pythagoras, before the setting of this day's sun !

Hermotimus. What have I done to deserve this ? It must be mere envy, and nothing else, which induces you thus to drive me up into a corner, and take unfair advantages, because forsooth I have made some progress in a study, which a man of your years has shamefully neglected.

Lycinus. Very well then ; as I am not worth your notice, why cannot you let me proceed in my own mad career, without regarding it ? You need only to go on as you have begun.

Hermotimus. But you are so perverse, you will not suffer me : you insist on my having no
opinion

opinion of my own, till I have examined those of all others.

Lycinus. You may be sure of my never holding any other language. But, when you talk of my being perverse, you blame the blameless, as Homer says*; at least I think so. And I think your censure may be spared till you can get a recruit of reason; unless you are resolved to be my accuser right or wrong.

Hermotimus. I should wonder, if either you or reason can find any thing more to say.

Lycinus. Reason will tell you how insufficient we are, even after seeing all with our own eyes, and examining every thing ourselves, to make a right choice, if we are deficient in the main point.

Hermotimus. What is that?

Lycinus. A penetrating judgment, an acute genius, a quick unbiassed understanding, equal to the investigation of matters so very important; without which you will have only your labour for your pains. For this investigation no small time is requisite, that every circum-

* Il. A. 653.

stance may be fairly proposed, and fully discussed, nor any thing resolved on without the utmost care and deliberation. No regard is to be had to the age, or appearance, or fame of any man; but, like the Arcopagites, who try causes without either day-light or candle-light, you are to consider only what has been said, not who said it. This is going on sure ground; and after this you may proceed as becomes a Philosopher.

Hermotimus. Yes; after I am dead; for, by what I hear, no man's life is long enough for a perfect insight into every philosophical sect; and yet, if I understand you rightly, nothing less is required in order to make a right choice.

Lycinus. I am very sorry, Hermotimus, to tell you, that, even after all the pains we can take, we may chance to be never the nearer at last; for very often, when we fancy we have discovered something to be depended on, it turns out no better than nothing; as, when a fisherman, having let down his net, and finding it very heavy, pulls it up with might and main, expecting a great draught of fishes, but perhaps gets nothing better to repay him for his trouble than a great stone, or an old earthen

pot, that had been buried in the sand : such may be our fate in philosophy.

Hermotimus. I do not comprehend what you mean by your net : all I know is, that you have got me in it.

Lycinus. If I have, why do not you make an effort and get out ? You can keep your head above water, if any body can. But, for my part, I am not yet convinced, after all the enquiries that can be made, after going through the whole circle of opinions, whether any one Philosopher has ever been able to ascertain that which is right, or whether they are not all of them still equally ignorant.

Hermotimus. What do you say ? Not one has attained the object of our search !

Lycinus. It is a matter of doubt. It is not impossible that all may be deceived, and the truth may be something very different from any thing yet discovered.

Hermotimus. I do not see how that can be.

Lycinus. I will let you see how it can be by an example in numbers. Suppose the true number to be twenty, and let a man close his hand with twenty beans in it, asking a company of ten persons to guess how many he holds.

One

One will say seven, another five, another thirty, another fifteen, and so on; and it may happen, that some one or other may be lucky enough to say twenty. What do you think?

Hermotimus. I think it possible.

Lycinus. And do not you think it equally possible, that not a man of them may guess right?

Hermotimus. To be sure, it is possible.

Lycinus. It is in this manner that Philosophers guess at happiness, which this will have to consist in pleasure, that in virtue, some calling it one thing, and some another; and some or other of their different conjectures may chance to hit on the chief good, and they may all chance to miss it. Are not we then in the wrong, to be in such a hurry to get to the end before we have found out the beginning? We should, in my judgment, have been first convinced, that the truth was in the possession of some one Philosopher, whom our business would then have been to find out, and rely upon.

Hermotimus. According to your account, Lycinus, were we to travel the entire round of

Q 2

Philosophy,

Philosophy, we might still be unable to come at the truth. Is this what you mean?

Lycinus. Consult Reason, my good sir, and not me; and Reason perhaps will answer you as I do, while it remains so doubtful a matter whether any thing taught by any Philosopher may be fully depended on.

Hermotimus. So we are never to know any thing, but may give up Philosophy at once, and resign ourselves to ignorance! Philosophy, if we are to believe you, is out of the reach of mortal man! since, first of all, it is required of us to make choice of that Philosophy which is the best; a choice not to be made without the most thorough examination of every individual sect; which requires, if we only reckon up the number of years to be employed on each, many generations to finish; so that human life is much too short to prosecute the enquiry to any purpose. And indeed, if it were not, you seem to imply a doubt whether the truth has ever been discovered at all by any Philosopher.

Lycinus. And will you swear that it has?

Hermotimus. Swear! no; I do not pretend to swear it.

Lycinus.

Lycinus. How many things requiring a long and tedious investigation have I spared you the mention of !

Hermotimus. Indeed ! pray what are they ?

Lycinus. Have you never observed, that there are certain Stoicks, Epicureans, and Platonists, who make a parade of universal knowledge, from which privilege all the rest are excluded, however respectable ?

Hermotimus. Yes, I have.

Lycinus. And you do not think it a very easy matter to distinguish those who really profess this knowledge, from those who only pretend to it ?

Hermotimus. No ; very difficult.

Lycinus. Very well. If then you wish to be acquainted with the first-rate man of the Stoicks, you must be provided with proper judgment before you commence critick, and then have access to them all, or at least the greatest part, in order to examine their several pretensions, and find out, by comparing one with another, who is the fittest to choose for your master ; otherwise you will be liable to a wrong choice. I was afraid of mentioning how much time must be employed in this very important

and necessary enquiry into particulars so obscure and uncertain, lest I should make you angry ; and yet it cannot be dispensed with, if you ever hope to discover the truth. You have nothing else for it but to possess that happy faculty, which, like a touchstone, distinguishes the genuine from the base metal. Without this discriminating art, you may take my word for it, you will be led by the nose by every body, and be like a simple sheep, which follows the green bough that is held out to entice it to go on. Like a drop of water on a table, you may be drawn to any side by the tip of a finger ; or, like a reed growing on the brink of a river, which bends to every blast, you will be at the mercy of every breath. Whereas, if you can but once get a proper master to instruct you in the art of demonstrating and resolving doubtful questions, your business is done. You then perceive what is good ; you subject the truth to a trial, falsehood is detected, and you may philosophize at your ease. The right choice being thus made, your judgment is fixed, you obtain the felicity so long sought after, and live in the enjoyment of all that is good.

Hermotimus. Now, Lycinus, you say something ;

thing ; now things begin to have a more hopeful aspect. I must look out for such a man as you describe, who may teach me the faculty of discerning, and judging, and demonstrating, which last is best of all ; every thing will then be made easy without trouble or loss of time. How greatly am I obliged to you for finding me out this shortest and best way !

Lycinus. Not so fast, not so fast ! you are under no obligation to me. I have found out nothing, pointed out nothing tending in the least to the accomplishment of your wishes. On the contrary, we are either farther off than ever, after all we have done, or at best only where we were.

Hermotimus. How so ? What you now say is enough to make me despair.

Lycinus. I cannot help it. Consider, my friend, though we should find this master of demonstration, who professes to make others as wise as himself ; I think we should hardly give our entire credit, without first having recourse to some competent judge, who may be able to ascertain the credit due to his pretensions ; and then this judge must be referred, for

our satisfaction, to a third, and the third to a fourth, and so on: and, after all, how can it be determined whose judgment is best? You see there would be no end of it; we should never know where to stop, while even demonstrations themselves, as many as can be invented, are likely to fail us at every step we take. These demonstrations, for the most part, set darkness before us, to prove that it is light; or else, by coupling together, in one incongruous mass, things known and unknown, affect to make both equally clear; though the conclusion no more follows the premises, than the existence of altars proves the being of Gods. In this manner, Hermotimus, men run round the circle, and end, as they began, in doubt and uncertainty.

Hermotimus. Is it thus, Lycinus, that you treat me? You have reduced my whole substance to cinders; and I have laboured all these years to no manner of purpose!

Lycinus. You may take this comfort, Hermotimus, that your case is not singular; for the Philosophers, all to a man, are as far from compassing their expectations as you are: they
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are fighting for the shadow* of the ass. How is it possible for any one to go through all that has been proposed? You yourself admit it cannot be done; and yet, all the while, you are complaining, like a man weeping and wailing, and quarrelling with fortune, because, forsooth, he cannot climb up into Heaven, or because he cannot travel under the sea from Sicily to Cyprus; or take a pair of wings, and fly from Greece to India in a day. Such fantastic distress arises from possessing in a dream what is never possessed by any man awake, or who knows the condition of human nature. From

* Demosthenes, finding the Athenians one day not in a humour to hear what he was saying, told them the following story:—"As two men were travelling together, in very hot weather, one of them hired the ass of the other; and, wanting to shelter himself from the sun under the shade of the beast, the owner would not permit him, insisting on having reserved the shadow for himself, when he let his ass. The man, who had hired him, was equally positive, that he had hired the ass and all his appurtenances." Here the orator stopped; when the countrymen begged and prayed him to tell them how the matter was determined. "How eager you all are," said Demosthenes, "to hear a story about the shadow of an ass, when at the same time you will not suffer me to mention to you your most important concerns!"

this

this delicious dream of yours, Reason, my friend, has given you a jog sufficient to rouse you ; and it is that which makes you so angry, being mighty loth to open your eyes, and see how you have been imposed on. Such is the situation of those, whose imagination is the island of bliss : they dig up hidden treasures, they roll in riches, they are so many kings ; for that most beautiful Goddess, a wish, refuses nothing, never denies a man, though he should want to fly in the air, to be a little bird, or a huge Colossus. If he longs for mountains of gold, she tells him where to find them ; but, if he should happen, while thus contemplating her magnificent presents, to be interrupted in his reveries by any ordinary business, he is not a little chagrined. The servant wants to know, perhaps, how he is to purchase a loaf ; or what he must say to the landlord the next time he calls, as he has waited till he is out of all patience for his rent : such ill-timed questions, interrupting his felicity, put him so much out of temper, that he snaps at the poor servant, as if he would bite off his nose. Do not you, my friend, do not, I beseech you, fall foul upon me, because I could not bear to see you pass

pass away your life in a dream ; a pleasant one, I confess, but still only a dream. Whenever I find you digging in a mine of imaginary riches, or flying in the air, or indulging such extravagant conceits and vain hopes as can never be realized, I have too much regard for you not to undeceive you. I wish to rouse your senses, and set you about employing the remainder of your days in something useful and befitting a reasonable creature. What you have lately been busying your head about is as much out of nature as the fancied forms of poets and painters, dreamers licensed to deal in monsters, centaurs, chimeras, and gorgons, creatures which never did and never can exist ; though, at the same time, a great part of mankind find vast pleasure in hearing such tales, and believing they see such sights, merely because they are absurd and impossible. Some retailer of wonders had told you of a woman, surpassing in beauty every fine form in nature, excelling Venus and the Graces ; and, without taking the trouble to enquire whether there was any truth in it, or where this beauty was to be seen, you lost no time, but fell at once most desperately in love with her ; just as they say Medea, in
a dream,

a dream, became enamoured of Jason. But, as far as I can learn, what has been your chief inducement, as well as that of others, to be so fond of this unsubstantial form, was your ready belief of its reality; after which nothing remained to be done, but to add the consequences to the premises, and make your beloved all of a piece. Thus you were fairly caught; and, having once given your leader a handle to hold you by, he dragged you forward by that which he called the direct road; and now he has no difficulty with you; for not one of you, I dare say, ever looks back, or once reflects on the possibility of having set out wrong. Like a flock of sheep, you follow the track of the foremost, without a thought about it. What I mean may perhaps be better understood by comparison. Suppose some audacious poet should tell you of a man with three heads and six hands, and you take his word for it without hesitation; he has then nothing to do but proceed to the consequences. Such a man, it is plain enough, must have half a dozen eyes, and just as many ears; he speaks with three tongues, eats with three mouths, and, instead of ten fingers, like one of us, this extraordinary

nary man has not less than thirty. He has three hands for three shields to defend himself, and as many to annoy an enemy, with an axe, a lance, and a sword. How is it possible not to believe a person talking in this manner, when his consequences are so clearly deduced from his premises? which, before you had granted, you should have well considered what you were doing: but, these being once admitted, all the rest comes of course; there is no stopping now, no withholding of assent to conclusions so very obvious. This is precisely your case at present. You are so very eager in your pursuit, that, without staying to examine the principle you set out upon, you suffer yourself to be dragged on by consequences, without ever reflecting that you may be following a train of falsehood. Just as if you should begin with allowing twice five to be seven, you could not deny four times five to be fourteen, but must go on as you began, without consulting your own arithmetick, till you are obliged to admit whatever is asserted by your admired calculator*.

* Lucian is here ridiculing what he does not understand.

Geometry thus requires of young beginners certain like absurd postulata ; things to be taken for granted, which are perfectly inconsistent ; as, for example, indivisible points, length without breadth, and a hundred other extravagancies. On such a rotten foundation stands the geometrical structure ; and you are required to admit demonstrations derived from false principles. In the very same manner the principles of any philosophical sect being once implicitly believed, the consequences which follow, though equally without foundation, are taken for proofs of what went before ; and accordingly some of you cherish the most sanguine hopes to the end of life, without discovering the imposition. Others, who see at last what dupes they have been, are ashamed to retract, by acknowledging themselves children in old age, and therefore not only go on in error, but deal out praises instead of censure, encouraging others to follow their example, and comfort themselves in a crowd as silly as themselves : they are very well convinced, that, were they to confess the plain truth, they could no longer retain the same respectable character, nor be honoured as men so much above the vulgar ; for which
reason,

reason, whatever they may think, it goes much against them to own, that they have been baulked, and are neither wiser nor better than others. You may possibly find a few, a very few, who have courage to speak out, and propose their own example as an attempt to be avoided. If you should light on such a man, think yourself fortunate; call him a lover of truth, a good man, a just man, or, if you will, a Philosopher; to such a man I grudge not the appellation. Besides him, all those pretending to know so much either know nothing at all, or, if they really know how the case stands, are afraid and ashamed to confess it, seeing their reputation at stake. But now let me entreat you to wave all that has passed. By Minerva, I beseech you to pay no manner of regard to any assertions of mine; let whatever I have advanced be as much forgotten as the transactions prior to Euclid*. Let us suppose the Philosophy of the Stoicks to be true, excluding the pretences of all others; only, at the same time, let us consider whether it be attainable, or rather

* Referring to the decree of amnesty after the thirty tyrants of Athens.

whether

whether all who have attempted it have not been labouring in vain. I have, indeed, heard wonderful things told of the happiness of those who get to the top of it, as being the only possessors of every thing good; but, setting aside such lofty pretensions, you can answer whether you have ever once chanced to meet with a Stoick so perfect, as never to be overcome by pain, never to be drawn aside after pleasure, never to be angry, always superior to envy, a despiser of riches, and, in short, a happy man, the model of every virtue. A failure in any the least particular, you know, forfeits his character, however superior he may be in other respects.

Hermotimus. I own, I have never yet seen such a man.

Lycinus. Well said, Hermotimus! you do right in not telling a lie: but why, then, will you continue this pursuit of yours, when it is so very clear, that neither your master, nor your master's master, nor any one of them up to the tenth generation, if you like to go so far back, ever was a truly wise, and consequently a truly happy man? and to make an approach to happiness, though never so near, is doing nothing:

nothing: you do not pretend to set any value on that. The man standing close by the outside of the door, and he who stands at a distance from it, are both of them beyond the threshold, both in the open air, and only differ in this, that the former must be the more mortified on finding himself so near the good things in the house, which are only just out of his reach. Do you think it then worth your while, allowing it possible, to take such pains for making a mere approach to happiness? to wear out so great a portion of your life, as you have already done, in continual labours and watchings, without the smallest regard to your own comfort? You are bent double with fatigue, and yet are ready to persist to the age of fourscore, if any body will but insure your attaining that age, only that you may be one of the many never yet made happy; unless you suppose yourself the only one who is to compass what so many others, as good men as you, and much more alert in pursuit, have never been able to overtake: but, even taking your success for granted, I cannot see, I confess, what good can be imagined to counterbalance all these toils and troubles: and where are you to find time

for enjoying it, old as you are, with one foot in the grave, and past all relish for pleasure ; unless, my good Sir, you have another life in view, for which you are in training in this ; which seems just as wise as to perish with hunger, rather than put up with an ordinary meal ? You surely have never considered, that virtue consists in action, in doing justice, in wisdom, and fortitude ; if you (when I say you, I mean the greatest of all Philosophers) dismiss from your mind all virtuous care, and puzzle your brains with jargon, wasting the greatest part of your life in disputations and syllogisms ; and he, who attains the supremacy in such follies, is held up as a mighty conqueror. It is for this reason, I suppose, that you so greatly admire your old master, because he knows so perfectly well how to raise doubts and ask puzzling questions, to cavil, outwit, and entrap his opponent. Without regarding the fruit, all your care is for the bark and the leaves, which you throw in one another's faces from morning till night ; which is all that you do the whole day long.

Hermotimus. I do not deny it.

Lycinus. May it not then be very properly

said of you, that you let go the substance, to catch at the shadow? that you pick up no more of the snake than his skin? or, rather, that you are beating water with a pestle, and make a mighty matter of it, without considering, that water will still be water, though you should pound your heart out over your mortar? Give me leave to ask you a question. Would you wish to live like this master of yours, or only to talk like him? Would you, for instance, be as passionate, as avaricious, as litigious, as libidinous? He is all that I say, you may depend upon it, whatever may be thought of him by others.

Hermotimus. Some persons think so.

Lycinus. Shall I tell you, Hermotimus, what a certain man, much advanced in years, whose house is much resorted to by youth for instruction, has lately said for the honour of Philosophy? He was demanding his pay of one of his disciples, and flew into a violent passion, because, he said, the young man had broke his word, in not paying him sixteen days before, according to agreement. The uncle of the youth happening to be within hearing, a plain kind of man, and untutored in such matters,

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asked

asked him what he had to complain of so grievously. If we have not paid you for your words, you are in no want of them, most admirable Sir: your stock is not at all diminished, and your learning remains in your own possession as much as ever; besides, I must tell you, that my sending this lad to you has not answered my purpose: you have not reformed his manners in any respect. He has been guilty of a rape, and must have suffered for it, but that Echecrates, the young woman's father, happens to be a poor man, whom I could buy off. He dropped his prosecution, but it cost me a talent * of gold. It was but the other day, that he gave his mother a slap in the face, because, truly, she had detected him with a cask of wine secreted under his coat, which he was carrying off, to make merry with amongst such as himself: and as to resentment, rage, impudence, audaciousness, and lying, he is ten times worse than he was a twelvemonth ago; though it was in these respects that I wished him to be reformed, and not that he might learn to pester us at every meal with his

* 193l 15s.

story of the crocodile seizing the child, and promising to let him go, if the father should but answer some silly question or other, about I know not what. He lays much stress on proving, that, when it is day, it is not night; and now and then, in his strange way, talks to us of horns*. All this is ridiculous enough: but what do you think of his stopping his ears for the purpose of uninterrupted and profound meditation on habits, and relations, and comprehensions, and other unintelligible terms, with which he perplexes us? The Supreme Being, I have heard him say, does not reside in Heaven, but is universally extended, penetrating trees, and stones, and animals; and in short every thing the most insignificant. On being interrogated by his mother, how he could trifle so egregiously, he only turned up his nose at her, and insisted upon it, that a thorough acquaintance with what she called trifles could not fail to make him the only man truly rich, the only man truly a king, in comparison of whom the rest of the world would be no better

* Horns of a dilemma.

than dirty slaves. To his uncle, what wise answer do you think the Philosopher made? "Can you suppose," said he, "that the boy would not have been much worse than he is, if you had not sent him to me? But for my instructions, do not you think he would have come to the gallows before now? My Philosophy has been a bridle to him. His reverence for my doctrine has kept him within the bounds of moderation, so that hitherto he is tolerable enough. His fear of shame, and of disgracing his habit and profession, operates as a constant check upon him. If therefore I am not to be paid because he is not better, I certainly am entitled to some recompence for his not being worse; as little children are sent to school, not with a view of improvement, but to keep them out of the way of mischief. In all other respects I have done my duty by him. Take but a competent judge, any person you please, and come to me to-morrow morning, and you shall be convinced what questions he can ask, what answers he can give; how much he has learnt, how many books he has read about axioms, and syllogisms, and comprehensions, and offices, and

and a thousand other things. If he beats his mother, or has done violence to a maid, what is that to me? I am not answerable for his boyish tricks." Thus did the old man talk about Philosophy; and do you mean to tell me it is very well if it makes us no worse? or, do not you think the study of it was undertaken with higher views, that, after being Philosophers, we might hope to be something better than the common herd of mankind? You are silent. What! no reply?

Hermotimus. What can I say, except that I am thoroughly convinced what a fool I have been! To think of so much time, and pains, and money, so unprofitably employed, is enough to bring tears in my eyes. I am like a man, who, after being drunk, feels when he is sober what he has been doing.

Lycinus. Spare your tears, however, my friend. Why not follow the sage advice of Æsop? A certain man, the fable says, sitting on the shore of a tempestuous sea, was endeavouring to number the waves, and fretted not a little to find himself so far out in his reckoning; till a fox, coming up, begged to know why he troubled his head about what was past.

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“ Never mind,” said he, “ the waves that are gone ; your business is with the waves to come.” In the same manner ought you, being made sensible of your error, to act accordingly, and become a good citizen, by renouncing all extraordinary pretensions, and behaving yourself just as other men do. Being old is no reason for being ashamed of making a change for the better ; which you will do if you are wise. And do not you imagine, my friend, that what has been said by me is owing to any previous dislike of the porch, any old grudge against the Stoicks, as the very same reasoning is equally applicable to every other sect ; and I should have said just the same, if you had been a disciple of Plato or Aristotle, confining my censure to your particular case, without any enmity to one sect more than another.

Hermotimus. I am much obliged to you, and from this moment relinquish my habit. You shall see me no longer with this tremendous beard, nor putting myself under any ridiculous restraint in my manner of living, but free and easy as I ought to be ; nay, it is very possible I may make my appearance in purple, to convince every body that I am no longer the trifler

I have

I have been. I wish I could as easily throw up every word I have swallowed. I would as soon as Chrysippus *, though not for the same reason, gulp down a draught of hellebore, if it would but thoroughly purge my mind. As to you, Lycinus, I can never sufficiently thank you. You saw me giving myself up, and going fast down the dirty stream, when, like the propitious deity in the play, you interfered, and have rescued me from the torrent. I think I should shave my head, like a man escaped from shipwreck, and keep holiday for being restored to the use of my sight. As to Philosophers, if I should ever hereafter unwittingly happen to meet one, I will be as much on my guard against him, as I would be careful to get out of the way of a mad dog.

* Chrysippus cleared his head with hellebore before his dispute with Carneades.

HERODOTUS,

HERODOTUS; OR, AETION.

LUCIAN'S Address to a Macedonian Audience.

I WISH it were possible for me to imitate Herodotus in his other * excellencies ; I do not say all of them, for that would be too great a presumption. The elegance of his diction, the harmony of his periods, the familiar aptness of his native Ionick, his richness of expression, with his many other perfections, are far beyond the extent of my hopes, who aspire only to follow his example in a single particular. And his conduct after composing his history, and the means by which he made himself so conspicuous a character in Greece, I think, may be copied by almost any man. When he sailed from Caria to Greece, he considered with himself in what manner he might distinguish himself

* This speech is without beginning and ending.

and

and his writings, in as little time, and with as little trouble, as possible. To go about the country, reciting his history one day at Athens, another day at Corinth, and another at Lacedæmon, he foresaw, would be very tedious and tiresome. He therefore gave up the thought of collecting the public opinion in this scattered manner, and consulted the best means of engaging the attention of all Greece at once; which he was glad to find might be expected at the Olympick games, then just going to begin, when the principal persons would be assembled there from all quarters. On this wished-for occasion he entered the postern of the temple, not as a spectator, but as a candidate for victory; and recited his work in so engaging a manner, that every one present was charmed with it, and his nine books of history were afterwards distinguished from each other by the names of the nine Muses. He thus became much more celebrated than even the victors, the name of Herodotus being repeated by every body, not only known to those who had been present at the games, but to those who enquired of their neighbours what had passed there. Whenever he appeared, he
was

was immediately pointed out to be Herodotus ; Herodotus, who wrote in the Ionick dialect a history of the wars ; Herodotus, who had celebrated the victories of his countrymen. Thus, in one general assembly, his history having been honoured with the suffrages of the whole people, the same compendious way to fame was afterwards studied and put in practice by many others ; of which Hippias the Sophist of Elis, Prodicus of Ceos, Anaximenes of Chios, and Polus of Agrigentum, may be mentioned as instances. They all found how much was gained in point of time by displaying their talents before a numerous audience. But I need not have recourse for examples to the old Sophists, Historians, or Rhetoricians ; when, but the other day, I am told, Aetion the painter, by exhibiting the nuptials of Alexander at the Olympick games, so pleased Praxenidas the judge, that he gave him his daughter in marriage. Here it may be asked, what could be imagined so extraordinary in this picture, as to induce the president of the games to bestow his daughter on the painter, a mere stranger ? I will tell you ; for it is in Italy, and I have seen it. It represents a very fine chamber contain-
ing

ing a nuptial bed, on which sits the beautiful Roxana, with Alexander standing by. While her eyes are fixed on the ground, with all a virgin's fears, the Cupids are smiling around her. One is removing her veil, and giving Alexander a sight of her face; another takes off her sandals; another is laying hold of Alexander's robe, and with all his little strength pulling him to his bride. The king has a crown in his hand, which he is offering to Roxana. Hephæstion, leaning on a beautiful boy, appears as the bridegroom's attendant with a burning torch. The nameless figure, I believe, is Hymen. There are, besides, several little Loves playing with Alexander's arms: two of them are carrying his spear on their shoulders, and resemble a couple of porters bending beneath the weight of a beam of timber; one, personating the king, reclines on his buckler, which two others are dragging along by the two handles; another has hid himself in the coat of mail, intending to pop out and surprise the others, as they pass by. All this was not without its meaning; the painter's design was to shew, that, enamoured as he was of Roxana, Alexander was at the same time no less smitten with the charms of Glory. It
was

was by this picture, that Aetion won his bride, the resemblance of a wedding ending in the reality. But to return to Herodotus: he judged the Olympick games a seasonable opportunity for an Historian, who had recorded the noble actions of their countrymen, to make himself known to the Greeks. But do not, because I say this, do not, I beg and beseech you, imagine me so mad as to think of putting myself on a footing with Herodotus. By all that is friendly, I have no such presumption, though I must needs say that in one circumstance there is something similar between us: for, from my first coming into Macedonia, I found myself equally ambitious of being generally known, and shewing what I could do; to effect which, I considered with myself what would be the best way of proceeding. To go about Macedonia from city to city at this time of the year seemed hardly practicable; and I concluded the wisest way would be to take the advantage of such a meeting as this, when I might recite my compositions to a whole people at once, and, as I fondly hoped, not be disappointed in my expectations. And now here you are all before me, the most respectable men from every place,
the

the principal men from all Macedonia, assembled together in a commodious city. You are not here squeezed up in the blind alleys of Pisa, not crammed into tents and huts, sweating for want of room. You are not the dregs of the people, better pleased with the feats of wrestlers than the reading of Herodotus. No; it is here that I address myself to the most celebrated Rhetoricians, Historians, and Sages, an assembly hardly less numerous and respectable than that of Olympia. You must think me a bold man indeed, were you to propose matching me with a Polydamas, or Glaucus, or Milo: but I am not so sanguine; I only beg leave to exhibit my talents singly, such as they are, for which I shall be sufficiently consoled, if I only escape with impunity.

ZEUXIS;

ZEUXIS; OR, ANTIOCHUS.

ANOTHER INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

GOING home the other day after finishing my discourse, a great number of my auditors came to me, (you are all my friends, or I would not mention it), seized hold of my hand, and appeared to be all admiration, running on so fast one after another in my praises, that they really made one blush, and I was half afraid of their finding me some time or other not to be the man they took me for. That which they chiefly insisted on, and in which declaration they all agreed, was the novelty of my manner in a species of composition so little practised. I will repeat to you their own words: "How very new is all this! how very admirable! this is indeed a man of genius, of invention! Was ever any thing more original than this?"

I thought

I thought they must have been greatly affected by what they had heard, to use such expressions as these in speaking of a stranger, whom they could have so little reason to flatter by concealing their real sentiments, and in whose success they could not be supposed to be much interested. And yet, notwithstanding all this extravagant praise, I declare to you, when they were gone, and had left me to my own reflections, I found myself not a little mortified. What! said I to myself, have my writings nothing but novelty to recommend them? and am I praised for no other reason but because I go out of the beaten road? As for the choice of terms, the observance of antient rules, acuteness of thought, quickness of conception, Attic elegance, and harmonious arrangement of words, in all these I am to suppose myself deficient: for, unless that were the case, they would not thus have contented themselves with praising my manner of writing merely because they have not been accustomed to it. I expected indeed, according to Homer's * observation, that their ears would be attracted by

* Hom. Od. A. 351.

novelty; but at the same time I had the vanity to hope for more solid applause on other accounts. To tickle my audience with a new tune was the least part of my ambition, and only intended to recommend to their attention matters of more serious consequence. I was highly elated with thinking so, and ready enough to believe what I heard, when they pronounced me the greatest man in all Greece. But I find myself grievously disappointed, when I reflect on their thus confining their praise, which perhaps is hardly more than they would have bestowed on a mountebank. I will tell you a story of a painter. Zeuxis, having arrived at great eminence in his art, was not at all inclined to employ his pencil on common subjects, and seldom meddled with such ordinary things as gods, or heroes, or battles; but rather wished to be continually striking out something new, on which he might exert his utmost skill. Amongst other attempts, equally out of the common way, he painted a female Centaur suckling her twins. Of this picture there is an exact copy preserved at Athens. The original, it seems, had been sent by sea to Italy, by Sylla the Roman general; but, the ship being lost somewhere
somewhere

somewhere I think about Malea, the picture and every thing on board was lost at the same time. However, the copy is in the possession of a painter at Athens, where I have seen it; and, though I do not pretend to be a judge of pictures, I will describe it to you as well as I can. It made a great impression upon me, and is still fresh in my memory. The Centaur is represented on the grass, with that part which belongs to the mare reclining, and stretching back the hind legs. The other part, which belongs to the woman, is rising gently, leaning on her elbow. The forefeet are stretched out, as if she were lying on her side, but one of them has the hoof bent under, as if she were kneeling, while the other is in the act of rising, and presses the ground, just as a horse does when he wants to leap up. She holds one of her little ones in her arms, and gives it her woman's breast; while the other is sucking her dugs, like a young colt. In the upper part of the picture, as if in a place of observation, the husband Centaur is seen, not the whole of him indeed, but all above the waist. He has a lion's cub in his hand, which he holds up as if he would frighten his children; but the smile in his countenance shews

him to be only in jest. Those who are judges of painting speak of this picture as a masterly performance, and talk of the correctness of the lines, the happy mixing and disposition of the colours, the light and shade, the due proportion and consent of parts, with the highest admiration. What I was most struck with was the variety and riches of art displayed in one and the same piece. Zeuxis has exhibited his compound figure of man and horse so wild and terrible, with hair standing on end, hoisting up the shoulders; and has at the same time contrived to give his savage untamed monster a smile in his countenance: such was his male Centaur. The female resembled a fine Thessalian mare, unbroken, never having had a rider. The upper half, which was that of the woman, was extremely beautiful, all except the ears, which were like those of a satyr. The junction of the two bodies is made with such art, that you are scarcely sensible where the one begins and the other ends. The little ones, not without something already terrible in their aspect, were childishly stealing a look at the young lion, while at the same time they were clinging as close as possible to the mother's breast. I could not
but

but admire so exquisite a performance when Zeuxis first produced it. He expected universal approbation, as a thing of course; and so far he was not disappointed. All who saw it were loud in his praises, and delighted to dwell on the novelty of the thought; just as it has happened to me. But Zeuxis observing their attention fixed on his performance for no other reason but merely because it was new, without so much as considering how well it was executed, ordered Miccio, one of his scholars, to cover up the picture, and carry it home. These people, said he, have no praise for any thing besides my materials, taking very little notice of my skill in execution, so that they can but see something new in my subject. Zeuxis, perhaps, was too hasty; but something not unlike this happened to Antiochus Soter, in his war with the Gallogræci; which, if you will give me leave, you shall hear. Antiochus knowing his enemies to be very brave, as well as very numerous, seeing a mighty phalanx, and the first line covered by soldiers in brazen armour, twenty thousand horse supported by heavy-armed men four and twenty deep, in the centre fourscore chariots with scythes ready to advance, and the same

number of chariots with two horses each ; seeing all this, he began to despair of coping with forces that appeared invincible. The army which he led, being newly raised, made no appearance answerable to the war, and were few in number, most of them bearing the small target, and light armour ; indeed, one half of his men were only fit for skirmishing. He therefore thought of offering to treat, and getting as handsomely rid of the business as he could ; when Theodorus, the Rhodian, a brave man, and skilled in the art of tactics, coming up, advised him by no means to be disheartened. Antiochus was master of sixteen elephants, which Theodorus recommended to be kept concealed as much as possible till the battle began, and then, on the advancing of the enemy's host, the phalanx opening, and the chariots pushing forward, four of the elephants were to rush out on one of the divisions, and four on the other, while the remaining eight were to fall upon the chariots. By making this disposition he thought the horses would be so terribly frightened as to fall back upon their friends ; and so it happened : for, as neither the horses nor the men had ever seen an elephant before,
they

they were so dismayed at the sight, that before they came near them, when once they had heard the sound of their voice, had got a glimpse of their white tusks contrasted with their black hides, and seen them raise their frightful trunks, before a single dart was thrown, they fled on all sides in the utmost disorder. The foot became not only exposed to the javelins of one another, but were trod down by the horse rushing furiously upon them; while at the same time the chariots, being driven back on their own men, made dreadful havock amongst them, and were thrown topsy-turvy, with not a little noise, as Homer says *. The horses, no longer in any order being without drivers, and unable to sustain the shock of the elephants, dragged along the empty chariots at full speed, cutting and flashing with their scythes all that fell in their way; the elephants in the mean while treading down the soldiers, tossing them with their trunks into the air, or tearing their bodies piece-meal with their tusks. In short there was no resisting them; and thus Antiochus obtained a complete victory over the Gallo-græcians, who

* Hom. Il. II. 379.

suffered greatly, being all either killed or made prisoners of war, except a very few, who saved themselves by flight, and took refuge in the mountains. The Macedonians got round Antiochus, and crowned him, singing pæans to celebrate so great a victory. But he told his men, with tears in his eyes, that they were not to value themselves on a victory obtained in this manner ; since, but for the enemy being daunted by the sight of the elephants, they could have had no chance of success; and accordingly he would have no other figure but that of an elephant on the trophy, which was erected on the occasion. I am afraid I am in much the same situation with Antiochus ; and that we have neither of us any reason to be proud of our elephants and centaurs, which every body is so ready to admire, without allowing us the merit we claim in other respects. Has Zeuxis then painted, and have I written, for no better purpose than to produce something new ? Surely not ; for I am addressing my discourse to men capable of examining and judging. I only wish to produce something worthy of your attention.

THE TRUE HISTORY.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AS wrestlers, and others whose concern it is to preserve their bodily health and strength in the very best order, not only use the exercises proper for that purpose, but find it no less necessary to indulge themselves in seasonable relaxation; so ought men of letters, in my opinion, occasionally to relax from their more, severe studies, that they may afterwards be able to resume them with the greater alacrity. This they may very well do, by reposing the mind in books of elegant amusement, not destitute at the same time of agreeable information; such as, I flatter myself, the following work will be pronounced to be: for it is not merely the novelty of the subject, nor the selection of matter, made so as to engage the reader's attention; not the variety of lies, told with

with an air of truth ; but because every one is told with good-humour, and tacitly glances at some or other of those miraculous things so plentifully recorded by poets, historians, and philosophers, whose names I would have set down, but that I thought they would be sufficiently obvious without it. Ctesias, the son of Ctesiochus the Cnidian, has given us a description of India, with the several particulars relating to that country, none of which he ever saw or heard of. Iambulus has put down many wonderful things concerning the great sea, which all men must acknowledge to be lies ; but, at the same time, lies that are entertaining. Not to mention many others, who have favoured us with narratives of their travels and adventures amongst the huge beasts, cruel savages, and strange customs, never heard of before. But of all those who deal in the marvellous, their great archetype is Homer's Ulysses ; who talks to Alcineus of winds tied up in bags, of men with one eye in the middle of the forehead ; of men who eat raw flesh ; of men who live wild in the woods ; of monsters with many heads ; of his companions being bewitched, and becoming beasts ; and a thousand other things

things equally strange, which a half-witted Phœacian *, he thinks, may believe: and, indeed, I cannot so much blame these writers for lying, when I consider, that even philosophers, with all their solemnity, are apt enough to do the same. I only wonder how they could ever expect to be credited. For my own part, as I too am ambitious of leaving something to posterity, and not being willing to appear without my share of invention, having nothing else worth while, nothing of reality, to relate, I have resolved on giving my mind to lying, though I hope with a better grace than others have done; for I declare beforehand, that what I am going to say is every word of it false; and this is the only truth I shall utter. On the strength of this confession, I hope to be forgiven for writing about what I never saw, about what never concerned me, and what I never heard of from any body; about what has no existence, and never can have any. My readers, therefore, if I should have any, are in duty bound not to believe me.

* Tam vacui capitis populum Phœaca putavit. Juvenal XV. 23.

I once sailed from the pillars of Hercules, and, getting into the western ocean, proceeded on my voyage with a fair wind, having been induced to undertake it from a certain restless curiosity, and strong desire of seeing new sights. In particular, I wanted to know the extremity of the sea, and who they were that lived on the other side of it. Accordingly, I laid-in a large stock of provisions, and got a great quantity of water on board, as much as I thought would be sufficient for my purpose; besides, I engaged fifty of my friends to accompany me, all eager to embark in the same design. I provided arms, and was at no small expence in procuring a trusty pilot, who might be able to conduct my pinnace in an enterprize so full of danger. We went on, under an easy sail, for a day and a night, before we lost sight of land; but the next morning, about sun-rise, we experienced a change of weather. The wind blew strong, the waves ran high, the sky looked black, and we were unable to furl a sail. Giving way to the tempest, and letting our ship drive before it for threescore and nineteen days, at last, on the eightieth, the sun broke through a cloud, and we discovered an island at no great distance, which

which appeared high and woody, and washed by more gentle waves ; for the storm had in a great measure subsided. We made for it ; and, glad to get on shore again after our distress, stretched ourselves upon the ground for a considerable time ; after which we got up, and, leaving thirty of our company in charge of the vessel, I took twenty with me, to see what we could discover respecting the island ; when, in passing through a wood about three furlongs from the sea, we espied a brazen pillar, inscribed with great letters, nearly effaced by time, but which, however, we made shift to read. It was to this purpose : “ Thus far came Hercules and Bacchus.” At a little distance were the impressions of two footsteps, one of them measuring about an acre, the other not quite so much. The former I took to be that of Hercules, the latter of Bacchus ; to which two deities we paid our adoration, and then proceeded. We had not gone far before we found ourselves on the banks of a flowing river, exactly resembling wine, and especially the wine of Chios*. The stream was so copious,

* Of the virtues of Chian wine the songs of the antient poets bear ample testimony.

that

that in some places it really seemed navigable ; which made us the more willing to credit the inscription on the pillar, when we beheld such manifest tokens of the propitious Bacchus. Having an inclination to find out the head of this river, I proceeded up the stream ; but, instead of arriving at any spring, I came to numberless vines of a prodigious size, all full of grapes. At the root of each flowed wine, drop by drop ; and of these drops from the vines the river was composed. We saw fishes in it in great abundance, of a vinous colour and flavour, some of which we caught, and got drunk by eating them ; their bellies were full of lees, which gave them too strong a taste ; till we found out a way to remedy it, by mixing our fishes with those caught in fresh water. Passing over the river, in a place where it was fordable, we met with another extraordinary species of vine : that part of the vine which is next to the ground is a green thick stem ; while the upper part resembles a woman, perfect from the waist ; such as you have seen Daphne described in a picture, changing into a tree the very moment that Apollo is going to seize her. They

bear branches, with clusters of grapes growing on the ends of their fingers; and their heads, instead of hair, are covered with tendrils, and leaves, and fruit. As we approached them, they took us by the hand, and saluted us, some speaking Lydian, others Indian, but most of them Greek: they now and then would needs kiss us; but whoever was thus favoured became immediately so intoxicated, that he could no longer keep a steady pace: meanwhile, they were so far from offering us any of their fruit, that, on our attempting to take it, they screamed out most pitifully; notwithstanding which, they were communicative enough in other respects; for two of our companions got so entangled in their embraces, that every limb coalesced, and we left them in a fair way to be fruitful. On returning to our ship, we told what we had seen, and the occasion of leaving our two friends behind us. We then provided ourselves with a sufficient number of casks; and having laid-in a stock of water, and wine from the river, we passed the night at no great distance from it, and weighed anchor in the morning, with a moderate breeze. About noon we lost sight of the island; when, all on a sudden,

sudden, a dreadful hurricane came on, which whirled us up into the air to the height of about three thousand furlongs, and kept us suspended at that distance from the sea, the wind swelling our sails, and driving the vessel before it, for seven days and nights; at last, on the eighth day, we discovered land, which we took to be a large island. It appeared to be of a globular figure, and shone, as if full of light. We made up to it; and going ashore, we found it an inhabited and cultivated country; which was all that was to be seen in the day-time; but, as the night came on, other islands appeared, of different sizes, some larger, some smaller, and of the colour of fire. There was one country, which, from its low situation, and the cities, seas, rivers, and woods, belonging to it, we took to be our own. Having resolved on pursuing our journey, we happened to fall-in with the Hippogypi*, and were taken prisoners by them. These Hippogypi, you must know, are men, who, instead of horses, ride upon large birds; and those birds are vultures with three heads. You may judge of their size,

* Horse-vultures.

when

when you are told, that one of their wings is longer and thicker than the mast of a merchant-ship. These Hippogypi have strict orders, if they find any stranger, as they fly about, to conduct him immediately to the king; and accordingly we were carried before him. As soon as he saw us, and had examined our dress; "You are Greeks, my friends," said he; are you not?" On our acknowledging that we were: "And how got you hither," added he, "through such a tract of air?" We told him our whole story; and he as readily told us his; saying, "that he too was a man, Endymion by name, who had been taken away from our earth while he lay asleep, and brought up hither, where he reigned a sovereign prince. That which you see below," said he, "and take to be the moon, is the earth. But do not be alarmed, nor make yourselves uneasy, for you are in no danger, and will experience no want of any thing. If," said he, "I can but bring this war against the people of the Sun to a fortunate conclusion, you may pass your lives very happily here with me." On our enquiring who were his enemies, and how the quarrel began: "The Sun," said he, "is inhabited, as well as

the Moon ; and Phaeton, the king of the former, has been a long time at war with us, for no other reason than this : “ As the Morning-Star was uninhabited, I had intended settling a colony in it, which was to consist of such of my poor subjects as could not subsist at home ; but was opposed in my design by the envious Phaeton, who attacked us on our march, when we had got about half way, with his Hippomyrmeces *, with which not being prepared to encounter, we found ourselves obliged to retreat. I have not, however, laid aside all thoughts of the colony ; but, on the contrary, am resolved on renewing the war ; and, if you are disposed to join in the expedition, I am ready to equip every man of your party with a royal vulture, and all accoutrements fit for a soldier. We shall set out to-morrow.” “ With all our hearts,” said I, “ as soon as you please.” We then sat down to an entertainment, which he had provided, and, getting up very early the next morning, advanced in order to meet the enemy, who, we understood by our spies, were at no great distance. The army was a hundred

* Horfe-pismires.

thousand strong, without reckoning the sutlers, and engineers, and foot, and foreign auxiliaries. Of these last there were fourscore thousand Hippogypi, and twenty thousand Lachanopterian cavalry. The Lachanopteri * are very large birds, covered all over with cabbages instead of feathers, and having wings that look like lettuces. Then came the Cenchroboli † and Scorodomachi ‡. Our allies from the North were thirty thousand Pnyllotoxotæ § and fifty thousand Anemodromi ||. The Pnyllotoxotæ are mounted on fleas, from which they derive their name, each flea being about as big as a dozen elephants. The Anemodromi are foot-soldiers, and do service in the air, though without wings: their manner of marching is this: tucking-up their long gowns, which come below their ankles, they use them as sails, and are wafted along by the wind, like so many boats. In battle they generally bear a target, in form of a half-moon. There was a report of the army being joined by five thousand Hippogerani ¶,

* Αζχαρον, a pot-herb, and πτερον, a wing.

† Millet-driers.

‡ Garlic-fighters.

§ Flea-archers.

|| Wind-courfers.

¶ Horse-cranes.

and seventy thousand Struthobalani* from the stars over Cappadocia; but, as they never came, I did not see them, nor do I venture to describe them: I only observe, that many very wonderful stories were told of them. Such were the forces of Endymion, all armed in uniform. Their helmets were made of beans; for the beans there are large and strong; and, the skins of their lupines being hard and impenetrable as horn, they make their breast-plates of them. Their shields and spears do not differ from ours. When all was ready, the troops were thus formed: the Hippogypi occupied the right wing, where the king stood, supported by us and other brave fellows to be depended on. On the left were the Lachanopteri: to the auxiliaries was allotted the intermediate space; and we numbered in all about six hundred millions of foot. Spiders are there in great abundance, and larger than ours, as you can hardly find one so little as all the islands of the Cyclades put together. A party of these had orders to make webs all the way between the Moon and the Morning Star; which orders being immedi-

* Acorn-sparrows.

ately executed, and the field of battle thus prepared, the infantry were drawn up under the command of Nycteron, the son of Eudianax. The left wing of the enemy, commanded by Phaeton, was made up of the Hippomyrmeces; these are large flying animals resembling ants, only larger, the largest of them covering about a couple of acres. They generally fight with their horns, as their riders do. Their number was said to be about fifty thousand. In the right wing were stationed about five thousand Aeroconopes*, all of them mounted on gnats of an extraordinary bigness. Next to them were the Aeorocoraces†, light infantry, but brave warriors, flinging huge radishes to a vast distance, which occasion immediate death to every one they hit. An intolerable stench is emitted from the wounds made by these weapons, which are said to be poisoned with mallows. The next were the Caulomycetes‡, to the number of ten thousand, heavy-armed soldiers, and inured to close engagements; they have their name from their shields and spears,

* Air-gnats.

† Air-crows.

‡ Stalk and mushroom-men.

the former being mushrooms, and the latter the stalks of asparagus. Next to them were posted five thousand Cynobalani *, sent in aid by the people of Sirius; these are men with dogs faces, who fight on winged acorns. But the expected succours from Sirius were part of them missing, together with the Nephelocentauri, and a certain number of slingers that had been sent from the milky way. The Nephelocentauri indeed made their appearance at last, when it was too late, and when they might as well have been at home; but the Slingers never came at all, which enraged Phaeton to such a degree, that I hear he set their city on fire. The enemy was now prepared for attacking us, when the signal being given, and the asses braying on each side (for such were the trumpeters), the engagement began. The left wing of the Helioss very soon gave way, being unable to sustain the onset of the Hippogypi, and we pursued them with great slaughter; though their right wing obtained an advantage over our left. The Aeroconopes eagerly pushing forwards penetrated as far as our infantry, by whose timely

* Acorn-dogs.

aid however we flood our ground, till the enemy, finding their left wing had been worsted, were obliged to betake themselves to flight. Being thoroughly routed, there was a prodigious slaughter of them, and great numbers were made prisoners. The clouds were died red by the streams of blood, which gave them just such an appearance as we now and then observe at sunset; a great deal making its way through the clouds fell upon the earth, as I dare say it did long ago on some occasion or other amongst the gods; which gave rise to Homer's story of Jupiter's raining blood at the death of Sarpedon *. After returning from the pursuit, we erected two trophies; the one in honour of our infantry, who had so distinguished themselves on the spider's web, and the other in the clouds, to commemorate our battle in the air. While we were thus employed, intelligence was brought us by our spies, that the Nephelocentauri, who were to have joined Phaeton before the action, were now coming up, making, as they drew nearer, a very uncommon appearance, as they are a composition

* Hom. Il. II, 459.

of men and winged horses. The upper part, I mean the man, of each of them is about as big as the Colossus of Rhodes, and the lower, or horse-part, as large as a good stout ship. I do not mention the number of them, having some doubt whether the reader would believe there could be so many; but I shall inform him, that Sagitarius of the Zodiack was their commander. They had no sooner heard of their friends being defeated, than they dispatched a message to Phaeton, for the purpose of renewing the fight; when immediately forming, without farther loss of time, they fell on the Selenites, while they were scattered about in the utmost disorder, and thinking only of securing the spoils of the vanquished. The Selenites were all put to flight, the birds almost all slain, and the king was pursued quite to his own city; after which these conquerors pulled down the trophies, overran the whole plain woven by the spiders, and took me and two of my companions prisoners. And now, Phaeton being arrived, they set up trophies in their turn; and the very same day we prisoners were conducted to the king, having our hands tied behind our backs with the thread of a spider's web.

web. They did not stay to besiege the city, but concluded on returning home, and blocked up all the intermediate air so effectually by a double wall of clouds, that the Sun's rays could no longer reach the Moon, which occasioned a total and perpetual eclipse. In this unhappy state of continual darkness, Endymion sent ambassadors, humbly beseeching them to pity the calamities of his people, and pull down the wall, that they might once more see the light ; offering at the same time to pay tribute, to assist in their wars, and promising to rebel no more ; for the due observance of all which he was ready to send hostages. Phaeton called two councils on receiving this embassy, at the first of which the members would hearken to no intreaty ; but at the second their anger being somewhat abated, a peace was concluded on these terms : " The Heliots and their allies, on the one part, have entered into a treaty with the Selenites and their allies on the other part. The Heliots agree to pull down the wall, not to invade the moon for the future, and are willing to restore the captives for a stipulated ransom. The Selenites are not to molest the other stars, nor pretend to any right of interfering

fering in their government : they are not to make war on the Heliots ; but, on the contrary, the two powers are to assist each other, in case of either being invaded. The king of the Selenites is to pay to the king of the Heliots an annual tribute of ten thousand barrels of dew, and give ten thousand hostages by way of security. The two covenanting powers will join in establishing a colony in the Morning-Star ; and allow any person, who may be so disposed, to settle in it. This treaty is inscribed on a pillar of amber in the middle of the air, between the respective boundaries. To the due observance of which, on the part of the Heliots, Pyronides, Therites, and Phlogius, do solemnly swear ; and, on the part of the Selenites, Nyctor, Menius, and Polyampus." Thus a peace was concluded ; after which the wall was pulled down, and we prisoners regained our liberty. On our return to the moon, we were met by our friends, who embraced us with tears of joy. Even Endymion was much affected, and used many intreaties to prevail on us to stay where we were, or make part of the new colony, as we liked best ; but I, for one, absolutely refused to do
either,

either, on any terms, and begged to be let down into the sea. When he found that all his intreaties were vain, he contented himself with feasting us for seven days, and then dismissed us. I shall now relate a few circumstances, which fell under my observation during our stay in the Moon. When a man is worn out with old age, he does not die, but is dissolved in the air like smoke. Every one eats as his neighbour does : they have vast numbers of flying-frogs, which they roast on the coals, and, getting round the fire, lick up the fume as well as they can, and thus they all fare. Their drink is air strained into a cup, which produces a kind of dew. It is the custom with us to retire now and then to a convenient place ; but they have no such calls, nor any such outlets as we have. Baldness with them is beauty, and accordingly they are disgusted with long hair ; whereas, in the comets, as we happened to hear from some travellers we met with, the case is the very reverse. Their beards grow a little above the knee ; and they have but one toe, which is without any nail. They have a huge colewort growing behind, like a tail, which is remarkable for being always green, and not
breaking

breaking by a fall upon it. When they use any strong exercise, which occasions a sweat, their whole body flows with milk, which makes very good cheese *, when mixed with their honey; and that they blow from their noses. Their oil, which is extracted from onions, is very rich, and has the fragrancy of a perfume. Their vines, which they have in great abundance, bear water, and the grape-stones are like hail; and indeed I believe, when our hail comes rattling about our ears, it is nothing more than the effect of a high wind, which shakes the vines so as to beat out the stones from the grapes. Their bellies, which they open and shut at pleasure, serve them for sacks, to hold any thing they want; and as they have no liver, nor intestines, to take up any room, the young children creep in, when they are cold, to warm themselves; a purpose which such a belly answers very well, the inside being all over hairy. The garments of the rich, being made of glass, are very soft and delicate; but the poorer sort wear brass, as it is so easily had

* Why make cheese, if they live entirely on frogs?
Lias thou I have good memories, the proverb says.

from

from its great abundance, and, sprinkling it with water, spin it and weave it, as you would do wool. I am almost afraid to mention their eyes, lest you should doubt my veracity; but, incredible as it may seem to you, they are made to put in and take out; which is a good way of preserving their sight; for there are many persons so considerate, as never to think of putting an eye into the socket, unless where there is something extraordinary to look at. Those who are careless enough to lose their own eyes, borrow of their neighbours; and there are rich men amongst them, who always keep a stock by them ready for use. Their ears are the leaves of the plane-tree; I mean, except those who, as I before observed to you, are the children of acorns; for they have ears of timber. There was something in the king's palace which surpris'd me: it was a very large looking-glass in a well; and it is so contrived, that whoever goes down into the well, which is not very deep, is sure of hearing every thing said above-ground; and, what is still more unaccountable to me, if he looks into the glass, he sees every nation and city of this world as distinctly as if he were upon the spot. I myself
had

had a view of my own country, and had the pleasure of seeing my friends: but whether they could see me in the well, I really cannot take upon me to say. I only affirm what I know to be true; which if any man doubts, let him repair to the place, to be convinced. After taking leave of the king and his courtiers, I then embarked. Endymion was pleased to present me with a couple of glass jackets, and five of brass, together with a complete suit of armour, made of lupines: all which I unluckily left behind me in the whale's* belly. Not contented with this, he sent us a thousand Hippogypi, who were to escort us to the distance of five hundred furlongs. Sailing along, we passed a variety of countries, and touched at the Morning-Star, where, on going on shore to get water, we found the inhabitants greatly increased by the accession of the new colony. From thence, steering our course to the Zodiack, and leaving the Sun on our left, we found ourselves close-in with the shore; which however the wind would not permit us to set foot on, though my companions were very desirous

* Of which the reader will hear again presently.

of doing it. The appearance of green fields made us sensible, that the country was well watered, rich, and plentiful; when, on a sudden, the Nephelocentauri, who are mercenaries in the service of Phaeton, chancing to espy us, came furiously on board our ship; but retired, on recollecting that we were comprehended in the treaty of peace. The Hippogypi having left us to ourselves, we continued sailing downwards during the night, and the greatest part of the next day; when, towards evening, we found ourselves at Lychnopolis, an aerial city below the Zodiack, and lying between the Pleiades and the Hyades. On our landing, instead of men, we could only see a great number of candles hurrying from place to place, between the harbour and the market-place. Most of them were poor little things indeed; but there were some few of a better sort, very shining and rich in light. Every one was provided with his candlestick to live in; and they had all of them names, as men have. We listened to their conversation; and, so far were they from offering us any injury, that they very kindly invited us to their houses: notwithstanding which, we could not get the better of
our

our fears, and had not the least disposition either to eat or sleep. The residence of the prince is in the middle of the city, where he keeps his court all night long, calling over the candles by their names; and they that do not make their appearance, and answer for themselves, are condemned to extinction, as deserters of their post. We were near enough to hear all that passed, and heard several of the tardy ones put upon their defence; when presently I recognized my own candle amongst them; and, addressing my discourse to him, asked him how things went on at home; and he told me all that had passed. Here we spent the night; but weighed our anchor the following day, and sailed very near the clouds; so near, as to descry the city of Nephelococcygia, which we could not but admire; though we were unable to land, the wind being against us. The name of the king, Coronus*, the son of Cottyphion*, put me in mind of Aristophanes† the poet, a very wise man, and of undoubted veracity, who was no stranger to the family. After three days,

we

* The crow, son of the blackbird.

† See his comedy of the birds.

we had a distinct view of the ocean; but no land was to be seen, except those countries which are pendent in the air, and which appeared very bright and fiery. On the fourth day about noon, the wind abating by degrees, we were let gently down into the sea; and you can hardly imagine how much we were delighted the moment we came in contact with the water. We all went to supper on such as we had; and presently jumped into the sea, and swam; for it was quite a calm, all smooth and serene as could be. But, I believe, a change for the better is often nothing more than a prelude to greater evils than ever. We had now passed two days at sea; when, early in the morning of the third, about the rising of the sun, we were surprised all at once with the sight of a multitude of whales, and other sea-monsters of prodigious size; but one far exceeding all the rest; being not less than full fifteen hundred furlongs in length. He advanced towards us, open-mouthed, driving and dashing through the foaming waves, shewing his teeth, which were dreadfully sharp, appearing to us like so many long poles, and white as ivory itself. We embraced, and took our last leave

of each other ; when up he came ; and, at one gulp, swallowed both us and our ship. Not that we found ourselves injured by his teeth, for the vessel slipped between two of them, and carried us very safely down. When we had got within him, all about us, for some time, was darkness, nothing at all to be seen ; but by and by, on his yawning, we saw very plainly our situation, which was in a belly big enough to hold a city with ten thousand inhabitants. There lay scattered about, here and there, a great number of fishes of a smaller sort, with fragments of various animals, besides sails and anchors of ships, bones of men, and bales of goods. There was land too, and several hills, which seemed to me to have been formed from the mud, which he had occasionally swallowed with his victuals. These hills were covered with a wood, in which were trees of all kinds ; not to mention pot-herbs and other plants, that shewed the country, which might be about two hundred and forty furlongs round, to be in a high state of cultivation. In the branches of the trees there were nests of different birds ; sea-gulls, for instance, and king-fishers, which breed there. Our situation at first was irksome enough,

enough, and we could not help shedding many tears; but, at length, I prevailed with my companions to be comforted, and set about securing our vessel, which we made as steady as we could, and then struck a light, kindled a fire, and dressed such a supper as the place afforded. We were at no loss for fish of all kinds; nor in any want of water, having still some left, which we had brought from the Morning-Star. When we got up the next morning, we could plainly perceive, whenever the whale opened his mouth, sometimes mountains, very often islands, and now and then only the sky; from which we concluded, that he must go at a great rate from one part of the sea to another. In a little time our place of abode became more familiar to us; and I resolved on taking a walk, and seeing every thing that was to be seen; in which resolution seven of my companions readily concurred, and we set out together to go through the wood. Before we had proceeded four furlongs in it, I discovered a temple of Neptune, for such it appeared from the inscription, and presently after several graves with pillars erected over them, and close by a fountain of pure water.

These circumstances, with the noise of dogs barking, and the appearance of smoke at some distance, made us immediately conjecture, that we could not be very far from some house or other. On this we mended our pace, and presently came up with an old man and a young one, who were very busy in their little garden, into which they were turning a stream of spring-water. Thus, in one and the same instant, we were equally delighted and dismayed; nor were they, as you may easily suppose, less affected than ourselves: they stood speechless for some time, lost in astonishment. At length, however, the old man broke silence, and asked us who we were, and whence we came. "Are ye dæmons of the sea," said he, "or unfortunate men like ourselves? for men we are, or have been at least, being born and bred on dry land, though now so much out of our element. This great creature carries us wherever he goes, and we swim about in his belly, ignorant what is to become of us, and hardly able to say whether we are alive or dead." I answered, "We also are men, old father, I assure you, and quite strangers here, you may depend upon it, till the other day, when our ship
and

and ourselves were gulped down together at once. We had just taken a walk, to see what this great wood contains; and it can be no other than some divinity, who has led our steps this way, where we learn that we are not the only persons imprisoned in this monster. But pray tell us your story, who you are, and by what means you came hither." This he positively refused to do; nor would he ask any more questions of us till he had taken us to his house, and made us partake of such as he had. He had contrived to get beds, and make every thing very commodious in this habitation of his, in which we were treated with pot-herbs, fruits, fish, and wine; and it was not till we had all of us had quite enough, that he began to enquire into the history of our adventures. Upon this, I recounted every thing in due order, the tempest, what befel us in the island, our voyage in the air, the war, and, in short, all that passed to the time of our descent into the whale. He expressed the greatest astonishment at my story, and then began his own. "My good friends," said he, "I am a Cyprian by birth; and, being a merchant, business called me from home, and I sailed for Italy,

U 3 accompanied

accompanied by several servants, and this young man, who is my son. I took with me a heavy cargo of various articles, loading the large ship which very probably you have seen wrecked in the whale's mouth. We had a very good voyage as far as Sicily, when a contrary wind got up, and, blowing with great violence for three whole days, drove us into the ocean, where we fell-in with this fish, and were swallowed up in a moment, ship and men together. My son and myself are the only persons of the crew that were saved, all the rest having perished. After burying our companions, and building a temple to Neptune, here we have been as you see us ever since. We raise pot-herbs, on which, together with fish and the fruits of trees, we make a shift to live. Here is a very large wood, you see, and it abounds with grapes affording us most delicious wine; and, I dare say, you would take notice of a fountain of fine fresh water. We have plenty of fuel, and, as to our beds, we make them of leaves. We catch birds that fly in our way, and, when we want to fish, we have nothing to do but get out upon the gills of the whale, where we are sure of sport, and where at the same time we have the
conveniency

conveniency of bathing in salt water, whenever we please; for there is a lake in the neighbourhood, of about twenty furlongs in circumference, which breeds all kinds of fishes, and in which we can amuse ourselves with swimming or sailing about in a little boat, which I have constructed for that purpose. It is now full seven and twenty years since we were thus ingulfed; but indeed I must needs say, that, excepting our next neighbours, who are an ill-natured, surly, unfociable savage race; every thing else is tolerable. "What," said I, "are there others besides ourselves in this whale?" "O yes," replied he, "a great many more, and a horrid figure they make, and are strangers to all hospitality. In the wood on the west, towards the tail, the Tarichanes * live, a people with eyes of eels, and faces of crabs, who feed on raw flesh, and are very daring and quarrelsome. On the other side by the wall on the right are the Tritonomendetes †, in their upper parts like men, and in their lower like efts.

* Salt-fishmen.

† Triton-goats, for such the word denotes, and not Triton-ests. Something in the original here appears to be wanting. See Herodotus, b. 2, c. 47.

These are people somewhat honeſter than their neighbours. On the left are the Carcinochires * and Thynnocephali †, between which two nations is a league offensive and deſenſive. The middle of this continent is occupied by the Paguradæ ‡, and Piſſtopodes §; the latter is accounted very ſwift-footed, and eager in running to battle. The eaſtern parts towards the whale's mouth, which are waſhed by the ſea, are for the moſt part barren and uninhabited. And yet, to ſecure my property there, I am obliged to pay to the Piſſtopodes an annual tribute of five hundred oiſters; ſuch is this country. We are obliged to look about us, as well to get ſomething to eat, as how to defend ourſelves againſt ſo many nations, in caſe of being attacked." "How many," ſaid I, "do you think there may be in all?" "More than a thouſand," he replied. "And what are their arms?" "Fiſh-bones," ſaid he, "no other." "But," ſaid I, "we have other arms, if they

* Having hands of crabs.

† Having heads of tunnies.

‡ Crab-men.

§ Swift-footed, from *Πιſſος* and *ποδς*.

have not. I think we cannot do better than attack them: when once they are soundly beaten, they will give us no longer any alarms for our safety." This was agreed upon and we went to the ship, to get every thing in readiness for the engagement. The non-payment of the tribute on the day appointed was to be made the ground for hostilities; and, on their sending to demand it, their messengers met with such a reception as made them glad to get home again. Immediately the Pittopodes and Paguradæ, being most highly enraged against Scintharus (that was the old man's name), marched against him with the utmost fury. This was what we expected; and we waited their coming, having previously dispatched a body of five and twenty men, with orders to surprise them from an ambuscade, which they were to pass. This was accordingly effected, and they were sorely galled in the rear. We likewise were five and twenty in number, reckoning the old man and his son, and, on coming up with them, sustained a very brave and dangerous conflict, till at length we put them to flight, pursuing them to their very caverns. One hundred and seventy of the enemy fell in
this

this action ; while the loss on our side was no more than one, that one was our pilot, who was run through between his shoulder blades with the rib of a mullet. All that day and the next night we remained in the field of battle, where we erected the dry back-bone of a dolphin as a trophy. The day after, the news spreading through the country, a fresh army appeared against us ; of which the Tarichanes, commanded by Pelamus, occupied the right wing, with the Thynnocephali on the left, and the Carcinochires in the centre. The Tritonomendetes, not liking to have any hand in what was going on, chose to remain neuter. We came up with the enemy near the temple of Neptune, where we rushed upon them, setting up such a shout as echoed through every cavity of the whale. Being unarmed, they were easily routed, and driven into the wood ; and thus we became masters of the country. It was not long before they sent ambassadors to treat about carrying off their dead, and propose terms of peace ; which we were so far from being disposed to attend to, that we marched in a body against them the very next day, and cut them all off, except only the Tritonomendetes, who,

who, seeing how matters passed, ran away as fast as they could to the whale's gills, and thence threw themselves headlong into the sea. We now scoured the country, and, finding every place cleared of the enemy, met with no longer any cause of alarm. We used any exercises we liked, and amused ourselves with hunting, planting vines, and gathering our fruit. In short, our condition was that of men in a spacious prison, from which though they cannot escape, yet they contrive to live without care, while there is so much scope for indulging their wishes. Such had been our way of life for above a year and eight months; when, on the fifth day of the ninth, about the second opening of the whale's mouth (for he opens it every hour you must know, and by which we kept our reckoning) at his second gaping, I tell you, all at once we were surprised with a tumultuous noise, like that of sailors dashing their oars, and encouraging one another with their cheers. Being all amazement, we crept softly into the whale's mouth, where, taking care to stand within his teeth, we had a full view of the most astonishing spectacle these eyes of mine ever beheld, men half a furlong in
height

height at least, navigating large islands, sailing on large islands, as if they had been in so many boats. Now you think I am lying; but I do not mind what you think, for I shall go on with my history. The islands were of great length, but not very high, and about a hundred furlongs in circumference. Each island had on board about eight and twenty sailors, without reckoning the rowers on each side, whose oars were large cypresses with the branches and leaves on. In the stern, for so I suppose I am to call it, stood a pilot on the top of an eminence, guiding a brazen rudder a full furlong in length. There were stationed at the prow about forty armed combatants, in every respect resembling men, except in their hair, which was all a flame of fire, so that they had no manner of occasion for helmets. Every island was well stocked with wood, and the wind blowing on the trees swelled them like sails; so that, with a fresh gale, the pilot could push on his island to his heart's content. And besides, at the word of command, these islands all answered the strokes of the oar with as much velocity as any large ships are capable of. At first we could perceive no more than two or three,
but

but presently there appeared about six hundred, which, taking proper distances, immediately proceeded to engage, running on the prows of each other with such violence, that a great many were sunk in an instant; while others, so entangled with each other that it would have been no easy matter to get clear, continued to fight with great gallantry. The alacrity of the men stationed on the prows was particularly distinguished; they jumped from ship to ship, and made dreadful havock, giving no quarter. Instead of grappling-irons, they made use of large polypuses tied together, which, being thrown on the trees, laid such fast hold of them, that an island thus engaged could not take to flight. They likewise threw oysters, any one of which would have loaded a waggon, and sponges as large as an acre of land; with which they greatly annoyed one another. Admiral Aiolocentaurus commanded one of the fleets, and Thalassopotes the other; and their quarrel, I believe, was about plunder. For it appeared, as well as could be collected from what they said amidst such noise, and challenging each other in the name of their respective kings, that Thessalopotes had driven off
the

the premises several flocks of dolphins, the property of Aiolocentaurus. Be that as it would, the forces of Aiolocentaurus at length prevailed, sinking about a hundred and fifty islands of the enemy, and making prisoners of three more with all on board. The rest took to their oars, and fled ; but not without being pursued to some distance, when the conquerors returned in the evening, and made prizes of most of the enemy's wrecked ships, at the same time recovering their own, to the number of not less than fourscore, which had been sunk during the engagement. They then proceeded to set up a trophy, by fixing one of the conquered islands on the head of the whale ; when, having secured their ships in anchorage by his sides, and fastened their ropes to him, they passed the night without more ado. Their anchors, which are made of glass, are immensely large and strong. The next day, after a sacrifice on the whale, and after burying their dead in him, they set sail with joyful hearts and songs of triumph. Such were the circumstances of this battle of the islands.

THE

THE TRUE HISTORY.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FROM this time our place of abode was no longer tolerable; I grew tired of living in the whale, and set my wits to work how to get out of him. At first I thought of cutting a hole through the wall on the right, and accordingly we fell to work all hands on that side of him. But, after we had dug through about five furlongs, finding ourselves never the nearer, we changed our minds, and resolved to set the wood on fire, supposing, that we should thus burn him to death, and have nothing then to hinder our retreat. We began our operation near his tail, and for seven days and as many nights he continued burning without seeming to feel it; but on the eighth and ninth we could plainly perceive him beginning to sicken, for he hardly opened his mouth, or, if he did, he immediately

immediately shut it again. On the tenth and eleventh day he began to sink not a little, and we concluded it would soon be all over with him. On the twelfth we had a lucky thought just in time; which was, that, if he should die with his mouth shut, we should be confined where we were, and must die with him. We therefore provided ourselves with a number of large beams, and propped up his jaw. We then prepared every thing for embarking, laying-in plenty of water and other necessaries, and taking Scintharus for our pilot. The next day he was fairly dead; when, hoisting up our ship, we passed it gently between his teeth into the water. Then, getting upon his back, we sacrificed to Neptune, after which a dead calm occasioned a delay of three days. On the fourth we set sail from near the spot where we had erected the trophy, and presently fell-in with, and struck on, several dead bodies of those who had been slain in the sea-fight; and, taking their dimensions, were filled with amazement. For some days we had moderate weather, but a strong north wind afterwards getting up brought with it so severe a frost, that the whole sea became congealed, not only on the surface,

surface, but to the depth of above * three hundred fathoms or more, so that, having quitted our ship; we had nothing to do but run about on the ice just as we liked; till, being no longer able to endure the cold, we were obliged to Scintharus for the following expedient: we dug a large cavern in the ice, in which we lighted a fire, and warmed ourselves by it for thirty days, digging up fishes for our support: at last, our provisions failing, we were obliged to set about hauling up our ship, which stuck so fast as to give no little trouble to effect. We then hoisted a sail, and slid along the ice with a smooth and gentle motion. On the fifth day of our sailing in this manner the weather grew warm, the ice was thawed, and we found our vessel once more in the water; on which we proceeded about three hundred furlongs, and then fell-in with a small uninhabited island, where, as our water was nearly spent, we had an opportunity of laying-in a fresh stock. Here we shot a couple of wild bulls, with horns

* The *εγγυια* of the Greeks, according to Dr. Arbuthnot, was equal to 6 feet and ,525 of an inch. The reader will perceive the necessity of being exact in translating a true history.

not growing on their heads, but (as Monus judged more convenient) under their eyes. We had not got to any considerable distance from this island before we discovered that we were no longer sailing on a sea of water, for we found ourselves in a sea of milk. We were now in sight of a white island, which appeared to be full of vines. This white island, of twenty five furlongs in length, proved, however, to be no other than a well-made well-pressed cheese, as we afterwards experienced by filling our bellies with it. The vines were full of grapes, that, instead of wine, yielded milk, which we drank at our meals, while the soil of the country served us for victuals, so that we were in no want during our stay. In the middle of this island of cheese was a temple erected in honour of the Nereid Galatea *, as appeared by the inscription upon it. Tyro †, the daughter of Salmoneus, was said to be Queen, of which

* So called from γαλα milk, on account of the whiteness of her skin.

† Tyro, as appears from the scandalous chronicles of Antiquity, had been deceived and dishonoured by Neptune, who, to make her some amends, conferred on her the government of this Cheese.

dignity

dignity she had a grant from Neptune on taking his leave of her. We continued here five days, and then sailed with a gentle breeze, just sufficient to ruffle the waves; and on the eighth day we found our sea of milk changed to a sea of salt of the usual colour, when we beheld a great number of men running about on the water, who appeared just such as ourselves in every respect, except in the make of their feet, which were of cork, and from that circumstance, as I suppose, they have the name of Phellopodes *. While we were wondering at their not sinking, seeing them skim along upright on the waves with the utmost unconcern, they came up to our ship, and spoke very civilly to us in Greek, telling us they were bound for Phello, their native country. They accompanied us for some time, and then, wishing us a good voyage, steered a different course; when presently several islands appeared in view; and, amongst others, on our left, at no great distance, we descried Phello, to which our late companions were going in such haste. Their city is built on a large round cork, at a distance from which, and more towards the right hand,

* Cork-footed.

were five others, all very large and high, with great fires burning in them. On our prow there appeared one at the distance of about five hundred furlongs, which we could perceive was broad and flat; and, as we gained upon it, we found ourselves fanned with a most odoriferous gale, such as those admirable breezes, which Herodotus informs us blow from Arabia the Happy; in which the rose, the narcissus, the hyacinth, the lily, the violet, the myrtle, the laurel, and the blossoming vine, mingle all their sweets. Being thus highly delighted, and now forming great expectations after our long sufferings, we made a near approach to the island, and observed its many safe and spacious harbours. We saw rivers perfectly transparent flowing gently into the sea, with meadows, and woods, and birds in abundance, some singing on the ground, others on the branches of trees. The air was just in motion all around, and, as the woods waved their heads to the coming breeze, on every motion of the branches was heard the whistling of those sweet and tender strains, which issue from oblique flutes* in the unin-

* These flutes were suspended on trees by amorous swains of old, and played on by the wind, like the *Æol*-
interrupted

interrupted melody of a desert ; nor yet was it unmixed with other sounds, not the roaring of tumult, but the voice of conviviality, with the notes of the pipe and harp, and the chorus of applause. Having secured our vessel in the harbour, we landed, leaving Scintharus with two others of our companions on-board. Passing through a flowery meadow, we happened to light on some of the guards, who made us their prisoners, and, binding us fast with garlands of roses, for such are their strongest chains, conducted us to their prince. As we were going along, they told us, that this was the island of the Blessed, governed by Rhadamanthus of Crete. We were accordingly taken before him, and stood in a row with others who were to take their trial. Ours was to come on the fourth. The first was that of the Telamonian Ajax, whose right to a place amongst heroes had been called in question, on a charge of madness, and making away with himself. After a long hearing, Rhadamanthus gave judgment, that he should go through a course of hellebore under the care of Hippocra-

lian harp, an instrument well adapted to a despairing lover.

tes, till his senses should be restored, and that then he might be admitted into company. The next was a love affair, a dispute between Theseus and Menelaus, each laying claim to Helen; when Rhadamanthus adjudged her to the latter, not only on account of the many difficulties and dangers he had submitted to for her sake, but because, as he rightly observed, Theseus could be in no want of wives, as he had already the daughters of Minos, not to mention the Amazonian lady. The third cause was a question of precedency between Alexander the son of Philip, and Hanibal the Carthaginian; which was decided in favour of Alexander, and a chair ordered to be set for him next to Cyrus, the elder Cyrus of Persia. And now came our turn. We were asked what motives could possibly induce living men to think of thus encroaching on the sacred recesses of the dead; in answer to which we faithfully recited every particular of our story, and were then commanded to withdraw, when a long consultation was had about us. The council was numerous; and, amongst others assisting the judge on this occasion, there was Aristides of Athens, surnamed the Just. At last sentence was pronounced

ced to this effect : that, after our deaths, we must expect what was due to our impertinent curiosity, in thus intruding where we had no business ; but that, for the present, we might remain in the island for a certain limited time, during which we were to associate with the heroes, and then have leave to depart. The time appointed for our stay was not to exceed seven months ; and now, the garlands with which we were bound falling off of themselves, we were at liberty to be introduced to the Blessed, and partake of their entertainments. The city is all of gold, and the walls of emerald, containing seven gates, all the seven made out of one and the same cinnamon-tree. The pavement, and whatever is under foot, within the walls, is ivory. The temples of the gods are beryl ; and the altars, on which they offer their hecatombs, are of an immense magnitude, though made, all of them, out of a single amethyst. Around the city flows a river of the finest unguent, a hundred royal * cubits in breadth, and deep enough to swim in. The baths are large houses of glass, sweetened with burning cinnamon,

* A royal cubit, according to Arbuthnot, is 21 inches.

and, instead of water, filled with warm dew. The clothes worn here are webs of spiders, which are very fine, and of a purple colour. As they have no bodies, they have no flesh, except in appearance, and consequently are not tangible; though equally capable of standing, moving, and speaking, as of thinking and judging. In short, you see their naked soul; but with something so much like a covering over it, that you must believe your eyes till you attempt to touch it, and then you are convinced of its being nothing more than a kind of upright shadow, only not black. In this country no man ever grows old, but always continues of the same age as when he first arrived. They have no night, nor properly any day, but a constant twilight, like that of the morning before sunrise. With them it is always the same season; the same spring throughout the year, with no other breezes besides those of Zephyrus, the only wind that blows. The whole region is sweetened and shaded with variety of plants, of which the vines bear twelve times in the year, yielding ripe grapes every month; and, as for apples, pomegranates, and other autumnal fruits, they are produced
thirteen

thirteen times in the year, twice in the month of Minos. Instead of wheat, their ears of corn are loaded with loaves of bread ready for eating, like so many mushrooms. In the environs of the city are three hundred and sixty-five fountains of water, and as many of honey, five hundred, somewhat smaller, of perfume; seven rivers of milk, and eight of wine. The place of banqueting is without the city, on a plain called the field of Elysium, which is a most beautiful meadow, surrounded by a thick wood, consisting of many different kinds of trees, which serve to shade all such as love to recline on a bed of flowers. The winds are their purveyors, giving every where due attendance, and waiting on the company with every thing, except wine, and that is never asked for, being otherwise provided. On every side there are large trees of the finest glass, the fruit of which is no other than cups of all sorts and sizes; and, when a man goes to the banquet, he has nothing more to do than to pluck off one or two of these cups for his own drinking, as he no sooner sets them down by him, than they become in an instant filled with wine. For garlands they are provided with flowers brought from the neighbouring

neighbouring meadows in the bills of nightingales and other aërial warblers, which these birds scatter like snow, as they fly singing over the heads of the company. Their manner of perfuming is thus: there are certain dense clouds, which suck up the unguent from the fountains and rivers, and, by the aid of a gentle breeze, let it softly fall in a shower of dew. At proper intervals they are entertained with musick and song, and particularly the songs of Homer, who is in great request with them, and fails not to make one amongst them, sitting above Ulysses. There are choirs of young men and young women, led by Eunomus the Locrian, Arion of Lesbos, Anacreon, and Stesichorus, who assist in the concert. I took particular notice of Stesichorus*: Helen, it seems, at length has forgiven him. When these have done, then there begins a second concert of swans, and swallows, and nightin-

* Stesichorus had taken some liberties, it seems, with the character of Helen, for which Castor and Pollux, that he might not see too much for the future, blinded him. However, on repenting, and promising to behave better, he was forgiven, and the use of his eyes was restored to him.

gales; and, when that is over, the winds make a whistle of every tree in the wood. What conduces more than any thing else to the gaiety of the assembly, is their having two fountains at hand, the one of laughter, the other of pleasure. They have only to begin with a good draught from one of these fountains, and they are sure to laugh and be merry to the end of the chapter. I shall now mention what persons of distinction I met with. All the demi-gods are there, and all the heroes who fought at Troy, except Ajax the Locrian, who, they told me, was the only one suffering for his offences* in the region of the wicked. Of the Barbarians, I found both the Cyruses, Anarcharis the Scythian, Zamolxis the Thracian, Numa the Italian, Lycurgus of Lacedæmon, Plucion and Tellus of Athens, and all the wise men, except Periander. Besides these, I saw Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, gossiping with Nestor and Palamedes. He stood in a circle o' beauties, such as Hylas, Narcissus

* This Ajax could expect nothing better, having violated Cassandra, the priestess of Minerva, who struck him with a thunderbolt in his way home from Troy.

of Thebes, and Hyacinthus of Sparta: Hyacinthus, I was convinced from many circumstances, was a particular favourite. Rhadamanthus had taken his proceedings so ill, that he had often been heard, in his anger, to threaten him with expulsion for thus playing the fool. Plato is not of the party, rather choosing to live in a republic of his own creation. Aristippus and Epicurus were in high estimation, being very accommodating, very pleasant companions. Æsop, the Phrygian, fills the place of buffoon, and serves to make them laugh. A very extraordinary change of behaviour has taken place in Diogenes of Sinope: he is married * to Lais the courtesan, and gets drunk, dances, and revels, continually. There was not one Stoick to be seen; the whole fraternity, it seems, being still labouring to climb up the steep hill of virtue. Chrysippus, they told us, was not to think of entering the island till he had swallowed his

* Lucian has married Diogenes, though hardly with his own consent; as he was so little inclined to it, that, being once asked, when it was proper for a man to marry, he answered, never while he is young, and by no means when he is old.

fourth dose of hellebore. The academicians were quite at a stand, very desirous of coming, but doubting and deliberating, not fully satisfied about the existence of such a place; besides, it is not unlikely, they might be afraid of Rhadamanthus venturing on a decisive judgment, though they themselves would not allow of any such thing. There were however several of them much inclined to follow those who were pushing on before, but their hearts always failed them: they found themselves too lazy to proceed, and constantly turned back when they had got about half way: these were the principal persons of the society, in which Achilles is the man most honoured, and next to him Theseus. I had now passed two or three days amongst them, when, going up to Homer, I put a great many questions to him, and, amongst others, asked him what countryman he was, telling him, that, after all our disputes, we still remained in the dark about it. He said it was very true, that none of us knew any thing of the matter, though some of us had made him a native of Chios, others of Smyrna, and others of Colophon; but that, after all, he was a Babylonian, and that his name, while he

continued

continued at home, was Tigranes; but that, after being a hostage in Greece, he had answered to the name of Homer*. I then asked about certain verses ascribed to him, which have been rejected by the criticks, when he declared them to be every word his own; and I began to look with contempt on the idle remark of Zenodotus and Aristarchus, who had asserted the contrary. Having satisfied my curiosity so far, I next enquired his reason for beginning his Iliad with the wrath of Achilles; and he assured me, that he had no reason at all, only it happened to come into his head, he could not tell how. I was also desirous of knowing whether, according to report, he wrote the Odyfsey before the Iliad; which he declared he did not. As to the opinion of his being blind, I had no occasion to say any thing about that, for I was well convinced of his seeing by his looking at me. It was a point with me, whenever I could find him disengaged, to step up to him, and ask him some question or other, which he always very readily replied to; and especially when the con-

* Which means a hostage.

versation turned on the trial, which had been determined in his favour. Therfites, you are to understand, had brought an action of scandal against him for certain defamatory expressions in his poem, but failed in his evidence, and Homer came off conqueror. Ulysses stood his friend. And now Pythagoras of Samos made his appearance, after his soul had animated so many different animals; having changed its abode no less than seven times. His right side was all of gold, and he was adjudged a worthy member of society, though nobody in it knew very well what to call him, whether Euphorbus or Pythagoras. Empedocles too came up, with his finges and blisters; but, though he begged hard for admittance, he could not obtain it. Not long after this the games came on: they call them Thanatusia*. Achilles presided for the fifth time, and Theseus for the seventh; when, as it would be tedious to mention all the particulars, I shall content myself with mentioning some of the principal

* Death-games, which the reader may place in due order of succession after wedding-games and funeral-games.

occurrences. Carus, a descendant of Hercules, wrestled with Ulysses, and was victorious. Epeus, and Areus, the Egyptian, who lies buried at Corinth, were so well matched in boxing, that it could not be determined which of the two was the better man. They have no prizes here for the Pancratiun^{*}; and, as to the race, I really have forgot who came in first. For poetry, though, in truth, Homer was far beyond them all, yet Hesiod nevertheless was declared victor. The only prize is a garland of peacock's feathers. The games were hardly well over, when news arrived from the mansions of the wicked. The prisoners there had snapped their chains, overpowered the guard, and were advancing to attack the island, led on by Phalaris † of Agrigentum, Busiris of Egypt †, Diomedes of Thrace †, Sciron, and Pityocampes †. Rhadamanthus, on this, immediately dispatched the heroes to the coast,

* Wrestling and boxing united.

† For the history of these notorious offenders, the reader is referred to his dictionary, where he will find, that Busiris used to cut the throats of strangers, to make the grass grow, giving Jupiter blood for rain.

the

under the command of Theseus, Achilles, and the Telamonian Ajax, who by this time was come to his senses again. An engagement ensued, in which the heroes had the advantage; for which they were chiefly indebted to the able generalship of Achilles; though Socrates, who was posted in the right wing, shewed himself a much better man, now he was dead, than he had done at Delium*, when he was alive. Here he never budged an inch, but stoutly maintained his ground, looking the enemy full in the face; for which conduct, as a reward due to such extraordinary merit, a fine large garden in the suburbs was given him. It was in this garden, which he called the Academy of the Dead, that he afterwards assembled his scholars, and held disputations. And now the prisoners were secured in chains, and remanded to the place from whence they came, to be more severely punished than ever. Homer wrote a description of this battle, and gave it to me on my coming away, to take to my countrymen; but, alas! it has fared like

* Where, it seems, he took to his heels.

some other pieces of his, being unfortunately lost, all but the first line :

“ Sing, heavenly Muse, the wrath of heroes dead.”

The war being happily terminated, the success of it was celebrated, according to the custom of the country, by a great bean-feast, which Pythagoras was the only one who refused to partake of, holding beans in such abomination, that he resolved to sit by himself, and fast at a becoming distance. About six months and a half had now gone over our heads, when fresh news arrived. Cinyrus, the son of Scintharus, a fine lusty young man, it seems, had been for a good while an admirer of Helen ; and she had given very evident tokens of being not less desperately in love with him. They would every now and then be drinking and nodding to each other at meals, and frequently would get up and leave the company, to take a walk by themselves in the wood. Not knowing any other means of compassing his wishes, the amorous youth had formed a resolution of running away with her ; and the lady, “ nothing loth,” recommended an excursion to one of the neighbouring islands, Phello, for instance,

or

or Tyroessa. Of this undertaking, you may be sure, they never told Scintharus, well knowing that he would not consent to it; but they had drawn over three of the most daring of my companions to assist them in it; and accordingly, as soon as a convenient opportunity offered, the project was put in execution: they went off together in the night, without being perceived by any body: and, as for me, I happened to be out of the way, and in no condition to disturb them, having overgorged and overslept myself. Menelaus, happening to wake about midnight, and finding no wife in bed with him, raised a great uproar about it; and, taking his brother along with him, posted away to the court of Rhadamanthus. At break of day, word was brought of a ship being seen at a distance; upon which intelligence Rhadamanthus immediately dispatched half a hundred heroes on board of a plank of Asphodel*, giving them strict orders to pursue. Making all the sail they could, they came up with the fugitives about noon, just as they were getting into the milky sea, near Tyroessa; so very near were

* Daffodil.

the lovers to effecting their escape. Their vessel was now taken in tow by a chain of roses, and brought back again. Helen blubbered, and was ashamed to shew her face. Cynirus and his associates, being questioned by Rhadamanthus, whether they had any more accomplices, answered in the negative. He then ordered them to be tied up by the waist, soundly whipped with mallows, and dispatched to the region of the wicked. It was now determined, that we were not to exceed our time on the island, which therefore we were ordered to leave the very next day; a circumstance that gave me no little concern. I wept, to think of the many good things I was to leave behind, and the wandering life I was still doomed to lead. They endeavoured to comfort me, promising, that before many more years were elapsed I should return, and have a respectable place amongst them, pointing out to me where I was to take my seat. On this I applied to Rhadamanthus, humbly beseeching him to tell me my fortune and my way. He told me, that, after many wanderings, and surmounting many dangers, I should get back to my native country, though he would
not

not tell me when; but directing my eye to the neighbouring islands, five of which appeared to be near, and a sixth at a distance; "These nearest to us," said he, "where you see such fires burning, are the habitations of the wicked; the sixth is the city of dreams, and beyond that is the island of Calypso; which last is not within sight at present. When you have sailed by these islands, you will come to a vast continent, the country of the Antipodes. There you will suffer many hardships, as you must pass through various nations, and meet with many unfociable mortals; till, at length, you will arrive at a different region. Having said these words, he pulled up a root of mallow, and gave it to me, ordering me, in my greatest perils, to invoke its assistance; and at the same time laid an injunction upon me, whenever I should find myself safely landed, not to stir the fire* with my sword, and not to eat lupines; which if I should be careful to remember, I might have some hopes of a return to the Island. After this, I made the necessary preparations for my voyage, and partook of an

* Not to provoke a passionate man. Erasmi Adagia.

entertainment, which was provided. Next day I bespoke a couple of verses of Homer, which he made for me, and I fixed them up on a pillar of beryl, close to the harbour. This was the inscription :

Lucian, belov'd of the cœlestial band,
Left these fine fights, to see his native land.

Having thus spent the day, on the next I weighed anchor, the heroes having accompanied me to my ship; when Ulysses came to me sily with a letter, which his wife was not to know of: I was to give it to Calypso at the island of Ogygia. We took with us Nauplius the ferryman, whom Rhadamanthus was so good as to send, that, in case we should be driven on the islands, nobody might molest us, but suffer us to pass, as traders going to a different market. We had no sooner got beyond the limits of that sweet air, than our nostrils were saluted with a most intolerable stench, like that of bitumen, and brimstone, and pitch, all burning together. It was altogether as bad a smell as that which arises from the roasting of dead bodies. The atmosphere over our heads was dismally thick and dark, and there fell upon us a kind of pitchy dew. We heard, at the
same

same time, the sound of stripes, and the dreadful cries of men in torments. The island on which we landed, the only one visited by us, was rough and craggy on every side of it, abounding with precipices, hard rocks, and ugly stones. It affords no water, and has not a single tree. Creeping up the banks, overgrown with prickly briars, and full of sharp spikes, after passing through a most dreary region, we came to the place of confinement and punishment, which we beheld with wonder and astonishment. Instead of flowers, the soil produced swords and lances. There are three rivers, one of mire, another of blood, and another of fire; which last is so very large, as to be impassable. It is fluid like water, and rolls its waves like a sea. It abounds with fishes, some resembling fire-brands, and others live coals, which they call *Lychnisci*. There is one narrow entrance common to these rivers, where Timon of Athens stands at the gate as porter. However, with Nauplius for our guide, we made a shift to get forward, and saw a multitude of men under punishment, some of them kings, and several of them private persons of our acquaintance. Cinyrus, for instance, was

there, suspended by the offending part, to be smoke-dried. We were told what kind of lives these persons had led, and for what it was that they were thus doomed to suffer; and the most severe sentences, we understood, were always passed on those who had been guilty of speaking or writing any thing not true, such as Ctesias of Cnidos, Herodotus, and others. Being satisfied of this, I began to have comfortable hopes of hereafter, well knowing, that I had never once told a lie in all my life. And now, unable any longer to endure such a melancholy sight, I took leave of Nauplius, and returned to my ship. Presently after this appeared at no great distance the island of Dreams, very dim, and hardly to be distinguished. Indeed, the island itself is not unlike a dream; for, on our approaching towards it, it seemed to retire, to fly from us, and endeavour to get out of the way. At last, however, we came up to it, and sailed into the harbour of Hypnos*; close to the ivory gates, where the temple of Alectryon stands†. Here we landed, the evening being far advanced, and, going in, we

* Sleep.

† The cock, the morning Herald.

met with a multitude of dreams of various kinds. But, before I proceed with my narrative of dreams, let me give some account of the city, which has not hitherto been described by any historian. Homer indeed has mentioned it; and he is the only man who has, but in a manner very slight and unsatisfactory. The whole island is encompassed with a wood of tall poppies and mandrakes. In these trees are found vast numbers of bats, the only birds bred in this island, which is washed by a river called by the natives Nyctiporus*; and near the gates of the city are two fountains, Negretos†, and Pannychia‡. There is a very high rampart, exhibiting all the colours of the rainbow; and the gates are not two, as Homer has been pleased to assert, but four, two of which look on the plain of Inactivity, one made of iron, and the other of earthen ware. Through these are said to proceed all such dreams as are frightful, cruel, and bloody. The other two face the sea and harbour, one being of horn, and the other, through which we passed, of ivory. As

* Night-wanderer.

† Unwaked.

‡ All night.

you

you enter the city, you see on the left hand the temple of Night : Night and Alectryon are the two principal deities. The temple of the latter is near the harbour, and on the left of it is the palace of Sleep, the sovereign, whose imperial sway is aided by two viceroys, Taraxion * the son of Mataiogenes *, and Plutocles † the son of Phantasion †. In the middle of the market-place is a fountain, called Careotis, and near it the temples of Truth and Deceit, where there is a shrine and an oracle, over which the prophet Antiphon presides. Antiphon is employed in fashioning dreams, an honour conferred on him by king Sleep. Neither the quality nor appearance of these dreams is by any means alike, some being of a large size, beautiful, and pleasing, some of them little and ugly, some glittering with gold, others mean and beggarly. There were some monstrous ones with wings, and others that looked as if dressed for a procession in honour of kings, or gods, or some such purpose ; several of which we recollected having seen at home. Some of them

* Fright, the son of Disappointment.

† Honour of riches, child of Fancy.

came,

came, and addrest us as old acquaintance: after which, laying us fast asleep, they entertained us in the most friendly and elegant manner, sparing no expence, and even promising to make us all kings or satraps at least. Some of them took us into our country, and, after letting us see our friends and relations, brought us safe back again the very same day. Here we remained fast asleep, and feasting, for thirty days and nights, when we were roused all at once by a violent clap of thunder; on which we leaped up, ran to our ship, put on-board our stock of provisions, and re-embarked. In three days we reached the island Ogygia, where we landed. But, before I set foot on the shore, I took care to open and read the letter; so that I can give you the contents of it. Here it is:

“ ULYSSES to CALYPSO sendeth greeting.

“ This is to let you know, that, after my departure in my little vessel, I had the misfortune to be shipwrecked, and with great difficulty saved my life, which I owe to Leucothoe, who conducted me to Phœacia; from which country I got home, where I found a number of persons making love to my wife, and living luxuriously at my expence. I put every one of them
to

to death; after which I was myself slain by my son Telegonus, whom I had by Circe. I am now in the island of Bliss; but, I assure you, I greatly repent having left my delightful abode at Ogygia; and slighted your offer of immortality there. Depend upon it, if I ever have a fair opportunity, I will make my escape hence, and be with you again." There was nothing else material in the letter, except something very handsome said of the bearer *. At a little distance from the sea I discovered the cave as Homer has described it, and there was Calypso busy at her spinning. She read the letter, put it in her bosom, and burst into a flood of tears; after which we were invited to a most sumptuous entertainment, and were asked abundance of questions about Ulysses. She wanted to know what kind of a wife he had, whether Penelope was as handsome and virtuous as he had reported her to be; to which enquiries we returned such answers as we thought were most likely to please her, and then returning to our ship, which was close-in with the shore, we lay down, and went to sleep. In the morning, the wind blowing fresh, we

* Who so very honourably broke it open.

put to sea, and, and after being tossed about for two days in a violent storm, on the third we fell in with the pirates of Colocynthos, a savage race from the neighbouring islands, infesting every vessel that comes in their way. Their ships, which are made of gourds, are of an extraordinary size, not less than six cubits in length. When the plant is perfectly dry, and the pith taken out to make them room, they convert the leaves into sails, and with masts made of reeds, prepare for a cruise. We were attacked by two of these cruisers at once, and many of us severely wounded by the seeds of their gourds, which they throw instead of stones. After fighting a long time, with hardly any advantage on either side, about noon we fortunately espied the Caryonautæ* advancing on the rear of the enemy, with whom we soon perceived they were on no friendly terms; for the Colocynthopirates, the moment they saw them, left us, and fell upon them. This was a good opportunity for us to hoist our sails, and make off; which we immediately did, leaving them to fight it out by themselves. We had little doubt of the Cary-

* Men sailing in nut-shells.

onautæ being the conquerors, as they appeared to have more men, and their ships are stouter and better built, being made of walnut-shells cut in halves, every half nut being fifteen paces in length. As soon as we lost sight of the two fleets, we paid the proper attention to our wounded men, remaining almost constantly under arms for fear of a surprise; of which, as it afterwards appeared, we had too much reason to be apprehensive; for, before the sun was well down, about twenty men from a desert island were discovered advancing towards us, riding on dolphins, in quest of plunder, which is their occupation. The dolphins neighed and pranced like horses, and seemed to carry their riders with equal safety. Coming within a small distance, they made a stand, and instantly began darting upon us from both flanks dried cuttle-fishes, and eyes of crabs. However they soon found us an overmatch for them, and, being sorely galled by our arrows and javelins, were glad to get back to the island. About midnight, in a dead calm, we unwittingly ran foul of a Halcyon's nest, which proved of an uncommon size, being about sixty furlongs in circumference. The Halcyon was swimming
upon

upon it, sitting on her eggs, being herself not much less than her nest, which she immediately quitted, setting up a most hideous lamentation, and, as she flew off, was very near sinking our ship by the motion of her wings in the air. At day-break we went into the nest, and examined it. Like a large ship, it had large timbers, and in it were five hundred eggs, every one bigger than a cask * of Chios. We could hear the young birds very plainly; and, getting an ax, cut open an egg, and took out one of them. It was unfledged; but a score of vultures put together would not have equalled the size of it. We had not sailed two hundred furlongs from this nest, when we met with some great and surprising prodigies. The little

* Πόος, the Greek word answers to the Latin Dolium, which, in the original grant of Canary Spanish wine to the Poet-Laureat of England, was construed a tierce, or, the third part of a pipe; but our present Laureat, if I am rightly informed, understands Latin better than his predecessors, and says, Dolium means a pipe.

Nunc mihi fumosos veteris proferte Falernos
 Consulis, et Chio solvite vincla cado.

TIBULLUS.

figure

figure of a goose on our stern began to clap her wings, and made such a noise, that our pilot's hair stood on end with the fright, though his head was quite bald; and, what was still more extraordinary, the mast of our ship sprouted, sent forth branches, and bore fruit. Figs and grapes grew on the mast-head, though I cannot say that the grapes were ripe. We could not tell, as you may suppose, what to make of all this, and began supplicating the Gods, the averters of evil. Proceeding on about five hundred furlongs, we came within sight of a thick wood of immense extent, consisting of pines and cypresses. We supposed them to be growing on solid ground; but it proved to be no other than an unfathomable ocean, planted with trees that had no roots, yet standing firm, and holding up their heads, as if making a voyage. Approaching near, and considering the matter, we were at a loss what to do. There was no such thing as sailing through the wood, the trees stood so close; and to make our way back again was almost impracticable. In this uncertainty I climbed up to the top of one of the very highest, to take an observation, by which I found, that the wood continued for fifty furlongs at least,

and beyond that distance there was sea again. It was therefore determined to drag up our vessel to the top boughs, as they were so very compact, and try to pass over them to the other sea. Accordingly, we set all hands to work, got upon the trees, and having, by the help of a stout rope, with much ado hoisted up the ship, we spread our sails, and went on before the wind. I now recollected the words of Antinochus the poet :

Through wooden waves their course they steer.

Having got over the wood, we let our ship down again, and fell into smooth clear water, till we came into a horrid chasm, such as we had sometimes observed on land in consequence of an earthquake. We furled our sails just in time to save our ship ; when, on bending our necks, and looking down, we beheld a gulf of a thousand furlongs in depth, which filled us with astonishment. It was really terrible to look at, for the water seemed as it were to be cleft in two ; however, casting our eyes to the right, we discovered at a distance a bridge of water, joining the two seas, and running backwards and forwards from the one to the other. Plying our oars with all our might to get into

this current, with much difficulty we effected it, and made good our passage, which was more than any of us could reasonably expect. And now we found ourselves in a calm sea, near a little island, which had a good landing-place, and was inhabited by the Bucephali, a savage race of men, having the heads and horns of bulls, like our pictures of the Minotaur. As soon as we could get on shore, we went in search of water, wishing at the same time to secure something to eat, of which we were in absolute want. Water, indeed, we presently found; but there were small hopes of any other supply, except such as might proceed from a noise at a distance, which we took at first for the lowing of a herd of cattle. But we were very soon undeceived; for, advancing nearer, we found the lowing oxen to be lowing men, who ran after us, and took two of my companions prisoners, the rest of us taking to our heels, and escaping to the ship. We there got arms, fully determined to be revenged, and fell upon them as they were parcelling out the flesh of our friends; and, throwing them into confusion, we made a general pursuit, killing about fifty, and making prisoners

prisoners of two. With these two we returned, having no other charge ; for, all this time, we had found nothing to eat ; which made our companions propose putting our captives to death. I was the only man who objected to it, thinking it more advisable to keep them in chains, expecting, as it afterwards turned out, that the Bucephali would send ambassadors to redeem them ; for it was manifest, by their nodding their heads, and the melancholy tone of their lowing, that they were presenting a humble petition. The ransom agreed on was plenty of cheese, dried fish, and onions, together with four stags, each having three feet, two behind, as usual, and one before, the fore-feet being in perfect coalition. On these conditions we gave up our prisoners, and, after staying one day, weighed anchor. We very soon observed fishes swimming about us, and birds flying near us, with other signs of our being at no great distance from land ; when presently we discovered a mode of navigation quite new to us, the sailor and his ship being one and the same. I will tell you how it is performed: he lays himself down on his back

Z 2

in

in the water, fastens a sail to his middle *, holds the rope in his hand, and so sails before the wind. There are others who sail on corks, to which they yoke a couple of dolphins trained to the bit, and taught to draw. They offered not the least harm to us, nor once attempted to avoid us ; but went on close to us, without fear, examining our vessel with great attention, as being struck with the uncommon make of it. As the evening came on, we touched at a small island, inhabited, as we supposed from their speech, by Grecian women, who came up, shook hands, and embraced us with the utmost familiarity. They were dressed in the manner of courtezans, with long trains, and all of them beautiful and young. This island was called Cabalusa, and the name of the city was Hydarmardia. Each lady invited a lover home with her. For my part, my mind misgave me, thinking no good would come of it, and I hesitated a little ; when, on looking more carefully about me, I saw lying on the ground a great number of bones and skulls, which had

* Ορθοσαυῖς τὰ αἰδῶα, μίαν δὲ φέρουσιν, ἐξ αὐτῶν οὖρον πρὶς αἰδῶα.

once belonged to men like myself. However, I did not think it prudent to raise an outcry, and call my companions to arms; but, pulling out my mallow *, and begging and beseeching to be delivered from all impending evils, I presently found out, that my kind hostess had not the feet of a woman, but the hoofs of an afs. I drew my sword immediately, laid fast hold of her, and insisted on an answer to such questions as I should ask her. Much against her will she complied, and informed me, that she and her sisterhood were called Onosceleæ †; that they were women of the sea, who lived upon travellers, making them drunk, putting them to bed, and dispatching them in their sleep. On hearing this, I left her bound, got upon the top of the house, and set up a shout to alarm my companions, to whom I related what she had told me, shewing them the bones, and taking them in to her; when, secured as I thought she was, she instantly dissolved into water, and vanished out of sight. Trying to

* Which had been given him by Rhadamanthus, when he left the happy island, to be used as a charm.

† Afs-legged; or, afs-footed.

find her, I thrust my sword into the water, and in a moment it changed into blood. We made as much haste as we could to our ship, and set sail immediately. At break of day, we descried a continent, which we conjectured to be exactly opposite to our own, and were quite at a loss what course to take. After much deliberation, which was preceded by many prayers and vows, some advised just to land, but make no stay; others were for leaving the ship, and going into the inland parts of the country, that we might learn something of the customs and manners of the people. Whilst we were thus busied in giving our various opinions, a furious tempest arose, which dashed us against the beach, and our vessel went to-pieces. With our arms, and what else we could pick up from the wreck, we were but just able to save ourselves by swimming.

Such were our adventures at sea, in the islands, in the air, in the whale, amongst the heroes, amongst the dreams, amongst the Bucephali, amongst the Onosœleæ. The remarkable occurrences, which we met with on the
other

other side of the world shall be related in the following * Books.

THE SPEECH OF THE AMBASSADORS
OF PHALARIS TO THE
PRIESTS OF DELPHI.

WE are sent to you, O Delphians ! by our lord and master, Phalaris, with this bull for Apollo, and to have some conversation with you, as well concerning his offering as himself ; and therefore proceed to deliver his commands in his own words :

I should rejoice, O Delphians ! to purchase at any price the advantage of being esteemed what I really am, and not what the voice of envy and malevolence may have represented me where

* The *following Books* have been supplied by the fertile imagination of Monsieur D'Ablancourt.

I am not known : I wish, I say, to appear in my true character to the Greeks in general; but more especially to you, so distinguished for your sanctity, such friends and near neighbours of the God, that you may be almost said to live under the same roof with him; for I have no doubt, if I can but once convince you how ill I have been used, in being thought cruel, that I shall easily convince every body else. I call heaven to witness the truth of what I am going to say: Man is easily deceived and misled; but a God, and especially this God of yours, is not to be circumvented, not to be imposed upon by telling a lie. I am not a plebeian of Agrigentum; so far from it, that, if there be any one man of that city well born, and well brought up, I am he. I have constantly applied myself to liberal studies, always devoted to the public, just and moderate in my conduct and connexions. In the early part of my life, no one ever accused me of any violent or sinister proceedings, of an untoward disposition, or obstinately persisting in my own opinion. But when I saw those, who opposed me in the administration, laying snares for me, and seeking, by all the means they could devise, to take
away

away my life ; in this state of affairs, when the city was torn by intestine divisions, I hit upon the only remedy, the only way to provide for the security and safety of the public ; which was, to seize the government into my own hands, to humble all such as had bad designs, and bring the people, by force, to a right way of thinking. And, indeed, there were not wanting several persons, lovers of their country, who, seeing my intentions, and the necessity of the undertaking, did not withhold their approbation. By their assistance, I easily attained my object ; when tumult and uproar were immediately at an end. I ruled ; the people obeyed ; and the city was free from sedition : and yet I neither punished with death, nor exile, nor confiscation of goods, those who had plotted against me, however expedient such severities might appear in laying the foundation of the sovereignty, but treated them as my equals, with mildness and humanity, conceiving the fondest hopes of thus winning them over to my allegiance. In a very short time, matters were accommodated with my enemies, many of whom I admitted to participate in my counsels, and even treated them as friends and companions.

nions. Seeing the city verging to decay, by the negligence of the magistrates, who had suffered theft and rapine so long to prevail, I set about the necessary works of reformation. I adorned it with public buildings, I fortified it with a wall, I repaired its aqueducts, I augmented its revenues, I entertained the people with shews and largesses, with assemblies and feasts. I provided for the wants of the old, and attended to the manners of the young. The carrying off other men's wives, violations of chastity in boys and girls, complaints of soldiers, threats of cruel masters, sounded odious in my ears. Sometimes I thought of resigning my authority, and considered with myself whether I could do it with safety. The exercise of supreme power, the whole of the executive government, vested in me alone, I found a very troublesome business; which, though exciting envy in others, was to me a painful task. I therefore was anxious to find out how matters might be so ordered, that such my incessant care and attention might be no longer necessary: thus, in the simplicity of my heart, were my thoughts engaged, when, in the midst of my deliberations, my subjects conspired against me,
concerting

concerting measures for their intended insurrection. They collected arms and money, solicited the neighbouring states, and even sent ambassadors into Greece, to the Spartans, and Athenians. Already their resolutions were taken respecting me, if I should fall into their hands: I was to have undergone the most exquisite tortures, and to have been compelled to tear my own body limb from limb. This they confessed, when afterwards taken, and put to the rack. My escape from their fury was owing to divine intercession; but, of all the gods, I am more particularly obliged to Apollo for a dream, with exact information of all that had passed. And now, O ye Delphians, I entreat you to make the case your own; and tell me, whether you yourselves, in the same situation, and under the same apprehensions, would not have done as I did. Suppose yourselves for a moment transported to Agrigentum, view their preparations, hear their threatenings, and then tell me what else I had left to resolve on. Was I still to use lenity, to be all forbearance, to treat with humanity those who were on the point of going all lengths to compass my destruction? Should I have offered my throat to be cut, and see all
that

that was dear to me perishing before my eyes? Would not that have been to act like a tame fool? Was it not more like a man to resent the injury? Accordingly I turned on my aggressors, and by taking ample revenge secured my future safety, as you, I am confident, would have advised me. You will ask me what steps I took next. I had them brought to a fair trial, when the proofs of their guilt were so strong in every particular, that they could not deny it; and they were deservedly punished, not so much on account of their having conspired against my life, as because they had prevented my being able to execute the design, about which I had been so very sanguine. From that time I have found it necessary to be always on my guard, and to make examples of those who lay snares for me. And for this it is, that I am accounted cruel by men ignorant of the matter, who exclaim against the severity of punishments, without once taking the nature of the offences into the account. Which is just as reasonable, as if a person, on seeing a villain, condemned for sacrilege, thrown from the rock, should never once trouble his head with a single thought of what he had done, how he had entered

tered the temple in the night, carried away the offerings, and perhaps not restrained his impious hands from the sacred image itself; but, instead of attending to the horrid crime, should talk of the unfeeling Greeks, the Greeks who call themselves so good, and yet can bear to see one of their countrymen so cruelly punished so near to the temple! If any person should cast on you so ridiculous an aspersion, when all the world besides is applauding your justice, you must laugh at him. And yet this is too commonly the case. Whoever is at the head of affairs, let him be just, or unjust, is sure to be called a tyrant in the worst sense of the word, and hated accordingly. Were he an *Æacus*, a *Minos*, or a *Rhadamanthus*, it would make no difference: the man in power is always a tyrant, and must be taken off. The conduct of the ruler is never unobserved by the people, whose temper it is to make no distinction where there is no distinct appellation, but look on the bad and good with the same evil eye. And yet, as I am informed, not a few have had the appellation of tyrant, who were very wise men, possessed of the most humane and gentle dispositions, and having nothing, that could be found fault

fault with, except an unpopular name. Of some of them certain proverbial sayings are preserved in your temple, not unworthy of being treasured up as offerings to Apollo. Legislators in general, you know, depend chiefly on penal laws, and consider the fear of punishment as the only consideration likely to be of much avail; but, with rulers like me, terror is absolutely necessary, as we have to govern our subjects whether they will or no, knowing ourselves obnoxious to their hatred, and that they are continually plotting our destruction; so that, if we do not fill their minds with more than ordinary fear, we do nothing. It is the fable of Hydra; the more we punish, the more we may; one head is no sooner off, than another springs up in its place; and we are obliged, like Iolaus *, to burn as well as cut. A man, once engaged in such an undertaking as mine, must act up to the difficulties of it, and never once swerve from his purpose: if he spares others, he will perish himself. But who is there to be found,

* When Hercules cut off the Heads of the Hydra, Iolaus, who stood by with a red-hot iron in his hand, cauterized the roots, to prevent their sprouting.

do you think, possessed of so savage and barbarous a temper as to be delighted with seeing men scourged and tortured, and with hearing the dying groans of those who have done nothing to deserve such severity? How often have I wept, to see such punishments inflicted! How do I constantly on such occasions bewail and lament my own hard fate, doomed thus to endure a greater and more lasting affliction! To a man like me, naturally good, by cruel necessity impelled to be severe, to punish others is much more grievous than any suffering of his own; and, if I may speak my mind, were I to have my choice, to put an innocent man to death, or to die myself, I do assure you, that I should not hesitate a moment in preferring the latter. Perhaps some one may say, but which of the two, Phalaris, would you choose, to die innocent, or take just vengeance? I most certainly shall answer, and I appeal to you all, that it would be mere madness to sacrifice my own innocent life to the safety of an implacable enemy. And yet, absurd, as it is, after the fullest conviction of their guilt, how many such deadly enemies have I spared! Acanthus, for instance, and Timocrates, and Leogoras his brother; not to mention

mention others, merely on the score of old acquaintance! If you would know my true character, enquire of the strangers who visit Agri-gentum, whether they have not always found persons stationed on the coast by my direction, for the sole purpose of discovering who they are that arrive, in order that every one may be treated with the respect that is due to his rank; they will tell you how I behave. The very wisest of the Greeks are so far from being shy of my company and conversation, that they let slip no opportunity of paying me a visit. It is not so long since Pythagoras, the celebrated Pythagoras, was my guest. He had heard, it is true, rather a scurvy report of my conduct; but experience soon convinced him how much he had been imposed on; and he took not his leave of me without highly extolling my justice, and lamenting the unpardonable provocations I met with. And is it likely, can you suppose, that Phalaris, so kind and good to all others, would punish his own people without their richly deserving it? This is what I had to say in my own defence; which is claiming no more than my due, and therefore, I presume, cannot fail of your assent, if not your applause. Surely you

you cannot be angry with me. I proceed to give you some information respecting this bull, and how it came unexpectedly into my possession; for I was never the man to bespeak it of a statuary, nor so little in my right senses as to wish for any such thing. But it so happened, that I had in my country one Perilaus, a good artist, but a bad man. This Perilaus, entirely mistaking my disposition, and believing me never so well pleased as in giving pain, fancied he could most highly gratify me, by the invention of a new mode of punishment. Accordingly he set about this bull, which was laboured to such exactness, so beautifully so exquisitely finished, that, when it was brought to me, nothing but voice and motion seemed wanting to give it life. I no sooner set my eyes upon it, than I cried out, "This is a work worthy of Apollo! This bull must be sent to the god!"—"But what would you say," said Perilaus who stood at my elbow, "were you fully informed of the art, with which this figure is contrived, and understood the use of it?" Having asked me this question, he immediately opened it by means of an aperture in the back. "Whenever," added he, "you are in the hu-

mour for punishment, you have nothing more to do than to shut up the object of it in this bull, ordering these pipes to be put to the nostrils, and a fire kindled under the belly. The poor wretch will feel incessant pain, and roar most hideously through these pipes, so that two purposes will be answered at once: your ears will be entertained with the musick of his lamentations, and he will be punished to your heart's content." I was struck with abhorrence of so abominable an invention, and, detesting the cruelty of the design, I resolved to be even with the ingenious contriver; "Come, Perilaus," said I, "if all that you say be true, you can easily convince me. Get into the bull yourself first, to verify the reality of your art. Give me a tune, that I may know for a certainty what kind of musick I am to enjoy." Perilaus was all obedience; I had him safely shut up, and ordered the fire to be made. Thus the maker of this admirable instrument was the first man to play upon it, when he was thus amply rewarded for his ingenious device: but before he was quite dead (for I wished so fine a piece of workmanship to remain undefiled) I ordered him to be taken out, to be thrown headlong
from

from a precipice, and left to rot, without the rites of sepulture. After due expiation, I send you the bull, as an offering to your God. I have ordered it to be inscribed with the several particulars of the story; and accordingly you will read the names of Phalaris and Perilaus, his design, my justice, and mode of adapting the punishment to the crime, with his horrid cries, on being forced to sing his own tune. It belongs to you, O Delphians! to join with my ambassadors in sacrificing, placing the bull in a distinguished situation of the temple, that all men may be sufficiently aware of my dealings with the wicked, and in what manner I avenge myself of their continual propensity to evil. Now you know my temper. Perilaus has been put to death, the bull is offered to Apollo, not kept for the purposes intended, never having bellowed forth the dreadful cries of any other man besides the maker. On him, and only him, it was fairly tried; and with him I silenced for ever the barbarous, the inhuman dirge. For the present, I can only beg, that this bull may be acceptable to the God, who may expect other oblations hereafter, if he only preserve me for the future from the necessity of inflicting punishments.

These, O Delphians! are the words which we

had in charge from Phalaris. We have made a faithful report, and we trust we may be found worthy of being believed, as men who say no more than we know, without the least temptation to disguise a single fact : but if, after all, we are to appear as humble petitioners in favour of a man labouring under a bad character, for no other reason, but because he cannot possibly act otherwise than he does ; we then beg and beseech you, as we are Greeks, as we are Agrigentines, as we are of the antient race of the Dorians ; we supplicate you on behalf of Phalaris, who is earnestly desirous of living on friendly terms with you, who wishes to be of service to every individual of you, as well in his public as private capacity. Accept, then, this bull, make a solemn dedication, with fervent prayers for Phalaris and his Agrigentum. To send us back disappointed in our errand, would be an affront to our master, and not dealing fairly by your God, by denying him so very handsome a present *.

* Here follows a speech, supposed to be delivered by one of the Priests of Apollo, strongly recommending the acceptance of the offering, the refusal of which would be the height of impiety, and a most dangerous innovation. There never yet was an instance, he says, of the Priests of Apollo making objections to a man's character, provided he had any thing to give.

END OF VOL. IV.

